

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

SEPTEMBER, 1924

THE PORTRAIT OF AN EDITOR

BY DON C. SEITZ

JOSEPH PULITZER was tall, — six feet two and a half inches in height, — but of a presence so commanding as to make his stature seem even greater. His hair was black and his beard a reddish brown. A forehead that well bespoke the intellect behind it shaded a nose of the sort Napoleon admired; his chin was small but powerful and of the nutcracker variety, such as the portrait of Mr. Punch affects. To conceal this he always went bearded after he was thirty. His complexion was as delicate and beautiful as that of a tender child. His hands were those of genius, with long, slender fingers, full of warmth and magnetism. The eyes before they became clouded were of a grayish blue. Always weak, they never lent much expression to the face, yet his visage was animated and attractive. Temperamentally, his was the type of the poet and musician; yet, while adoring music, he professed to care little for verse and rarely read it. However, he appreciated the singers in his native tongue and, I have often thought, really repressed his poetic instinct for fear it might be considered a weakness.

The nose vexed him. If there had been any way of modifying its prominence, he would have greatly rejoiced. But it was the delight of cartoonists,

chief of whom was his friend, Joseph Keppler. When idling together in the cafés of St. Louis, Keppler would rack his brains for an idea and, failing to find one, would remark: 'Well, Joey, there's only one thing left to do. I'll go back to the office and draw your nose' — which he invariably did to the great disgust of the subject.

His days after his withdrawal from active work were monotonously regular: morning hours spent with his secretaries over the papers and mail, a drive before luncheon, then an hour of reading and repose, after which he rode in a carriage or on horseback, saw visitors from five o'clock to six, went to bed for a brief rest, dressed for a seven-thirty dinner, left the table about nine, listened to a little music, and was read to sleep by one of his secretaries.

Just as old King Frederick William of Prussia, father of Frederick the Great, was always hunting Europe over for tall men to recruit his Potsdam Grenadiers, Mr. Pulitzer, who resembled his Majesty in many ways, was forever hunting readers and secretaries. Ballard Smith, while London correspondent, and after him Frederick A. Duneka, David Graham Phillips, and James M. Tuohy, all English represent-

atives in the order named, were on perpetual assignment. The secretaries in office were frequently set to finding other secretaries, and George Ledlie, his general and personal representative, had a permanent commission to find 'the right man.' Alfred Butes, a clever young Englishman, came closest to filling all the requirements. He had been in Africa with General Francis de Winton, was an accomplished stenographer, wrote an excellent hand and, above all, was most discreet. He penetrated more deeply in his employer's confidence than any of the other young gentlemen; indeed, he was destined to become a trustee of the vast estate and to receive a handsome legacy, although he forfeited these honors in 1907 to join Lord Northcliffe in a secretarial capacity.

The duties of the secretaries were very exacting, and the position was irksome except to men of sympathetic temperament and to lovers of good living. Most of the secretaries were English, although occasional Americans served with individual success. But the life palled on these lighter temperaments and they required frequent furloughs.

Mealtimes were play hours. At the table, liberty of speech was the rule and the guests and secretaries had full freedom to express themselves without regard to the feelings of the host. Sometimes the fire became pretty hot and Mr. Pulitzer would retreat to have his dessert and coffee alone. Violent disputes about music, literature, politics, history, and art were the rule, with not infrequent assaults upon his own opinion and the ways of the *World*, tempered by anecdotes and good stories. He loved table-talk of this sort. 'Tell me a good story' was his most frequent greeting to a guest. It was hard to set him to 'reminiscing'; but when he did venture back over the

traveled road, the tale was worth hearing.

He was always interesting, seldom companionable, taking all he could from the minds of others, but rarely giving much back, his method being to dispute and to reap the benefits of an aroused defense. Thus he became a great hunter for facts. Often at luncheon or dinner, when a free-for-all conversation took place, some remark would arouse a dispute over accuracy of statement. If the question could not be settled by someone at the board, he would command a charge on all the reference books at hand and there was no rest until the doubt was cleared up. The waiters were often prohibited from serving more food until this happened. The facts found, he would listen intently to their reading and they remained in his mind forever. The best of dinners would be much improved for him if there had been added a satisfying fact-hunt. He would puff his cigar, pat the pile of reference books lovingly with his graceful hands, and smile in deep content.

Mr. Pulitzer read omnivorously. He was always buying books. One of his great griefs over the fire that destroyed his Fifty-fifth Street mansion was the total loss of his library. He was not a 'collector' in any sense, but loved his volumes for what they contained. Like most of us who were fed educationally on Homer in our youth, Mr. Pulitzer reserved the *Odyssey* as a treasure to be enjoyed in riper years. He had long looked forward to the celebrated episode of the wooden horse. Coming to the event, he found it described in seven rather dull lines. 'I was so d——d mad,' he remarked, 'that I could have kicked Homer!'

His speeches during the Greeley campaign were all made in German, his familiar tongue. When he came to

stump for Tilden, he employed English. This was not an easy task, for he thought in German and had to translate as he talked. To facilitate clearness of expression he laboriously wrote out his addresses in English and committed them to memory. When he spoke in later years, after coming to New York, he had acquired the habit of thinking in English, and when asked to make an address in German during the Nicoll campaign, found it very difficult. In his after years of retirement he took up German again and used it faultlessly, cultivating the language, through skilled readers, from the best books in German literature.

He loved art and music, a taste reflected in the great benefactions made in his will to the Philharmonic Society and the Metropolitan Museum of Art. When sight grew dim, as with most blind people, music became a solace. The piano appealed to him especially and he heard great players whenever possible. Now and then Paderewski would pay him a visit and there would be a carnival of piano playing. The strings were next. His winters on the Riviera were made happy by the splendid orchestra maintained at Monte Carlo by the Prince of Monaco. He frequented the opera, but the social noises usually drove him home early. The group of secretaries always included one excellent pianist whose duties were by no means light and whose slightest error in technique met with instant and fierce rebuke.

Like Napoleon his omnivorousness and great curiosity gave him a tremendous appetite. He was most insistent about his meals; ate often and heavily, frequently awakening in the night to satisfy his hunger with an extra meal. He was fond of luxury — always craved and secured the best. This was from no vainglory of extravagance, but was an inborn instinct, which he

almost always managed to gratify even when poor. The best vintages came to his table, the finest moselles, champagnes, and burgundies; yet he drank little, rarely more than a single glass. He loved to be warm, to sleep well, to be comfortably housed, and to have at his command good books. In his later years he spent at least twelve hours of the day in bed. His afternoon nap was the trial of his valet and the terror of fellow travelers. Rooms had to be kept vacant above, below, and on either side of him at hotels; and the White Star Line, upon whose steamers he usually made his European voyages, kept his good will for many years by maintaining a huge drugget, made of manila rope, which was spread upon the deck so that the footsteps of the idlers on the promenade deck could not jar his slumbers in the stateroom below.

This desire for silence became almost a mania. The great house, Chatwold, at Bar Harbor, had added to it in 1895 a huge granite pile, called by some of the humorous inmates the 'Tower of Silence.' It was provided with specially constructed walls and partitions designed, unsuccessfully, to shut out all noise. The new city mansion, on East Seventy-third Street, New York, built in 1902, failed to provide soundproof quarters in spite of much planning by the architects, McKim, Mead & White. Indeed, his own rooms seemed to be haunted by noises, among them a strange knocking that nearly drove him frantic. After experts had failed, I discovered the trouble. In building the house, a living spring which could not be suppressed was found in the cellar. It was fed into a sump-pit; this in turn was emptied by an automatic pump, operated by electricity, which started when the water reached a certain level. By a rare fatality the pump had been

placed so that the drum of the heating system acted as a sounding board and spread the incidental vibrations through the house, centring most loudly in Mr. Pulitzer's bedroom. The pump was shifted under the sidewalk, but he abandoned the room and built a single story annex in the yard, with double walls packed with mineral wool. The windows were guarded by triple glass; ventilation was by the fireplace chimney. He was sure that the jar of early morning whistles found its way to his ears by this opening. Silk threads were stretched across it to break the sound. Three doors were hung in the short passage from the main house, the floor of which was on ball bearings to prevent vibration. The room was so still as to be uncanny.

Behind the 'Tower of Silence' at Chatwold was a little balcony overhanging a rock-lined canyon through which Bear brook went babbling to the sea. This was his favorite resting-place. Here he would sit in the cool of the morning, or in the grateful shade of the afternoon, listening to the surf breaking almost under his feet, and gaining a tranquillity denied him elsewhere in the clatter of life.

The entourage came at times to be skeptical about Mr. Pulitzer's sensitiveness to noises, but rarely dared to experiment. Once, when the Liberty was in dock at Marseilles, a local carriage was hired by Norman G. Thwaites, then secretary, for a morning's ride. Mr. Pulitzer joined him with Harold S. Pollard, his reader and companion. Hardly had the equipage reached the park when a wheel began squeaking outrageously. Mr. Thwaites nerved himself for an explosion. None came. Instead Mr. Pulitzer remarked sweetly: 'There must be a great many birds in this park, Thwaites.' Thwaites had not seen any but he agreed that it

was quite possible as there were plenty of trees.

'*Tweet-tweet, tweet-tweet,*' went the wretched axle. 'Really, now,' said he, 'can't you hear them singing? It is very delightful.'

His olfactory nerves, like the nerves of his ears were abnormally sensitive. Perfumes he especially abhorred. On one occasion while at Cap Martin, a luckless British medico, who had come from London to be surgeon of the Liberty, for the first time in his life loaded his pocket handkerchief with patchouly. By mischance a whiff of this reached Mr. Pulitzer before the candidate was presented and roused him to fury. The doctor was taken below by a valet and deodorized before the patient could be examined; but the incident so unsettled the professional man that he declined the berth.

His love of chess was cherished as long as his fading sight made playing possible. He had a special set of chessmen made, of large size, to render them plainer to his fading vision. In time it became impossible to employ even these. During the early days of his exile, when at Beaulieu, Arthur Brisbane sought to allay the tedium by reviving Mr. Pulitzer's interest in the seductive game of draw poker with a pack of very large cards. All went well until Arthur's winnings at a sitting ran up to five hundred dollars. Mr. Pulitzer paid up but discontinued the diversion. Long afterward Joseph Junior chanced to remark that he had taken up the game for amusement — carefully adding that the 'limit' was always twenty-five cents, and that he found it entertaining. 'I don't know about that, Joseph,' remarked his father, doubtfully. 'I am afraid you will find it a rather dangerous accomplishment.'

He loved horses and rode with the grace and freedom of one born to the

saddle. Always in good weather, at home or abroad, an afternoon ride was the rule. As he became more blind, the pace was always a sharp trot or a canter but his seat was secure and his mastery of his steed perfect. Good horses were always plentiful before the automobile drove them out of use. At one time the Chatwold stables contained twenty-six animals. He was slow in taking to the motor car, but once converted took to it amazingly. Indeed, he liked speed. To be in motion was his incessant delight. For this reason he made long and seemingly purposeless journeys. Life soon became dreary if he settled down for a time. The thought of moving cheered him up and in motion he was serenely amiable.

He was singularly delicate about being fully clad and could not bear to have any part of his person exposed to the gaze of another. His sensitiveness in this particular developed in an amusing way at Cap Martin in the spring of 1910 when, after much negotiation, the great Rodin was commissioned to execute a bust. Rodin insisted that Mr. Pulitzer in posing should lay bare his shoulders in order that the poise of the head might be correctly revealed. To this Mr. Pulitzer objected strenuously. Rodin was obdurate but it was not until he threatened to throw up the commission and return to Paris that his subject surrendered, and then only on condition that none but his immediate attendants should be admitted to the studio. This was agreed to and the work went on, the model proving very petulant and unruly and refusing to talk to Rodin, who naturally wished to put his sitter at ease and to get at least a glimpse of his mind. The contract was for busts in bronze and in marble. The bronze is a mere head with no attempt to indicate the

shoulders. The marble goes further—and here Rodin had his revenge; for he laid a bit of ruching across the chest, playfully suggestive of a chemise!

As Mr. Pulitzer was troubled with asthma, his yacht, the *Liberty*, was often set in motion for no other object than to create a breeze which would pour fresh air into his gasping nostrils. 'Find a breeze' was his most frequent sailing-order. He was a reckless navigator, defying harbor rules, and often taking great risks from storm and tide. Odd as it may seem, he knew nothing of the latter phenomena and had to be argued with when told it was a factor to be reckoned with when the *Liberty* had to wait outside a harbor.

Although long blind for all practical purposes, complete loss of sight had apparently come by 1910. One evening while the *Liberty* lay at anchor in Mentone, the marvelous moon of the Mediterranean came up in its fullest splendor. Mr. Pollard, the companion, thinking Mr. Pulitzer might get a glimpse of its glory, led him to the bow of the yacht and placed him where he could see to the best advantage. Mr. Pulitzer strained his eyes long in the given direction, but said sadly at last: 'No use, my boy, I can't make it out.'

Miss Dorothy Whitney, now Mrs. Willard D. Straight, was one of his last memories before his eyes grew dim. 'You know,' he once said, 'before I lost my eyes I used to walk around and talk politics with Whitney. He was so very interesting. This young lady, then a little girl, would climb upon my knees and pull my whiskers. So she stays in my memory as among the last of those whom I could see. I shall always be interested in her.'

As Ponce de Leon sought the Fountain of Youth, Mr. Pulitzer was forever seeking the fountain of health. Con-

sulting doctors became a passion with him. The most distinguished practitioners in Europe passed in review, taking fees and leaving no cures behind. The entourage came to believe that seeing doctors was more of a pastime than a hope, especially after the distinguished von Nordheim, who journeyed from Vienna to Wiesbaden, was turned away with the excuse that his prospective patient was 'too ill' to see him.

The search for the attendant doctor was always on, even with a satisfactory man in the entourage. He always wanted to be sure that another could be had if the incumbent should weary of his job.

This letter to the late James M. Tuohy, the *World's* London correspondent, written March 9, 1910, from the Villa Arethuse, Cap Martin, by Mr. Pulitzer's secretary, Norman G. Thwaites, shows the system:—

MY DEAR MR. TUOHY:—Mr. Pulitzer asks me to write to you at once that it may catch you before you start on your holiday. He has been ill in bed for two weeks with severe bronchial cold, reviving his old whooping cough, and is now amazingly weak and sleepless. As soon as he is able to be moved, he is planning a month's trip on the yacht, probably into the East and the Red Sea.

The point is this: utterly disregarding all qualifications heretofore specified as to agreeability, conversation, knowledge of history, editorial ability, and so on, can you set in immediate motion a search for a first-rate, practical physician who would be willing to go off immediately for a month on the yacht? Mr. Pulitzer underlines three times the point that *you can drop all former requirements as to personal qualifications*, concentrating on experienced, reliable, first-class professional ability. The man need not be a specialist so long as he is able to study and diagnose Mr. Pulitzer's peculiar

history and condition of nervousness, insomnia, and recently recurring complications of whooping cough.

You can also dismiss the idea of permanency. Mr. Pulitzer's present plan is to leave here about March 15, and to be gone till about the first of May, calling very probably at Constantinople, Athens, Egypt, and the Red Sea. The man will have nothing to do except to enjoy himself, and, apart from the study of Mr. Pulitzer's case, it ought to be an exceedingly pleasant trip for anyone.

Needless to say the man must be sea-sick-proof!!!

Mr. Pulitzer says emphatically he does not wish this matter to interfere with your holiday or to spoil it. It must not interfere with that.

You will see that it is quite different from anything he has asked for before in that it distinctly eliminates the point of intellectual companionship, and asks merely for a first-rate doctor. Mr. Pulitzer says he may stutter or be a hunchback, but of course not preferably so. This ought to make the search much easier. Mr. Pulitzer has really been very ill and ought not to go off without a serious-minded, capable physician, in whom he and Mrs. Pulitzer can have some confidence. I am sure you can understand why the present author-physician fails to inspire that feeling.

Hoping that someone may be found as soon as possible as it is entirely desirable that Mr. Pulitzer should get away at once, and with best wishes to yourself,

Yours sincerely,
NORMAN G. THWAITES.

When John S. Sargent was approached to paint Mr. Pulitzer's portrait, in 1909, a shy secretary intimated that Sargent's specialty lay in divining the innermost weaknesses and powers of his sitters and putting them on canvas. Mr. Pulitzer grimly warned the painter not to spare him. 'That is what I want,' he said. 'I want to be

remembered just as I really am, with all my strain and suffering there.' The picture shows the blind man seated, holding a riding crop in the one hand and resting the other lightly against his cheek — a favorite attitude. The pain and suffering of years shows on his face, blended with high intellect, energy of character, and fierceness of temper.

Mr. Pulitzer's habits of thought and his later invalidism kept him aloof from affairs. Where a Horace Greeley became personally one of the shapers of a cause, Mr. Pulitzer after the early days of his *World* ownership was in but slight touch with individuals in politics and affairs. He did not wish to be in intimate touch with or in the confidence of political leaders. I recall once mentioning the visit of an eminent Democrat to the *World* editorial rooms. His instant comment was: 'I don't like that. I don't want those fellows calling at the office.'

He did not care to have an inside share in moulding matters, wishing all his efforts to appear openly on the editorial pages of his newspapers. He lived most of his life apart from other men, having a feeling that this was the fate of the true journalist, that he must devote — and limit — his interest to his paper.

Discussing some passing matter, I once used the phrase 'your friends.' 'My friends,' interrupted Mr. Pulitzer ironically; 'I have no friends. You fellows in the office will not let me have any.'

This was in a great measure true. But the 'fellows in the office' did not have any either, and he knew it and delighted in the singleness of their devotion to the *World*. There was no list of 'sacred cows' in the place, nor any *index expurgatorius*. The facts had to warrant the story. That was the only rule.

Mr. Pulitzer cared little for the evening or Sunday editions of the *World*, beyond expecting them to prosper, which both did amazingly. His interest and affection centred in the six-day morning issue, which he regarded as his paper. The others were mere commercial enterprises, but the morning *World* contained his soul — and that of the establishment. He lavished money on it, leaving the evening edition to get along with a slender force, though one of much talent. In time it developed almost complete independence of him and his ideas and became what it is to-day.

The *World* was managed by its managers and edited by its editors. Mr. Pulitzer suggested freely, but ordered little. Final judgment was always with the office. He once advised me, when business manager, that I could do anything on behalf of the paper except hunt for the North Pole, or back the invention of a flying machine, both ideas seeming chimerical to him. Within less than a decade after this adjuration Peary reached the Pole and the Wrights had conquered the air. Mr. Pulitzer was still alive. Indeed, it was the *World's* award of \$10,000 to Glenn Curtiss for flying from Albany to New York that enabled that aviator and inventor to establish the great business which now bears his name.

His initiative, strange as it may appear, was not extraordinary, and he frequently showed a hesitancy that verged upon timidity in adopting policies urged upon him by the juniors. His strength lay in stimulation. Here he had few superiors. He was a man of enormous impulses curbed by great reactions, who safeguarded himself from the effects of either by carefully warning his aids not to be swept off their feet by any order he might issue; all directions from headquarters were to be tempered by judgment or fuller

information which he might not possess. If a very radical ukase came, the office custom was to reply, fixing a delayed day and hour for the execution. Usually a restraining telegram came about five minutes before the appointed moment. Under his policy the virtues of the *World* were easily his own, while the mistakes and conflicts became readily the property of others.

Extravagant as he was in verbal expression, Mr. Pulitzer valued judgment that waited on facts. In one of the changes of a generation in the office, when the old heads vanished almost altogether, he caused each of the younger moulders of opinion to be given a beautiful set of gilded scales from Tiffany's — the hint was quite plain.

It was his habit always to require two men on the same job and then to let them fight it out, though often to his own discomfiture and despair. The office theory was that he liked competition and sought to gain advantage by the strivings of the one man to outdo the other. If this is correct, it never worked; either hopeless deadlocks followed or the men divided their domain and lived peacefully. There was probably something in the theory, but more in the habit of precaution which he developed early in life. He always wanted to have a second resource in hand if one chanced to fail him, and to avoid being held up by any journalist who might think himself super-valuable.

The new men on the paper were always under scrutiny and the old ones never free from the test. One day at the lunch table at Bar Harbor, in October 1899, the company was discussing the achievements of an able reporter, Charles W. Tyler, who had just done a very good piece of work. Mr. Pulitzer was complimenting Tyler highly. Professor Thomas Davidson,

spoke up: 'I cannot understand why it is, Mr. Pulitzer, that you always speak so kindly of reporters and so severely of all editors.' 'Well,' he replied, 'I suppose it is because every reporter is a hope, and every editor is a disappointment.'

His blindness caused him to test men severely. He could learn the shape of an article by touch, but the qualities of a man could be ascertained only by intellectual pressure, and this he applied so searchingly as to seem merciless. Yet it can be truthfully recorded that no survivor ever failed at his task.

To one of the young men, who afterward rose to high rank on the *World*, Mr. Pulitzer remarked: 'I wish I could take your brain apart and look into it.'

'I don't,' the youngster said; 'I am afraid you would mix up the parts and never get them in place again.'

Usually each fall, after election, the *World's* circulation dropped. Mr. Pulitzer would credit the slump to the errors of the editors during the campaign, and a shake-up almost always followed. One year there was no election, with the same result. Much puzzled, he called on me for a solution of the mystery. I proved that it was due to the shortening of the daylight hours, showing that the paper always grew in the lengthening days. Appeased, he left the staff in peace on this one count at any rate.

'Forever unsatisfied' described his temperament. He was forever unsatisfied, not so much with the results as with the thought that if a further effort had been made, a sterner command or greater encouragement given, more would have been accomplished. Curiously enough, he was most pestiferous in his urgings and drivings when all was going at its best. In times of trouble he rested his lash. Men were

left unhampered in their responsibilities, seldom chided when they failed, if there was evidence that they had tried to succeed, and richly rewarded if they triumphed.

Another high quality he had: to use poker parlance—he never would ‘call’ anyone. From the same characteristic no one could ‘call’ him. Men who tried it were usually sorry. He had an amazing patience with human frailty and an unflinching belief in the merits of mankind.

All newspapers have periods of ‘flattening out,’ when the entire editorial force needs reinvigorating. During one of these spells on the *World*, Mr. Pulitzer was sojourning at Lakewood, New Jersey. Much disturbed, he wished to know the cause of the dullness. The business manager thought the boys were track-sore and suggested a ‘shake-up’—meaning a shifting of jobs, familiar to all press-workers in the metropolis, invented, it is believed, by the younger James Gordon Bennett, who sometimes made weird transpositions in his endeavors to stimulate the staff. Mr. Pulitzer liked this kind of experiment, but this time it did not appeal to him.

‘I don’t think that’s the reason,’ he said. ‘I think it’s because nobody on the staff gets drunk. Brad (Bradford Merrill, then editorial manager) never gets drunk; Burton (city editor) lives in Flatbush—he never gets drunk; Van Hamm (managing editor) sleeps out in New Jersey—he never gets drunk; Lyman (night managing editor) he’s always sober. You live in Brooklyn and never get drunk. When I was there some of them got drunk, and we made a great paper. Take the next train back to the city, find somebody who gets drunk, and hire him at once.’

Returning on this strange errand, when crossing Park Row, the business manager ran into a very brilliant

writer whom he had long known as a friend of the flowing bowl. He looked down-at-the-heel and depressed.

‘What are you doing?’ he was asked.

‘Nothing,’ was the glum response.

‘I thought you were on the *American*? What’s the trouble?’

‘Same old thing,’ was the dolorous response. ‘I can’t let the hard stuff alone.’

So he was still eligible. ‘Good!’ cried the business manager. ‘I have a life job for you.’

With that he dragged him into the office and nailed him to the pay roll. Supplementing this the Flatbush city editor was given two weeks’ board at the Waldorf-Astoria—to get some acquaintance with New York. Curiously enough, the paper responded to the prescription and became lively again.

While severely critical of the *World* and its makers, Mr. Pulitzer could not brook the least disapproval of either from others. One day at Bar Harbor, after a period of very acrimonious faultfinding, he wound up with this blanket condemnation of the shop: ‘It has no head, no sense, no brains.’

This passed in silence, but later in the day he broached a suggestion to which I replied that the idea had been tried by the *Herald* without success.

‘Why do you mention the *Herald*?’ he interrupted sharply. ‘They have no head, no sense, no brains!’

‘Neither have we,’ I replied.

He reached his long arm forward and, grasping my throat, choked it vigorously and remarked reprovingly:

‘Stop that! You are altogether too critical and unjust to the office!’

To compress cables and telegrams a considerable code was developed through the years, which included the names of men in the office, rivals in the profession, and others who had to do with business or politics. For him-

self he selected the cipher word 'Andes,' modestly taking the name of the second highest altitude on the earth's surface. He commonly went by the code name in office conversation. Mr. William H. Merrill, his chief editorial writer, was 'Cantabo'; his treasurer, J. Angus Shaw, was 'Solid'—a neat compliment; S. S. Carvalho was designated by a single syllable, 'Los'; John Norris became 'Anfracto'; C. M. Van Hamm, 'Gyrate,' illustrating perhaps the vicissitudes of a managing editor; Florence D. White was 'Volema' on the wire. I was honored with three stage-names—'Gulch,' 'Mastodon,' and 'Quixotic'; Dumont Clarke, his vice-president, was 'Coin,' a commodity with which he had much to do; Colonel George B. M. Harvey was 'Sawpit'; James Gordon Bennett came over the cable as 'Gaiter,' and William R. Hearst as 'Gush.' For William J. Bryan, two code designations were used: 'Guilder' and 'Maxilla,' the latter possibly a delicate reference to jaw. Pomeroy Burton became 'Gumbo,' perhaps as he himself said because he was 'so often in the soup.' The code amused Mr. Pulitzer and he was forever tinkering it.

His telegrams and cables usually came unsigned save for a final word—'Sedentary'—which meant that a prompt reply was required. This usually went back in a single word—'Semaphore'—meaning 'message received and understood.' When in good humor and pleased he would sign personal messages 'J.P.,' but when his wrath was high they came signed 'Joseph Pulitzer.' That meant trouble. In my eighteen years of association I received three bearing the ominous full signature!

Like most successful men, he had his superstitions, and one of these was

a reverence for the figure ten. He was born on the tenth of April, reached St. Louis on the tenth of October, consolidated the *Post* with the *Dispatch* on the tenth of December, 1878, and bought the *World* on the tenth of May, 1883. He made the superstition something of a fad and used the numerals always when he could. In buying his first New York house, he selected No. 10 East Fifty-fifth Street—the two fives adding another ten. Lastly he cut the price of his morning newspaper from two cents to one, on February 10, 1896, and began the interesting duel with the millions of the Hearst estate. The result of the latter experiment was not to his liking and he lost interest in the superstition in his later years. But the dates remain milestones to be remembered in considering his extraordinary career.

Perhaps his birth on the eve of the great revolutionary period of 1848, had something to do with the fact that all his life he was a passionate devotee of Liberty—liberty of action, of opinion, of government. He opposed all sumptuary legislation, all tax-law inequities, all political bossism, whether of the party or its leaders, and above all war!

When some new delight came his way, he liked to pass it on to those he wished to reward or encourage. Coming from the mild and humid central Mississippi Valley, he found the New York winter chill and took to a fur-lined overcoat for protection. This was before the days of heated street cars or comfortable subways, and the heavy garment gave him great content. Soon the men of mark on the *World* were garbed in fur with the compliments of the owner. When his eyes grew troublesome, he secured needed shade from the flexible brim of a Panama hat. Presto, all the favorites were likewise bedecked. He had great

regard for the tall silk hat and always wore one on occasions that seemed important. When the *World* passed its 100,000 mark every employee received a silk hat with Mr. Pulitzer's best wishes. He usually closed all arguments with a bet when the talk grew too strenuous, and the wager took the form of a hat — frequently *five* hats. I had a controversy once that lasted five months over the 'return' rules of the *New York American*. He refused to believe my statements, but finally incontestable proof of their accuracy found him at Corfu. He cabled me to buy the hats, but stipulated that one of them must be a 'crush' for the opera, knowing that I detested both. This and other winnings kept me in headgear for about twenty years at Mr. Pulitzer's expense.

The considerable fortune left by Mr. Pulitzer was enhanced by the profitable outcome of wise investments in American securities listed on the New York Stock Exchange. They were not made primarily with this intent, but to protect the *World*. When the paper began piling up money, with his customary caution he looked ahead for lean years. He wished to be secure beyond the need of borrowing from banks. So he picked out what appeared to be the soundest easily marketed securities on the list. The paper never needed his aid and the investments grew with the years and the increasing prosperity of the country. When his property was listed, but one worthless item was found, a twenty-share certificate in some long-forgotten effort to build a railroad in Missouri. Every other item had held or increased its value. Some had repaid him more than three-hundred fold!

He bought stocks in large lots — 2000, 3000, and 5000 shares, always in even numbers so that the holdings

might easily be carried in his memory. Some of these vast blocks were made up of Delaware, Lackawanna & Western, Lake Shore, Central Railroad of New Jersey, and like gilt-edges. They were bought at the instance of the late Dumont Clarke, president of the American Exchange National Bank, and long vice-president of the Press Publishing Company, though having no relation to the production of the *World*. To Mr. Clarke's sound judgment Mr. Pulitzer added his own with highly satisfactory results. Mr. Pulitzer had himself a fear of the influence of his growing wealth upon his views and their consequent reflection in the paper. In 1907 he sent for Frank I. Cobb, his chief editorial writer. It was during the tremors that preceded the 'Roosevelt' panic. The editor was addressed in this wise: 'Boy, I am, as you probably know, a large owner of stocks. Some of them are bound to be affected by public actions. I am not sure of myself when I see my interests in danger. I might give way some day to such a feeling and send you an order that would mean a change in the paper's policy. I want you to make me a promise. If I ever do such a thing swear you will ignore my wishes.'

The promise was made, but no such order ever came. It would have passed unheeded had it come, so thorough was the singleness of purpose which characterized the paper. Once in a while the traffic manager of the Western Union would claim a large share of words because the owner of the *World* was one of its chief stockholders. Such visits usually increased the trade of its Postal rival. Mr. Pulitzer never mentioned his holding in the concern to anyone in the shop.

He never embarked in any enterprise for making money, confining himself entirely to the investment of earnings

from his newspapers in sound securities. Yet of his talents in a financial way, Lord Rothschild once said, 'If Pulitzer would devote himself entirely to finance, he could be the richest man on the globe.'

His personal expenditures were enormous, probably exceeding, outside of royalty, those of any man of his time. The Liberty was always in commission and her operating cost, with repairs, ran close to \$200,000 a year. In addition to this he maintained costly residences at Bar Harbor, Jekyl Island, Georgia, and in New York, to which was added the finest villa to be had at Cap Martin. Probably the bill totaled \$350,000 a year, but it barely dented

the great income from newspapers and investments. There was always a large annual surplus.

Although one of the masters of the art of attracting attention, he was singularly shy himself. He did not like to be pointed out publicly, or to be made personally a centre of interest. Once at Bar Harbor I had told Mrs. Pulitzer a merry tale about him, the joke of which was on the other fellow. She repeated it to her husband. 'What's this story you have been telling Mrs. Pulitzer?' he queried at luncheon. I replied that it was a good one. He was silent for a moment, then said gently: 'Don't tell stories about me. Keep them until I am dead.'

ARE COMPARISONS ODISIOUS?

BY A. EDWARD NEWTON

I

EVERY once in so often, someone sets a silly phrase in motion and it rolls and rolls, farther and farther, until one is powerless to catch up with it; such a phrase is: Comparisons are odious. It seems to mean that comparisons, in general, are unfair and should be avoided. Now I take it that in travel, if one is not going to make comparisons, one might as well stay at home. Comparison is the essence of travel. Sterne in his *Sentimental Journey* sets out with, 'They order this matter better in France.' In my experience what they order in France better than elsewhere is a dinner: I know of some things they order badly.

For example, let us compare the

Bibliothèque Nationale with the British Museum. The English library is always open; its treasures are always on view, displayed to the best advantage in rooms well lighted, well heated, ventilated, and served by an intelligent and accommodating staff: in a word, everything is done for the comfort and convenience of the visitor. Enter now the great French library, one of the oldest and probably the richest in the world. Did I say 'enter'? Say rather, attempt to enter; for on only two days a week is one permitted to break in upon the slumber of the attendants, who, resenting the intrusion, shrug their shoulders at your questions as to the whereabouts of the exhibits you

especially want to see, and go to sleep again. Alone and unaided, you wander through cold, dark chambers, where in cases so placed that at best only half of their contents can be seen, are displayed books so rare and bindings so magnificent that the booklover, under happier surroundings, would wish to spend the rest of this life in their contemplation. As it is, he gives them a glance and is glad to get out into the hospitality of the streets.

Turn now to the Conciergerie, that famous prison, fairly reeking with history and especially reminiscent of Marie Antoinette and other figures of the French Revolution. It is not too easy to find, but at last you reach the portal only to learn that it is necessary to get an order of admission from M. le Préfet de Police. You write for it, taking care to assure that gentleman that you entertain for him feelings of consideration which simple words are powerless to express. In due course the permit arrives in the stamped and self-addressed envelope you have enclosed with your application. You receive with joy the small scrap of paper which is to open to you the portals of that gloomy prison, and once again present yourself at the door, ring the bell, and again the attendant declines to let you enter, pointing gleefully to a line of fine print on your permit which you had not before observed, which translates: 'The visit can be made only on Friday.' As the day is Sunday, that settles that.

Sunday in Paris being like all other days, only more so, you decide you will visit the Tomb of Napoleon, which was closed when you were last there. You look in your guidebook to be sure that it is a day upon which it is permitted to gaze upon the sarcophagus which contains the remains of the man who tore up and remade and tore up again the map of Europe. The day is the

right one, and the hour twelve. You are lunching with a friend at Prunier's at a quarter to one; there is just time. Entering a taxi, you are in a few minutes descended before the great gates which are closed. Upon one of them hangs a sign which informs visitors that they may enter at twelve o'clock. But hold! following the 12 someone has written 45, in small characters, in ink: twelve forty-five is the hour of admission. Just the hour when you should be discussing the particular variety of oyster you will be ordering at Prunier's. 'They order these matters better in France, I don't think,' you murmur to yourself as you turn away, at the same time applauding the ingenuity with which the French make sight-seeing in Paris an obstacle race. And when it comes to getting a passport visaed, it is certainly better to be robbed several times at your hotel than to subject yourself to the indignities you are likely to experience in the upper halls and chambers of the Bureau of Police.

How ever did the fiction arise that the French are a polite people? Their language is, without doubt, and a Frenchman may be very polite to a lady with whom he is not too intimately acquainted; but polite as a nation! certainly not — except by comparison with the German. It is my honest belief, in spite of the fact that black eyes are frequently worn by ladies of the lower orders in London on Monday mornings, that the English are the politest and kindest people in the world. Of the manners of the American, I refrain from speaking — some subjects are too painful.

As I loitered across the Place de la Concorde on my way to the restaurant, I thought of Napoleon's desire that his 'cinders' should be interred on the banks of the Seine in the midst of the French people that he loved so well. Should I be unlucky enough to die in

Paris, I wish my cinders placed elsewhere at the earliest possible moment. With their love of red tape, the French would be reluctant to permit them to be interred anywhere until my mother-in-law's marriage certificate and lots of other little certificates of this character were produced; this being difficult or impossible, a horde of governmental officials would have to be seen and placated: the thought is paralyzing. Love of bookkeeping is a national trait. I have no doubt that the age and sex of every oyster I have consumed at Prunier's is on file with the Chief of Police.

Is it because I love London so that I am always ill at ease in Paris? Is it the language? which, although I speak it fluently, no one understands. Is it the life of Paris with which I am out of sympathy? It is the most beautiful city in the world: the French have forgotten more about town-planning than we shall ever know. Its buildings are magnificent, and so perfectly placed that one superb vista opens after another. But it is too perfect, too artificial; nothing fine ever happens by chance. And its atmosphere of gray-pink and violet, which so delights the artist, is indeed lovely, but I prefer the dull and frequently sunless streets of London, and occasionally even, give me London in a fog.

II

Forty years ago I had but one ambition: to make enough money to retire from business and spend my declining years in England; preferably up the Thames in any one of the many beautiful houses which border either side of that historic river. To-day, nothing would induce me to accept as a gift any cottage or mansion either on the Thames or elsewhere, if I had to live in it: not that I do not love Eng-

land just as much as ever, — as I know it better I love it more, — but I do not belong there; and so far as an Englishman would consent to express his opinion, I am not wanted there; few Americans are.

A moment's reflection will show why this is. For almost three centuries the English have been the richest and most powerful people on earth. Their laws permitted, indeed they encouraged, the concentration of wealth and power in the hands of a few great families who came to believe that wealth and power was their natural prerogative. By one means or another they acquired great estates in the country on which they built magnificent castles, and on the whole they used their wealth and power wisely. Then came the industrial era, and the wealth of the world began to pour into England. More palaces were built, and the continent was ransacked for works of art for their decoration. Pictures, statuary, and books were acquired; Italy became the happy hunting-ground of every Englishman of means. Then a German-English King forced Washington to become the Father of his Country, and after that country had successfully fought a Civil War it dawned upon the Englishman that the United States had come to stay. He did not like the idea, but even then it hardly seemed possible that we could become a serious rival.

When was the turning point in England's greatness? No one knows exactly. It may have been when our iron production overtopped hers, for, as Gibbon has said, the control of iron soon gives a nation the control of gold; or it may have been shortly after that dramatic moment when Disraeli hailed his Queen as Empress of India. Be that as it may, the United States became enormously rich, not only potentially but actually, and our wealth

was not concentrated in a few hands, as in England, but was better distributed. Then Americans began to play in England the rôle that Englishmen had played a century or two before in Italy. They searched the country for art treasures, and many of them, falling in love with the well-ordered life of the people, began to take up their residence there, at least for a part of every year. In time they came to occupy some of the finest mansions in town and some of the most historic castles in the country. Then they became disliked. Some of these Americans were loud, vulgar, and ignorant, as well as rich: more and more they came, and more and more they flaunted their wealth, which was their chief distinction, in the face of the English. The feeling of *noblesse oblige* is very real in England: the English understand and, I believe, respect the foreigner who settles there and goes to work, John Julius Angerstein, for example, the founder of a great British institution. 'Lloyds,' whose pictures formed the nucleus of the National Gallery, which is celebrating its centennial this year, was a Russian, who became, as foreigners are apt to do, more English than the English themselves. What they do not want is to have Americans come over and sit down on them, taking up their town and country houses, and trying to get into their clubs, which are more difficult to enter than the Kingdom of Heaven.

When we ceased to be 'the Colonies' we ceased to be interesting to the English. A century ago we had to work hard to subdue a continent; now that the continent is subdued, we keep on working from force of habit. This has given us the reputation of caring for nothing but money, whereas, actually, the Englishman cares far more for money than we do, because he knows the value of the leisure that money will

buy and how to enjoy it. It is not an extreme statement to say that we do not. Americans are the best husbands in the world, but the most uninteresting men; hence it is that so many rich American girls go to England and, meeting men of a type that we do not breed over here, cast themselves and their fortunes at their feet — and usually live to regret it.

I am wandering. Slowly but surely America was forging ahead when the war came, and the drift of things was greatly accelerated. We became enormously rich and the English ghastly poor. They envy us our wealth and our aloofness from the troubles of Europe, and envy is not a good foundation on which to build friendship. Of our social and political problems they know little and care less: they have their own. What we call 'prohibition' amuses them as much as it distresses us, and they are mildly curious about the size and rapidity with which Henry Ford has amassed his fortune; here their interest stops. Everyone has read or is reading the *Letters of Walter H. Page* — as well they may, for they are a tribute to the greatness of England; of the *Education of Henry Adams* they have never heard; but they wish us to read their books and pay them handsome royalties, as we are now doing, but for many years did not; and above all things they regard us as a people that should be lectured to.

Some time ago I saw a picture in *Punch* which illustrates this prettily: a callow youth rushes into his mother's drawing-room and cries exultingly: 'Oh, Mother, my novel has been accepted at last.' 'Splendid!' exclaims the mother. 'Now you will be able to go to New York and lecture.'

As sportsmen, they — well, 'despise' us would hardly be too strong a word. They say we play to win, not for the sake of the sport. How far they are

correct in this I do not know; I am no sportsman, but I suspect that in a measure they are right. A year ago I was going up in a lift to my little flat in Albemarle Street with two Englishmen: one worked the tiny lift, the other was a lodger like myself. Said the lodger to the liftman, 'Well, the Americans have won again.' I forget what the sport was, but the reply, which was made for my benefit, was, 'Yes sir, by that low cunning which is so characteristic.' I said nothing, but on my next visit to London I did not return to Albemarle Street.

It requires only a moment's reflection to discover why this is. Temperamentally we are very unlike the English; we are extravagant in our talk and are always blowing our own trumpet. Have you read *Babbitt*? Well, there is much of Babbitt in many of us and some of Babbitt in all of us. *In the Englishman's modesty there is more arrogance than in our bluster.* We are always trying to improve ourselves — especially our women; hence their passion for attending lectures. The Englishman doubts whether he could be improved.

This lecture craze is one which will wear itself out in time, but I shall not live to see it. It is asking too much of the average English lecturer to forgo the easy money that awaits him in America. I once wrote to my friend, E. V. Lucas, and asked him why he did not come and lecture. I told him that we were so mad about lecturing Englishmen that if he would come and lecture to us on 'A Wanderer in London in the Time of Dr. Johnson,' 'A Wanderer in London in the Time of Charles Dickens,' and 'A Wanderer in London To-day,' he would bag a small fortune. I even offered to write his lectures for him, but he replied that he would become panic-stricken before an audience. And when finally he came, this most

urbane and charming essayist traveled America from one ocean to another, practically incognito, without opening his mouth except to put food into it — with an occasional drink. Has anyone who heard Margot when she was with us forgotten the experience? She was too dreadful! In an effort to pack the house, boxes were offered to those likely to occupy them in evening dress, and one of our newspapers described her 'lecture' by saying that 'she pelted us with soiled feathers.' We have sent 'bounders' to London, but hardly one so raw as this wife of a former Prime Minister.

But the passion to lecture is a European rather than an exclusively English weakness. Maeterlinck came to us speaking no English, yet after a few weeks' intensive study, he essayed to address us in such a language as was never heard before by mortal man. Not a soul understood whereof he was speaking, and he finally fled the platform and the country. And while I was in London I cut the following from a newspaper: 'A protest has been lodged with Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, the President of the Columbian (*sic*) University, against the proposed course of lectures at the University by Giovanni Papini, author of *The Life of Christ*. The protest is based on Papini's definition, in his writings, of America as "the home of millionaires and the birthplace of the nauseating Longfellow, the intolerable Washington, and the degenerate Whitman.'" And even as I write, Dr. Bridges, the Poet Laureate, a gentleman in his eightieth year, arrives a few months tardily, and draws down a substantial sum for merely looking benignly at the students of a western university. Absurdity can go no further. But my quarrel is not with the lecturers: it is with those who hire them.

Our national likeness to the English

is superficial. We talk about our common inheritance, our speaking the same language, our joint ownership of Shakespeare, and all that; but *au fond* we are totally different, and the difference is this: America accepts as fundamental the doctrine of 'the greatest good for the greatest number.' This is the best that can be said for 'democracy,' and if Dr. Johnson was right when he said, 'The state of the people is the state of the nation,' it is much. With us mediocrity is the rule; on the other hand, England does not interest herself in mediocrity in the least. She is not interested in the 'greatest number'; she takes the best possible care of the individual. Such has been her habit for centuries.

Does anyone suppose that when Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler goes to England and tells the Master of New College, Oxford (founded in 1379, mark you), of the difficulties he has confronted or overcome, incidentally remarking that Columbia has enrolled over thirty thousand students this year — does anyone suppose that the 'Master of New' is in the least degree interested? He is thinking of the great men who call Oxford 'Mother,' and if this thought does not enthrall him, he wonders in what manner Dr. Butler's students will use their education when they get it — if they get it.

There is another great difference: England is, or until recently was, a man's country. 'An Englishman's house is his castle,' and 'A man is master in his own house.' England is the most comfortable country in the world for men; they have spent centuries in making it so. I recently bought a copy of John Stuart Mill's *Subjection of Women*, first edition 1869. I want to read it again. The subject does not exist in America; with us, it is the men who are 'subjected,' and I don't see what we are going to do about it.

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Those of us who love England do so because it is well ordered and comfortable to a degree that we at home know nothing of. Things fall naturally into their proper place; all is — perhaps it would be more exact to say all was — ordered for the best in the best of all possible worlds. By best, one means, of course, for the upper classes. One day in church during an appallingly stupid sermon, such a sermon as one can hear only in England, when all around me were asleep, I looked for and found in the Hymnal two silly verses which express the idea not only of the rich toward the poor, but also the idea of the English toward the rest of the world: —

The rich man in his castle
The poor man at the gate,
God made them high or lowly,
And ordered their estate.

God has given each his station;
Some have riches and high place;
Some have lowly homes and labour;
All may have His precious grace.

The idea, of course, comes from the Church of England catechism.

III

I don't think I ever admired England more than when she was undergoing what was called the 'throes of a general election.' In October last, Mr. Baldwin, as Prime Minister, had a majority in Parliament of about one hundred and fifty. Suddenly he decided upon a general election and the issue which he presented to the country for its consideration was Protection. Instantly every politician in the country, with the exception of Lord Curzon, who was at the Foreign Office, which has many problems these days, was dashing madly about the country making speeches. The issue was one which an American could understand. Business

in Britain was and still is very bad. There are, it is said, almost a million and a half of people out of work, and many of those who are working are insufficiently paid — are earning just barely enough to keep body and soul together. Taxes are very high. 'The Dukes,' as Mr. Lloyd George called the tremendously rich landowning class, have been practically extinguished. Two or three deaths in a certain succession almost wipe out an estate. I am not sure that this is not good business. Why should one man have half a dozen palaces, each surrounded by a magnificent park, in a tiny, overpopulated country like England, in which there is not enough of anything to go 'round? But the Dukes' cake is dough, and I must say they take what is coming to them uncomplainingly.

Not so, however, the manufacturers of the country: they see themselves deprived of foreign markets that they have for a long time been enjoying, and they see their own domestic markets being taken away from them by Germany, France, Belgium, and the United States. Something has to be done quickly, they say.

Such were conditions when Mr. Lloyd George left home to make his whirlwind tour through Canada and the United States, during which, according to a cartoon in a French paper, he was seen standing reverently before the tomb of P. T. Barnum — the picture bearing the legend: 'Barnum, I am here!' While he was on the high seas the Prime Minister came out for Protection. Mr. Baldwin is an iron-master on a large scale, swept into politics by the war. His rise has been a rapid one; an honest and educated gentleman, he is not adroit enough to be a successful politician. Had he been content to extend little by little the power that he had — by which motor cars and talking machines and certain

other things are made to pay a heavy duty — all might have been well; instead of which he asked for a mandate from the people to put into effect such tariffs as would in the judgment of a board of experts afford protection to certain trades and better employ labor. For the great question in England today is the question of unemployment. But to expect an Englishman, and above all things an English yokel, suddenly, in less than a month, to reverse the policy of a century, was expecting too much.

Personally, I have no doubt that Mr. Lloyd George who was on the sea when Mr. Baldwin threw his bombshell, having seen the magnificent prosperity of America under a protective tariff, was going home with a full determination to do another sudden 'about face' for which he is so famous, and himself come out for Protection. If so, when he found Mr. Baldwin had beaten him to it, he said not a word — or rather, it would be true to say that he said a great many. Of course he had been advised of the trend of affairs by wireless, but nevertheless upon the arrival of the steamer he expressed amazement at the news and was in fighting trim in an instant. 'And so,' he said, 'they are going to feed starving Labor with the mouldy straw of the last century, are they? Well, nothing that Mr. Baldwin does surprises me. He does n't know his own mind from one hour to another' — thus firmly establishing himself on horses going in opposite directions.

It was a whirlwind campaign: in less than a month it was over and Labor was in power. I followed the speeches as they were reported in the *Times*; important addresses on both sides were reported, almost all at full length, and Free Trade was all but demolished every day in a long and carefully reasoned editorial. Certainly, if an

outsider could judge, and the players do not always see the game to the best advantage, Mr. Baldwin had the better argument. He spoke with great simplicity and directness, but I believe, had he consulted his own personal wishes, he would have prayed to be let out of the difficulty of governing England during these troublesome times. Mr. Lloyd George on the other hand gave his hearers an hour's free entertainment; he joshed his audience and jazzed the subject until all, except the judicious, were convulsed with laughter.

Since Labor came in not a word has been heard of the most important plank in its platform, the 'capital levy'; that is to say, Labor sought or was said to seek the confiscation by Government of an immense amount of the wealth of the nation. Asked how many times they intended to put this plan in operation, they said 'once only'—which was clever; for having once done so what wealth was left would have flown away. Listen to Mr. Lloyd George's rhetoric on this subject: 'At the mere possibility of a Labor Government, the western skies become black with the flight of capital seeking safety beyond the Atlantic. The fright is real: there has been nothing like it since horror filled the streets of Rome at the approval of Attila.' What actually happened was that the '5% War Loan,' the premier security of England, went off about three points at the possibility of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's election, and promptly recovered them upon his coming into office.

During the war, Mr. MacDonald was a 'passivist,' a 'conscientious objector,' and an 'internationalist.' He made what trouble for the Government he could: a passport was denied him when he sought to visit his friends in Russia. Now, by a turn of the political

wheel, he is Prime Minister of England; yet at a 'Victory Meeting,' held at the Albert Hall after his election, the proceeding commenced with the singing of the Marseillaise and concluded with 'The Red Rag.' This was not a good beginning, but there is nothing so sobering as responsibility, and the burden which rests upon Mr. MacDonald is almost crushing.

I believe that one thing that contributed to Mr. Baldwin's defeat was the unwise and improvident agreement he reached with Mr. Mellon, our Secretary of the Treasury, relative to the English war debts. Mr. Baldwin came to this country with the Governor of the Bank of England, and was hailed as an astute financier. There was, naturally, a contest between the group representing England and the group representing the United States. By a miracle it so happened that we were represented by a distinguished financier and not a politician: the result was that Mr. Mellon, holding all the cards, was able to freeze into concrete form our claims against England for the sums that we advanced her during the war, and also the money that through her we loaned to France and Italy. These obligations were given a due date and at a fixed rate of interest: look at the result: due to the fall in exchange, after paying us some hundreds of millions, England now finds herself owing us a greater sum than she owed before she paid us a penny. It is heart-breaking for her to contemplate, but heroically she makes no complaint. She is the only country that will make any real effort to pay us, and she may break her back in an effort to do so—which would be almost as unfortunate for us as for her. The debts of France and Italy occasion these countries just as much concern as you would feel, dear reader, if Mr. Rockefeller had an outlawed claim against you for a hun-

dred million dollars. Politicians cannot say these things, but there is no good reason why a book-collector should not. Mr. MacDonald, Socialist, Laborite, call him what you will, is to-day the most conservative man in England; and here I shall venture to make a prophecy. Due to world conditions with which we are all familiar, England will, within ten years, have a protective tariff: she may, she probably will, call it something else; no doubt she will be told it is something else, and the man likely to do the telling is that verbal acrobat — Mr. Lloyd George.

Lloyd George! What a man he is! An actor rather than a statesman. If he had chanced to adopt the stage as a profession — but hold! he has: all the world's a stage, and he has been performing on a large one.

IV

In no city in the world does poverty so impinge upon wealth as in London. The rewards for eminence in any business or profession in England are immense, but mediocrity has a hard time of it, and failure is punished severely. One is constantly impressed with the magnificence of the fashionable districts and the misery of the slums, and they exist almost side by side. 'The rich man in his castle, the poor man at his gate' — with a vengeance.

One cold, raw Saturday night in December, I put on a cap and a heavy coat and tramped from my little flat near Piccadilly to the Elephant and Castle, 'in the south suburbs,' where, says Shakespeare, 'is best to lodge.' Three or four centuries ago elephants were always represented with pagodas or castles on their backs, and such a tavern sign must once have hung before a tiny tavern at a place where a number of roads met leading to important towns in Kent and Surrey. But no

longer is the Elephant in the suburbs: it is now a great public house in one of the most densely populated districts in south London, a centre as crowded as Piccadilly Circus, but very different in character.

Walking through the magnificence of Whitehall, stopping to look at the Abbey and the Houses of Parliament as they rose out of the mist, over Westminster Bridge, skirting, almost, Lambeth Palace, the official residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, I passed from splendor to scenes of poverty and misery almost beyond belief.

The streets of London are probably safer than the streets of any other large city in the world: the police are not 'in politics,' as with us, and although many were drinking and a few were drunk, there was no disorder. My thoughts led me to Albert Chevalier, that great music-hall artist who died not long ago, and of his cycle of songs: 'The Future Mrs. 'Awkins,' 'The Cradle Song,' 'The Little Nipper,' — a masterpiece, — 'Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road,' — which everyone sings, — and the really pathetic song of 'My Old Dutch,' sung by Chevalier as an infirm old man to his wife of forty years. For Chevalier's sake, from The Elephant I hoofed it through the New Kent to the Old Kent Road, 'knockin' 'em' as I went (and not badly either, for I learned my songs in a good school).

Listen to this bit from 'The Little Nipper': —

(Spoken) 'Only last night me an' the missus took 'im out for a walk — I should say 'e took us out. As we was a comin' 'ome I says to the old gal, "Let's pop into the Helephant and 'ave a drop o' beer." She did n't raise no objection, so in we goes followed by 'is nibs — I'd forgotten all about 'im.

'I goes to the bar and calls for two pots of four 'alf. Suddenly I feels 'im a-tuggin' at my coat.

“Wot ’s up?” sez I.
 “Wot did yer call for?” sez ’e.
 “Two pots of four ’alf,” sez I.
 “Oh,” sez ’e, “ain’t mother goin’ to
 ’ave none?”

(Sung) ‘Well ’e ’s a little champion
 Do me proud well ’e ’s a knock out,
 “Drink up,” sez ’e. “Three pots, miss, it’s my
 call.”
 I sez, “Now Jacky, Jacky,”
 ‘E sez, “and a screw of baccy,”
 And ’e only stands about so ’igh, that’s all!’

The hero of this song is supposed to have reached the ripe age of seven.

Returning home I took the Tower Bridge Road, past that historic pile with its thousand years of history; through Billingsgate Market to St. Paul’s, the Strand, Piccadilly again, ‘and so to bed,’ almost in a bee line. My meditation was upon prohibition. We at least have made an effort to deal with the question of drink, which some people consider the curse of England, where the liquor interest seems more strongly entrenched than the Crown.

Democracy just naturally makes for hypocrisy; no man holding office can speak his honest opinion; our politicians are a wretched crew! They wrote into the Constitution what should have been a police or, at best, a state regulation. Am I to be deprived of the pleasure of a

proper dinner with a bottle of burgundy of just the right temperature, or ‘a large cold bottle and a small hot bird’ after the theatre, because some farmer in South or West conceives that a beef-steak smothered in onions, with hashed brown potatoes, washed down with iced water, is a feast for Lucullus? I am — without a doubt. What profiteth it me if my gardener can no longer get a drink of decent whiskey for fifteen cents, if my daughter can go to a party with a young man in a Ford coupe (not coupé, mind you), chaperoned by a bottle of raw spirits?

On the other hand: I spent a week in Liverpool, on a Gilbert and Sullivan pilgrimage, staying at the best hotel in England, the Adelphia, built for the American trade just before the war came and diverted all the traffic to Southampton, where they rob you and give you nothing. The poverty, the squalor, the misery, the wretchedness, the vice of Liverpool — largely due to drink — is something beyond words.

‘But it is a seaport,’ they tell you; ‘seaports are always like that.’ Two weeks later I spent a few days in Marseilles — also a seaport: everyone sober, busy, happy, seemingly contented.

We are just where we set out, dear Reader. ‘They order this matter better in France.’

SO THIS IS TAMMANY HALL!

BY WILLIAM L. CHENERY

I

JUDGE GAYNOR, speaking in Tammany Hall immediately after his election as mayor of New York City in 1909, delighted his audience with his opening sentence, 'So this is Tammany Hall!' Thus he recorded a fresh impression with ironic humor. It was his first view of the interior of the famous Wigwam on Fourteenth Street. All his adult life Tammany had been a power in his environment and it had just pushed him to the peak of his career. Nevertheless, as a busy New Yorker and a resident of home-keeping Brooklyn, he knew not the sacred precincts and inner workings of the organization that, more than any other force, had been dominating the metropolis throughout his lifetime.

Tammany is a power known by name to all Americans; but to most of them it is merely a name of sinister connotation. For that matter few of those who support Tammany consistently know its background; just as few of its thousands of district workers know what is going on in Tammany's inner circle. Moreover, the inner circle often is not taken entirely into the confidence of the 'big boss,' so completely does Tammany accept authority. Consequently it is no wonder that Tammany must be thoroughly explained in order to be comprehended as a vital and apparently enduring element in the American political system.

Since the days of Nast the cartoonists' symbol for Tammany Hall has been the tiger. If the possession of at

least nine lives is characteristic of the larger members of the feline family, the symbol fits. No other political organization in America has been killed so often, yet none enjoys better health to-day.

The Society of Saint Tammany was founded on May 12, 1789, two weeks after the establishment of the United States Government. Within the one hundred and thirty-five years of its uninterrupted existence it has received both the adulation and the contempt of the populace. It has shared in some of the purest aspirations and yet has violated nearly every canon of decency. At times it has attracted public servants of unselfish patriotism and at other times its agents have acted with sordid disregard of right. But, good and bad, Tammany lives on. Again and again in its long history, it has been forsaken by the people, only to be returned to power within an incredibly brief space. In truth the alternation of Tammany and reform governments in New York City has had almost an astronomical quality. A mathematician, by charting Tammany's orbit, might predict its appearances and its periods of eclipse with the assurance that as the earth moves about the sun, or as the moon waxes and wanes, so, after a season of exile and hunger, Tammany will once more be joyfully enthroned in the hearts of the people.

Nor is this a reflection on the intelligence or morals of those who live on

Manhattan Island. New York City has a large undigested alien population, as, incidentally, have many of the larger American cities; but it is still to be proved that the strangers within our gates have taught any guile to the hard-headed Yankees they found upon the scene. New Yorkers are neither better nor worse than their fellow countrymen. New York is merely the largest and the richest community in the New World and in consequence its politics, like its business, have been conducted in the grand manner. Tammany is conspicuous by the enormity of its sins and the magnitude and continuance of its successes; but what has happened on Manhattan Island has in varying degrees been repeated in most American communities. From a purely political standpoint, Tammany is essentially like the dominant political organizations of other American cities. William Marcy Tweed, the 'Boss' Tweed of an evil chapter in municipal history, admitted that Philadelphia taught New York the fine art of 'repeating'—fraudulent voting. The Tammany purposes and methods have been typical of the political development of the United States; for good and for evil its leaders have been characteristically American, whatever their place or origin.

An open and unprejudiced mind, however, is needed if Tammany is to be seen in perspective. Nothing is gained by denying its faults or ignoring its virtues. Grant it a blanket indulgence; its opponents, including all the great metropolitan dailies, offset this with a blanket indictment. Both methods lead nowhere. Tammany is neither all pure gold nor all sinful black, but striped with both colors, like the tiger it has chosen for a symbol.

The most important book on the subject is Gustavus Myers's *History of Tammany Hall*. Mr. Myers's scholarly

researches are valuable indeed. He has digested and made available vast numbers of public reports. Everyone who would understand the development of Tammany is his debtor. His history, however, is essentially a compilation of sins. But as the poor are not always the miserable, despite the imaginings of the pathetic school of novelists, so Tammany's history is by no means all bribery and corruption. It is historically untrue to portray Tammany as the complete villain in the metropolitan melodrama.

This brief incursion into the territory of the famous 'Braves' of New York's Wigwam is to ascertain why, despite the sins which have been so adequately chronicled, the decent people of New York City tolerate Tammany. The question can be the more easily answered if this political tiger is approached as a biologist would pursue a problem in natural history—opened and without confusing preconceptions.

II

The explanation of Tammany's persistent strength is simple. Tammany Hall has never been radical, but espouses popular causes. Moreover, since the early decades of the nineteenth century it has been the professed friend of aliens in a city constantly being resettled by immigrants. It has had singularly attractive social and charitable features and its leaders, from one generation to another, have understood the average man. The 'human equation' has had few mysteries for them. Most important of all, Tammany has made a business of politics. The men who have advanced in the organization have worked systematically and intelligently. They have taken their politics as seriously as other men take their profession or business. Tammany's record as a pioneer of move-

ments for giving larger privileges to the masses of the people is long and persuasive. William Mooney, a Revolutionary soldier and the keeper of an upholstery shop, organized the society. Its first members were the 'Liberty Boys'—advocates of American independence, who were aligned against Tories in particular and aristocrats in general. Tammany was created to offset the influence of the newly formed Society of the Cincinnati, which it was feared might be the nucleus of an hereditary aristocracy. At that time suffrage was strictly a privilege of property. Veterans of the Revolution who had borne hardships of war found themselves disfranchised at its close, while rich Tories who had sided with Great Britain were able to vote after Alexander Hamilton had restored their privileges. Tammany became the spokesman of manhood suffrage. The struggle was long and bitter. It is almost impossible now to realize the contempt with which the aristocrats viewed the aspirations of those who would vote without the qualifications of property. Tammany became entrenched in the affections of the common people by advocating this cause and its victory founded Tammany's prestige.

Tammany aligned itself against imprisonment for debt from the beginning. Under the debtor's law, it was estimated that as many as 10,000 unfortunates were imprisoned during a single year. At one time the legislature was informed that upward of a thousand debtors were confined in the New York jail. These wretches, kept in prison at the will of their creditors, were neither fed nor clothed by the public authority. Although Tammany's zeal in campaigning for a repeal of these barbarous acts often flagged, by and large during the generation of agitation which passed before the

reform was won, Tammany was on the side of the poor man. Let this be remembered to its credit.

The patron saints of American democrats during the first half of the nineteenth century were Thomas Jefferson and Andrew Jackson. The Tammany Society became an active ally of both of these Presidents. Many of their particular issues have little significance today. Certainly the Jackson campaign against the United States Bank has lost its meaning for a generation which seeks financial stability in the Federal Reserve System. But a hundred years ago the bank issue roused the country. Wisely or unwisely, the 'under dogs' were with Jackson. Tammany shared in the spoils of Old Hickory's victory.

The Tammany of that early day also took the popular side of the corporation issue. A large group of American citizens, often a majority, opposed the formation of corporations. The opposition was futile but it seems to have been almost instinctive. The issue—still fundamental—of the proper place of the corporation in the State, was then being fought in every industrial and commercial community. Corporations have of course prospered despite every attempt on the part of legislatures and congresses to thwart their growth; and often, in specific struggles, certain ones have had no more dependable allies than the Tammany leaders. Still, nominally at least, Tammany has professed an anti-corporation creed from the days of Jackson's contest with Nicholas Biddle down to the present warfare of Mayor Hylan against the companies which operate New York City's transit facilities.

In all these matters Tammany has consistently preached, even if it has not always practised, what its leaders believed to be popular.

In 1868 the Democratic National Convention, held in the new Tammany

Hall, nominated Tammany's candidate, Horatio Seymour, for the Presidency. Tammany campaigned as the friend of the poor. The general committee, with 'Boss' Tweed in the chair, appealed for the election of Seymour in these words:—

'We believe in our cause. It is the cause of constitutional liberty, of personal rights, of a fraternity of States, of an economical government, of the financial credit of the nation, of one currency for all men, rich and poor, and of the political supremacy of the white race and the protection of American labor. . . . Is not the pending contest preëminently one of capital against labor, of money against popular rights, of political power against the struggling interests of the masses?'

This is a characteristic utterance.

On one great issue, human slavery, the Democratic Party conspicuously failed, and Tammany, as its New York City agent, shared in that failure. Yet in general, Tammany kept in tune with the feelings of workingmen. It supported Horace Greeley for the Presidency. During the dark years of reconstruction it stood for reconciliation with the South. It opposed the grants of public lands to railroads; and one of its favorite sons, the present Governor Alfred E. Smith, is largely responsible for the final enactment of New York's progressive industrial code.

Charles F. Murphy himself introduced the resolution pledging the Democratic Party of the State of New York to seek the direct election of United States Senators. The first legislative proposal looking to the regulation of public utilities was made in 1906 by a Tammany Senator. Approval of the federal amendment making possible the establishment of the income-tax system was brought about by Tammany legislators. Members of the same organization were conspicuous in the fight to

prevent electric-power companies from destroying the scenic beauty of Niagara Falls. Numerous laws designed to protect working men and women and their children have been placed upon the statute books by the power of Tammany.

In none of these matters was Tammany a voice crying in the wilderness. It has always been contemptuous of what its leaders call 'idealistic reform.' But once reform has won enough adherents to pass into the stage of practical politics, Tammany has been quick to pledge itself to whatever it believed would benefit the majority of its constituents. This foresight in part accounts for its persistent power.

In the municipal affairs of New York City, Tammany, despite the sordid peculations of many of its leaders and members, has evidenced imagination. Many of the significant achievements of the city are due to Tammany men. Central Park is a typical example. The suggestion which led to the creation of the park was first officially broached in 1851 by Mayor A. C. Kingland, a Whig, although Tweed is credited by some for the conception. Succeeding Tammany governments seized upon the idea and carried it through to completion.

In these public enterprises Tammany politicians have not always been actuated by the purest motives. On the contrary, scandals resulting from purchases of property for the city and from the letting of contracts on public works account for much of the ill fame of the organization. Nevertheless, building has been continuous. Tammany was responsible for the creation of Riverside Drive, that magnificent boulevard along the Hudson; Tammany was responsible for the Croton Aqueduct, and later for the tunnels and lakes through which New York brought its water more than a hundred miles from the

Catskills; Tammany built Brooklyn Bridge. Long ago this link between the two populous boroughs of Greater New York has been dwarfed by other structures, but at the time of its completion in 1883 it was a symbol of the might of the metropolis. Tammany, whatever the shortcomings of some of its leaders, has thus been consistently a creator. It advocated public schools and it has supported the College of the City of New York. Tweed himself was responsible for housing the Metropolitan Museum in Central Park. Tammany saw the possibility of creating a system of public wharves. This enterprise too bred its scandal, but to-day New York actually possesses the docks. Tammany's sins are forgiven because Tammany officials have more initiative than interim 'reform' governments. Tammany's driving power constructed the subways, the operation of which has been the centre of contention during Mayor Hylan's two administrations. Tammany not only favored municipally owned subways after two of its financial allies ceased to be interested in the transit companies, but also took the further step of demanding city operation. This, with its fight for a five-cent fare, which goes back to Cleveland's time, alone explains much of the strength which the ancient organization has possessed during the last seven years.

III

Tammany's ability to keep its principles in harmony with the views of the masses of the people is also proved by its attitude toward immigrants. During its early years the organization was dominated by an anti-alien spirit not unlike that recently roused in various parts of America. In 1817 Tammany was publicly accused of considering a change in its constitution through which foreign-born might be excluded

from holding office. The allegation was denied, but Tammany for some time continued to be considered anti-foreign and in particular anti-Irish. On one famous occasion a mob of two hundred Irishmen invaded the Wigwam for the purpose of protesting against discrimination. They were expelled after a riot. But a few years thereafter Tammany became the recognized friend of the immigrant and demanded that the period of naturalization be shortened.

During all the subsequent veering tides of immigration Tammany has maintained its position as the constant ally of the new citizen. This was the case back in the years around 1850 when hundreds of thousands of immigrants from Ireland, Germany, and Northern Europe were entering the United States, and it was still true sixty years later when the newer immigration from Central and Southern Europe was in full tide. In truth, there has been no more interesting political phenomenon in this country than the adaptability shown by Tammany in winning the allegiance of widely various immigrant groups. 'Big Tim' Sullivan, one of the more famous of the leaders of the last few years, once boasted that he had made Columbus Day a holiday in order to please the Italian voters. Sullivan may have taken too much credit for the creation of this new festival, yet it is undeniably true that the political Irishman has been a vigilant shepherd of Italian and Jewish voters.

Tammany is not only the first friend of the newly arrived alien, it is also the kindly acquaintance of any voter who happens to need whatever services a politician can render. Its social and charitable features are of ancient origin. The Society of Saint Tammany was at first a patriotic institution, definitely anti-British. Both Federalists and Republicans were members. It made much of the Fourth of July, its

orators extolling the virtues of native Americans and in particular of the legendary Indian Chief Tammany, whose name was given to the organization. A museum of Indian relics was maintained and the thirteen sachems who ruled the organization were the titular heads of as many tribes. It was from the first a club, a poor man's club. By the turn of the eighteenth century, however, Tammany had shed its Federalists and was accepted as a definite part of the so-called Republican, that is the Jeffersonian or Democratic, political organization.

In 1805 the society obtained a charter from the Legislature as a benevolent and charitable body 'for the purpose of affording relief to the indigent and distressed members of said association, their widows and orphans, and others who may be the proper objects of their charity.' This Tammany Society still lives and owns the structure known as Tammany Hall. Out of members of the Society the political organization known as Tammany Hall was formed. The Society and the Hall are seldom separated in the public mind, yet they exercise slightly different functions, even though their memberships interlock to some extent. The Society of Saint Tammany is responsible for the social and charitable features which have done so much to strengthen the political organization. Fitz-Greene Halleck expressed a tradition which has not yet perished, even though the porter is no longer obtainable, when he wrote concerning the saloon beneath a former home of the organization: —

There 's a barrel of porter at Tammany Hall,
And the Bucktails are swigging it all the night
long;
In time of my boyhood 't was pleasant to call
For a seat and a cigar mid the jovial throng.

New York is too large a city for Tammany Hall to be the physical meeting-

place of its multitudinous members, but the district organizations have their own clubs where comradeship is kept alive. Many Tammany men never appear in the Hall. Judge Gaynor, as we have seen, entered it only after Tammany had made him Mayor. Until recently, of course, the saloons were also familiar meeting-places for members of the organization. The late Charles F. Murphy got his start in politics through the barrooms which he owned. Disappearance of the recognized liquor centre has not, however, diminished the interest of Tammany in social affairs. The early manhood of such a conspicuous member of the organization as Governor Alfred E. Smith, the child of an East Side teamster, found its chief color in the organization in his district. 'Al' Smith and tens of thousands of his fellows were made to feel at home in district Tammany clubs. Vast numbers of the old New Yorkers have the same kindly memories of this political organization which others have of their colleges.

About thirty-five district clubs in the Tammany Manhattan organization own their properties. In Charles F. Murphy's old Twelfth District alone there are now three Tammany clubs. Perhaps the most famous is the Downtown Tammany Club at 59 Madison Street, near Governor Smith's old home, which is run under the ægis of Tom Foley, one of the last of the old-type leaders. Foley began life as a saloonkeeper and his ways have been none too gentle. But year after year he has retained power despite changes in the racial character of his district. It is a tradition there that as the children of his neighborhood grow into boyhood and desire to organize baseball teams they can rely on 'Old Tom' for aid in buying the desired equipment. Later these boys of German, Italian, Irish, Jewish, and American stock find a wel-

come at Tom Foley's club. The district leader of the Foley or Murphy type keeps in constant touch with his people. If a man wants a job, one of his Tammany friends will try to find work for him. If one of the 'boys' gets into a fight and is arrested, he naturally looks to Tammany for relief. Tammany is literally a friend at court. In a perfect world justice would be so even-handed that none would need such alliances; but in our practical compromising civilization many whose sins are slight are freed on a good word spoken by a neighbor with political associations.

Tammany is consistently a friend to unfortunates. It does not administer relief with the regularity or the intelligence, for that matter, of a modern charity organization, but in bluff hearty fashion it makes its contributions when and where it pleases. Nor is this a recent development. The winter following the panic of 1837 was marked by unemployment, poverty, and suffering in New York. A Whig administration in power did nothing for the unemployed. Tammany promptly organized relief committees in various wards which distributed food, fuel, and clothing. One prominent leader made a habit of going about with a large basket in which he collected articles of food for the hungry. The motives of the Tammany politicians who distributed their alms among the voters were challenged then as now, but after all Tammany has always had rivals whose political ethics did not lead them to such expressions of compassion for the needy. Wisely or not the poor have remembered the aid given them in the pinches. 'Boss' Tweed, perhaps the most notorious figure American politics has developed, ran true to form in this line. During the winter of 1870-71, when another historic panic had paralyzed the country, Tweed gave \$1000 to each alderman to buy coal for the poor. He

distributed \$50,000 in his own ward. Of course, it was later proved that he had stolen the money he gave away in charity, but New York remembered other venal persons who did not feel moved to share ill-gotten gains with their poverty-stricken fellow citizens.

Tammany has so managed its benevolence as to awaken and retain the goodwill of the recipients. Apart from political considerations this suggests a certain astuteness, since even those who make of philanthropy a profession do not always obtain gratitude for their efforts. Tammany's leaders, most of whom have risen from poverty, possess a lively sense of both the needs and prides of the poor. Thus, while he was still an inconspicuous district leader, Charles F. Murphy contributed the larger part of \$4000 given by the Tammany General Committee for the relief of those suffering during the blizzard of 1888. Of this sum, \$1500 was given to Dr. W. S. Rainsford, rector of St. George's Church, for distribution. Dr. Rainsford was so moved that he said from his pulpit that if all the Tammany leaders were like Mr. Murphy the organization would be admirable. Throughout its history this spirit has been often manifested. If the philanthropy of this political organization were to be contrasted with the giving of a well-managed social workers' society with ample funds, its record might seem paltry; yet Tammany has been neighborly with its philanthropy.

IV

The Tammany Society, which still operates under its charter as a benevolent institution, is managed by thirteen sachems, four of whom are also district leaders of Tammany Hall. The political organization rents the Wigwam from the Society. Often when the thirty-five district leaders who are the

governing body of Tammany Hall meet, their deliberations are accompanied by rehearsals of companies from the uptown theatres which use the stage of this old building for breaking in new plays. Tammany is not all work.

Under the thirty-five assembly-district leaders are 998 election-district leaders, and 11,400 precinct workers in New York County. Technically Tammany is limited to New York County; in theory, which has little to do with fact, it is merely allied with the Democratic organizations in Brooklyn, Queens, and Staten Island.

During the most of its history the actual leadership has centered in the hands of one man or of a small oligarchy. Aaron Burr was its first conspicuous leader. Fernando Wood, although for a time the leader of a rival organization, Mozart Hall, during his later life was one of the first Tammany rulers to acquire the title of 'Boss.' William Marcy Tweed, whose thefts rose to millions, was essentially a one-man ruler. So, too, was 'Honest' John Kelly, who obtained authority when Tammany cleansed itself of Tweedism. Richard Croker and Charles F. Murphy carried on the dynasty.

The precinct workers, the election-district captains, and the assembly-district leaders, are now all elected in direct primaries of the Democratic Party. Popular sanction can therefore be claimed for them. But year after year the same men are elected. In every Tammany district the workers call on the voters to urge every citizen to cast his ballot in the election. Manners and customs vary in different districts; but in many the election captain merely asks the citizen to vote. Of course, advice and information are given if the voter is uncertain as to the merits of competing candidates. Who is not occasionally uninformed as to some of the issues in these days of long

ballots? Still, the main responsibility of the electioneer is to see that his people vote. Apathy on the part of citizens is a mark of incompetence to be checked against the leader.

Tammany Hall makes a business of politics and its leaders find that their energies are consumed by the work they do for their organization. District leaders are now generally employed as commissioners or deputy-commissioners in municipal departments at salaries ranging from \$6500 to \$10,000 a year. Until a few years ago the office of sheriff, which under the fee-system paid as much as \$100,000 a year, was bestowed upon a favorite leader. It is interesting to recall that Governor Smith was the last to enjoy these fees. The dominant leaders seldom hold important offices. Their relationship to office-holding is comparable to the function the banker exercises toward business and industry.

In the changing history of American politics the customs and methods of Tammany have varied. An examination of the long and tangled record of bribery and corruption associated with such men as Tweed does not show that the morals of the Tammany legislators and executives were on a different plane from those of their rivals in the Whig or Republican parties. Tweed, whose loot has been estimated as high as \$75,000,000, employed both Democrats and Republicans. The records of the past are in many instances shocking and some of the present deals are hardly less so. But Tammany corruption seems to rise and fall with the morals of the country. Boss Tweed himself was contemporaneous with the misconduct of some of those in high position during the Grant administration. At present Tammany is relatively clean; at least as clean as Washington — perhaps cleaner.

A dispassionate review of Tam-

many's way with the voter develops a few clear impressions. The economic development of the United States in general and of New York in particular challenged a number of political theories which regardless of their validity were dear to the American people. During the early years hostility to corporations and especially to banks was widespread. Business, however, needed banks and the corporate organization of production and exchange. Consequently, Federalists and Anti-Federalists, Whigs and Tammany 'Republicans,' Democrats and Republicans of a later era, all by devious methods, yielded to the demands of business. Banks were created, railways built, public-service institutions established. Sometimes legislators were bribed. On the other occasions political bosses were made directors of great corporations. More recently contracts were given to the friends of politicians. But in every case the business man has sought some favor or some privilege from the public. If the politician has been bribed the business man was the briber, and if Tammany got its millions business got its tens of millions. It is obvious that the man who took the bribe was not the only criminal in the transaction. Monopoly often was necessary to the successful operation of a utility. By indirection the political leaders have frustrated the wishes of the masses of their constituents while doing the bidding of a few promoters of large enterprises. If public opinion had been better informed, if political leaders had been incorruptible, if business had scorned to stoop to debauch politicians, the history of New York and of the United States would have moved in channels far remote from those in which it has actually flowed. But Tammany has been composed of average men, good men and weak men,

and, like their richer fellow citizens whom they served under cover, Tammany leaders have again and again been faithless to their trust.

The attitude of Tammany men toward corruption exposed in their organization is exactly like that of any other group of citizens. They use the word 'purge' in describing what takes place after a scandalous exposure. Tweed was succeeded by 'Honest' John Kelly, who purged the organization. Later, when vice and crime had flourished under the Croker régime, Tammany was again purged. That is to say, a few of the conspicuous wrongdoers were removed, new men were substituted for them, and the political hierarchy continued. This is the familiar human procedure. It is precisely what happened at Washington after the Senate Oil Committee brought out its sensational findings. Few Republicans abandoned their party because of the oil affair; few Tammanites leave the Hall when one of their leaders is caught in incriminating circumstances.

All along Tammany has accepted the standards and the customs of the time. Its leaders still speak of 'idealism' with that scorn with which practical men view the impracticable. But when an idealistic programme has won a sufficient body of support to count in politics, Tammany is quick to adopt it. Tammany's great lack is social prestige. Tweed was made a convict and an outcast, but 'silk-stockings' who dealt with him went scathless. Richard Croker was never seen in the more exclusive stratum of New York society, but Richard Croker's business associates were men of impeccable standing. So too with Charles F. Murphy. There were no better names in financial America than those of the men who were the principal beneficiaries of Murphy's most criticized acts. The

critic of Tammany perceives in this dual relationship a certain insincerity. How can Tammany be the friend of the alien, the exponent of the views of the workingman, and the comrade of his leisure hours, and still in important public matters act as the secret servant of the rich? If human nature were logical there could be no answer to this question, but as it happens most of man's institutions are woven of contradictions.

The people of New York do not expect too much of politics. Time and again, they have revolted against Tammany's wickedness only to find that a Whig, a Reformer, a Republican, or a Coalitionist was not more to their taste.

At the present time, a Tammany man is Governor of the State and it is the consensus that New York has had few wiser chief executives than is the former East-sider, Alfred E. Smith, who now occupies the Mansion at Albany. New York expects him to fill Murphy's place later on. Smith has been a forward-looking leader and his record in public office may be favorably compared with that of any other of the recent governors of American states. John F. Hylan, Mayor of New York City, is a resident of Brooklyn and therefore not technically a Tammany man, although of course he is Tammany's choice. Much has been said against the Hylan administration and much ought to be said, but the just charge against it is stupidity rather than dishonesty. In fighting the public utilities Hylan has shown little creative ability and in consequence he has complicated the city's pressing problem of

transportation. But when that has been said, it must also be admitted, as impartial investigators have testified, that New York is morally a clean city. Open prostitution is no longer tolerated. The ancient alliance between the vice and liquor interests and the politicians has fallen into desuetude and immorality has ceased to flaunt itself in the city streets. Tammany has again adapted itself to what it believes is desired by a majority of the people.

What the future holds for Tammany Hall is a matter of conjecture. Some observers believe that already Tammany Hall is but a shell. The disappearance of the saloon, the subsidence of officially recognized vice, the growing difficulty of maintaining illicit relations with corporate interests which seek gifts from governments — these influences, some hold, have withdrawn from Tammany those funds necessary to its existence. Perhaps this supposition is true, but it must be remembered popular governments are relatively new phenomena. Universal suffrage necessitates forms of political organization if the public business is to be carried on. Tammany is undeniably expert in political organization. Its leaders have mastered the art of appealing to hundreds of thousands of voters and of discovering the common denominator of their views. It seems hardly probable that the need for organization will vanish within the immediate future; or that Tammany Hall will lose the cunning in filling that need which it has so eminently possessed during the entire life of this republic.

CORNELIA DISCUSSES AN ELIGIBLE YOUNG MAN

BY STUART P. SHERMAN

I

THERE was a wedding at noon in the village church, a couple of miles from our summer community by the lake, and as most of our colony were somewhat interested in the girl we turned out in force. It was an outwardly festive and — to my sense — agreeably solemn little affair. There was a bank of lady's-slippers and maidenhair ferns before the altar, and the air was heavy with the sweetly mortal scent of lilies. The clergyman in white vestments had a full consciousness of the finality of his function. He joined in permanent wedlock a white, smiling, tearful bride of twenty to a well-dressed groom of thirty-five, who looked very experienced, very serious, and slightly bald. Cornelia, who is a connoisseur, whispered to me that it was in every respect a 'most suitable match.' I made a mental note to ask her at the next opportunity what the essentials of a suitable match are. I happened, however, to ride away from the ceremony in the rear seat of her car, sandwiched between her two children, Dorothy and Oliver Junior; and their comment was less flattering.

'Bah!' exclaimed Oliver. 'Let's go and have a swim. It made me sick.'

'Me too,' said Dorothy. 'It made me cold all over to hear her promising to forsake all others and keep herself only for that wizened — stick. Why should she forsake all others, just because she is married? It sounds as if she were going as missionary to the Indians.'

'Or as trained nurse to an isolation hospital,' Oliver suggested.

'When I am married,' said Dorothy, 'I shall not forsake all others — at least, unless I get a better one than that.'

'You are severe critics,' I murmured, secretly delighted to observe that the children were using the dialect of their feelings, rather than that polite language which well-bred youth, like Japanese ladies, habitually employs in the presence of its elders. 'At what age do you expect to be married, Dorothy?'

'I shall never marry!' she replied with a deep blush. She is of course at exactly the correct age for saying that. But if you have n't seen her, you can have no adequate notion how dire and how delicious that threat is on her lips. She inherits 'eligibility' from both her parents. Her mother has a clear, expressive, sunlit loveliness; but Dorothy's beauty has in it an element of subtlety — from her father — and a suggestion of sorcery and peril. She has her mother's complexion but her father's eyes. It is the unexpected combination and contrast that fascinates one: the filleted blond hair and the fluent roses of the fair skin, with the brown eyes, dark yet full of lambent lights — eyes of which the centres seem gleaming paths leading into shadows where a man might easily wander and be lost.

'And why won't you marry?' I pursued; for as we were driving at a good speed over a rough road I was

sure the watchful maternal ears could not overhear us. And so was Dorothy.

'Oh, I don't like the choice,' she said, 'that marriage presents — nowadays.'

'A choice!' I repeated with irreverent levity. 'You have n't come to that yet, I trust. But what do you think the choice is going to be?'

'You may laugh,' said Dorothy, 'but we all know well enough. We don't have to wait till we have made it, to know what the choice is. It is either a "good American husband," ten or twenty years older than you, who has a fine position and a character and nice middle-aged friends, and can give you a home and a social circle and clothes and things — but has n't anything to say to you. He simply has n't anything to say to you.'

'Why do you keep hollering, "He has n't anything to say to you"?' mocked her brother. 'Who has n't anything to say? Who? Who? Who?'

'Shut up!' said Dorothy, with more sweetness than the words can carry. 'You heard. I said, "The good American husband has nothing to say to you."'

'That is rather a defect,' I assented wickedly, 'if you've got to be alone with him for the rest of your life. Yes, it's a rather serious defect in a man with whom, forsaking all others, a girl of twenty expects to spend the next fifty years. But Dorothy, if you don't take a good American husband, what is the alternative?'

'Oh, a boy of your own age, of course,' she answered promptly. 'A boy that you like — like in all ways, I mean: like his voice, like his eyes, like the temperature of his hands — not like fins. He talks with you about the things that interest you — they are just the same as the things that interest him; and you like to do things with him; and if there is anything perfectly

splendid you wish he were there; and whenever you see him coming your heart begins to dance.'

'Well,' I said, 'that seems — that seems an attractive sketch. Why not choose a boy like that?'

'Because,' she explained, 'it seems as if nowadays none of the boys that one really likes is ever going to amount to much. At any rate, you must wait till your doddering old age before you can hope to be married — and what's the use then? He won't be interesting to me, and I won't be nice for him — then. But we'll just sit around in padded chairs, with ear trumpets in our ears, and yell, "Whadye say?" at each other; and wish it were bedtime.'

'I don't quite understand the reason for this postponement.'

'If,' she said, 'they are boys of your own age, and enjoy the books and music that you do, and are nice to dance with, why, then they think they are going to be poets or composers, and so they don't work, and they flunk out of school, and your mother asks you why you persist in playing around with "that worthless fellow" — does n't she, Oliver?'

'Yep!' said her brother, and grinned.

Dorothy, leaning across my knees, first pinched, then patted him, and said: 'Poor old Ollie! He's nicer than almost any boy I know, and yet Dad says he's a "worthless fellow," too.'

When I suggested that the only hope was to take one of these nice worthless fellows and put some 'starch' into him, the rear seat burst into a peal of conspirant laughter. Possibly that hope had been tried. Cornelia whirled around upon us, and demanded: —

'What are you children talking about?'

I answered sedately that we were discussing 'education for life,' and that there were certain points on which I should like her opinion. But we were

now at the clump of rural free-delivery boxes, where the path comes down from my cottage. Intimating that I might 'drop around' toward the end of the afternoon, I got out and, having handed up Cornelia's mail, walked home with my own. It proved rather piquantly amusing.

II

There was a light rain at lunch-time, but it blew over, leaving the out-of-doors extraordinarily inviting. After I had written for two or three hours, I found myself walking — and chuckling — up the path through the birches to Cornelia's place. Under the hemlocks near the house, I passed Dorothy in white tennis-attire with a sketchy sweater the color of California poppies, curled up in a hammock with a book. A young girl alone fills me with awe, like a cardinal building a nest; and I always try to slip past without disturbance — I feel that her mind must be occupied with something beautiful.

'What are you reading?' I called by way of greeting.

'I'm not reading,' she replied, 'I'm waiting for the young man that mother likes to have me play tennis with.'

With an additional chuckle, I proceeded to the front of the house. My original merriment had been occasioned by two letters, in the morning mail, from correspondents at large who desired me to inform them whether Cornelia was 'real.' I was also wondering how much of these letters I could discreetly disclose to her.

She met me on the threshold of the wide verandah, standing for an instant tiptoe in a practicable yet perfect sylvan costume, and framed between two tall Chinese vases of wild tiger-lilies, which made a little pattern with the glints in her hair and the knot of soft flame at her breast.

'Let's walk!' she said.

'Let's,' I replied; and we struck briskly into the abandoned road which runs, carpeted with bindweed and bittersweet, for miles and miles skirting the forest, with only a thin curtain of young silver poplars and birches between it and the lake. Cornelia is a light, crisp-footed walker, — at her gayest walking, and good for long distances, — my only complaint being that she has forgotten how to loiter. She seems rather bent upon reaching the *terminus ad quem* than careful to let me fall a step to the rear, where I may consider with more detachment how like a dryad she expresses and completes the woodland vista.

'I had a letter this morning,' I began, 'from an unknown lady. It would amuse you.'

'Would it indeed?' said Cornelia, moving swiftly forward and at the same time calling my attention to the twittering brown flutter of a tree full of cedar-wings.

'Yes,' I insisted, 'I'm sure it's as interesting as bird study. This lady doubts your existence. Listen to this.' I pulled forth a delicately tinted letter with a faint scent which died among the pungent fresh odors of the rain-washed air. "'Tell me," she writes, "whether Cornelia is real. If she is, I hope you are not in love with her. She is the feminine of Sir Austin Feverel. She has no heart. She is just unfaltering correctness. As a girl, I fancy, she folded her still hands in her lap and calmly waited till her family had consulted the bankers and the genealogists before she decided to care for the man she married. As a woman, she wishes to inspect and authorize every passion before she allows it to peep. I pity her children. She has never done a thing in her life merely because for one rapturous hour it seemed the most desirable thing in the wide world to do. I should hate her."'

Cornelia brushed me sidelong with the sweep of her gray eyes, of which the effect, when one catches it so, is like that of the cool rays of a May sun bent to a focus under a burning-glass. But she said only: 'What queer correspondents you have! And what a charming impression of me you have given them! Am I as hateful as that?'

It is n't difficult to say complimentary things to Cornelia. The difficulty is not to say them. But I make it a practice not to answer rhetorical questions. They divert one from one's point. 'Please remember,' I said, carving my accents on the air with my crabtree stick and looking straight ahead, 'please remember that this is not my portrait of you, but only the comment of one woman upon the image of another woman reflected in the eyes of a man who has worn spectacles for many years. But I have another letter — from a novelist; he has a quite different theory of you.'

'Is it nice?' asked Cornelia, with a demipirouette and the instinctive capricious smile of a very pretty woman about to step before a mirror. 'You should tell me something very nice to offset the spitefulness of that horrid person. But what a silly question! Your letter is from a novelist; so of course it is n't nice. Is it?'

'No,' I replied, 'I'm afraid it is n't nice — in your sense of the word; but it is interesting — in my sense of the word. I call a thing interesting, you see, when it seems to be earnestly pointing in the direction where truth, like a rabbit, has just disappeared in the bushes. Now this novelist belongs to the large and productive group of hunters who are leaving the highroad to pursue truth into the underbrush. His theory of you is not a personal reflection upon you; it is only part of his general theory of society and human nature.'

'Bah! bah! bah!' Cornelia exclaimed. 'I'm sick of human nature — their theories of it, I mean. I love people, but I hate what our current writers say about them. Life is so much more decent, when one knows how to live and whom to live with, than any of our novelists will admit. I have the same feeling in the theatre. I go to a play and see nothing in it that can compare with the quality of real experience — if one has any taste and discrimination. But tell me, now, what does this dreadful creature say about me?'

'Well, I'll take the risk,' I said, 'since you have the courage or the curiosity to insist on it.' I pulled out the second letter. 'What he says is this: "I am afraid your Cornelia is not real. For me, at any rate, she does n't exist. She is n't elemental. She is n't spontaneous. She strikes me as a theoretical construction to please a Victorian grandmother. Or perhaps I had better call her an old bachelor's pipe dream of a lady. One can't write modern fiction from that point of view. It's insubstantial. We realists have been demonstrating now for years that Judith O'Grady and the Colonel's lady are very much alike beneath the skin. We have destroyed the legend of the lady, and we have destroyed the legend of the gentleman. We have put them out of their misery: they don't exist any more. We're just men and women together. If you don't know Cornelia as a wife, you don't know her — you don't know her as a realist. Women are not like her — not inside. Go beneath the surface, and you'll find the Judith O'Grady in Cornelia."''

'What nonsense!' cried Cornelia. 'What perfect nonsense! Give it to me.'

And, almost snatching the letter from my hand, she tore it into fine shreds, and tossed it showering into a wild-currant bush.

III

'Don't you see,' she continued, 'as we came over the brow of a little hill, why I can't have Dorothy reading these current novels? I don't wish her to be what this creature calls "elemental" and "spontaneous." I wish her to be civilized and rational — and not a well-dressed little savage, ready to act at once on whatever passion or fancy circumstances put into her head. I wish her to associate with people who are rational and civilized, and, when she marries, I wish her to marry a man who is civilized and rational. Do you know that in the course of the last year I have met just one man in fiction who seems to have retained elements of the ideas of a gentleman, — or rather, one man and his father, — I mean the hero of Struthers Burt's *The Interpreter's House*. As for Mr. Burt's women, they are almost as uncivilized as anybody's.'

'Is n't there a season of life,' I suggested, 'in which almost everyone has some uncivilized promptings?'

'Is there a season in life,' countered Cornelia, 'in which a properly trained person cannot present at least the appearance of discretion?'

'My dear Cornelia,' I said, 'do you ever glance through those columns in our great national fireside magazines in which wise old editors converse with their contributors and advise young girls how to catch a man?'

Cornelia smiled, and then abruptly became very firm and grave. 'That is it,' she said. 'That is exactly it — "how to catch a man"! And the dreadful thing is that the tone of our entire popular discussion and our popular literature is just about at that level — as if the mere possession of anything in the shape of a man were so unquestionably desirable that no scruple must be raised regarding his family and

social position, his religion and principles of personal conduct, his property and prospects and professional standing. We are becoming absurd in our carelessness about such matters.'

'But that,' I protested, 'is just what makes the beauty of life in America.'

'That,' said Cornelia, 'is what makes American life so ugly — no respect for any of the things that make people respectable, no sense for the substantial basis of social distinctions, no regard for the hedges and barriers behind which one tries to cultivate the flowers of a finer garden.'

'That,' I said, 'is the really decisive evidence of our freedom from snob-bishness.'

'It is the decisive evidence,' said Cornelia, 'of our deficiency in taste.'

'You lack patience,' I persisted. 'It is the new social wisdom of democracy.'

'It is the new social idiocy of democracy,' she replied; 'and let me assure you there is none of it in my house. If I lack patience, I possess some experience. I was taught by my mother to be kind and considerate to servants — my old nurse loved me like a daughter. And I was taught at home and in church to be charitable to poor people and ignorant people and people without advantages and without manners. But I was also brought up to believe that a nice girl had better be dead than form a sentimental relationship with one who was not in her class — not a gentleman.'

'Don't you think that is a rather silly prejudice?' I ventured.

'I certainly do not,' she replied. 'I think the salvation of a girl is her pride — legitimate pride in her family, her position, her connections. I have conscientiously striven to train my daughter to feel that, so far as her personal fortunes are concerned, common people — that is, vulgar ordinary people — simply are not in the world. Call it

snobbishness, if you like; I am proud of it.'

'But Cornelia,' I said, 'can't you concede that, in the relation we are discussing, there is something more elemental and imperative than can be governed by such considerations as you put foremost?'

'Yes — to the sense of animals and savages. Yes — to the sense of vulgar and ignorant people. To the sense of what my mother used to call gentlefolk — emphatically, No. To them there can be nothing more elemental and imperative than just those considerations which distinguish them from the ignorant and the vulgar.'

'You yourself have half apologized for the old word, "gentlefolk,"' I nagged. 'Please tell me what gentlefolk were, or rather what a gentleman is. Must he belong to the Church and be a member of the militia? For how many generations must he be able to trace his family? How much money must he have in the bank? How much of the Decalogue and how many rules for perfect behavior may he break in a day, without losing caste? Are you quite clear about all this?'

'You have a very irritating way,' said Cornelia, 'of trying to make the most sensible and obvious positions absurd to maintain. But you know I am right. You know that there is nothing absurd in being conscious of the claims of the Church and the State and the established system of morals and manners. You know there is nothing absurd in being conscious of the significance of money in enabling one to take and maintain a position of dignity and influence. A man has no dignity nor influence until he enters relations with the instituted and continuing forms of society. And though silly little girls may think they could spend a happy lifetime "traipsing" after a gypsy minstrel, a wife knows better. Every

married woman knows that a husband without dignity or influence is a perpetual humiliation.'

'Very possibly,' I said; 'but you were going to define a gentleman.'

'Why, a gentleman,' said Cornelia, 'is a man so well-bred and so intelligent that he knows what I have just been saying without being told; consequently he does n't ask a nice girl to marry him if he is aware that he can offer her nothing but perpetual humiliation. A gentleman is a man whose character has been formed by the standards of civilized and rational people. To him these considerations are so elementary and so familiar that he acts upon them spontaneously.'

'Then you would admit,' I suggested, a little petulantly, 'that what a man is, *after* he is a vestryman, an officer in the militia, and a property-holder, may have a certain remote bearing on — on the felicity of a marriage, if you think that of any importance?'

'Of course I think that of importance,' responded Cornelia. 'Don't be foolish. I am discussing the conditions in which felicity begins to be possible. You recall what Henry James says so beautifully: "The object of money is to enable one to forget it." In the whole course of my life, I believe I was never before hectorated into saying so flatly what the prerequisites of a decent marriage are. But you and your novelist friends — you realists, as you call yourselves — have filled the world with the glorification of merely instinctive and utterly irrational "matings," or with childish sentimentality about them; so that now, when I talk with Dorothy about suitable and unsuitable marriages, I find myself obliged to reconstruct for her the very rudiments of common sense.'

I do not consider Cornelia subtle, but sometimes she says the same things that she would say if she were subtle.

However, if I was being instructed over the head of her daughter, I did not propose to acknowledge it. 'My dear Cornelia,' I remonstrated, 'do you forget that I am not Dorothy?'

'No,' she said, 'but I often think you are just as sentimental.'

IV

The old road dips here into a hollow, where an extensive thicket of wild roses encroaches upon it and diminishes it to a narrow and thorny footpath. We picked our way through it single-file and in silence. Cornelia, emerging some steps ahead, turned and waited, waist-high behind the briars, smiling — with a rose in her hand and its hue in her face. Suddenly she seemed a long way off — twenty years off. The breeze had brought youth into her eyes if not into her mind. She was very lovely, and I wished the wind might have loosened a wisp — why could n't it? — of her sunlit hair; but that was too much for the wind. Her arrangements had been complete.

She fixed the rose in my coat.

'Cornelia,' I said, as we footed it again together over the vivid green gloss of dewberry leaves, 'you remind me of an old sweetheart of the seventeenth century — who also married a diplomat. I mean Dorothy Osborne. When Temple was courting her, she wrote to him, oh quite delicious letters — one in particular, in which she says she has been crying over the story of Baucis and Philemon. "Methinks," she says, "they were the perfectest characters of a contented marriage, where piety and love were all their wealth, and in their poverty feasted the gods when rich men shut them out." But in that identical letter she warns her lover that "*this is the world*; would you and I were out on't!" And in the next letter she derides the foolish young

people who marry for love, and pointedly reminds poor Temple that all the world must be informed "what fortune you have, and upon what terms I marry you, that both may not be made to appear ten times worse than they are."

'Yes — yes; I remember,' Cornelia said, with — I thought — a faint note of reverie. 'Love and wit met in that encounter, and both came away much improved. I must give that book to my Dorothy. She was a sensible girl — Dorothy Osborne was a very sensible girl. It is a book that will help a young girl to understand that she need n't be an idiot.'

'At heart,' I said, 'even the sweetest women are as hard as nails, are n't they?'

'Someone has to be,' said Cornelia.

'You mean,' I interpreted, 'if young lovers are n't to make fools of themselves.'

'Yes,' she said, 'or old ones, either.'

'H'm,' I resumed; 'what I was getting at was this: when I was a young fellow, with even less experience than I have now, I used rather to revel in reading tragedies and tales of dismally bitter and disillusioned men. All young fellows do. I suppose it intensifies the sense of their own existence. In the presence of dark and disastrous things — sin, crime, murder for love, and so on — they persuade themselves that they are drawing close to the "throbbing heart of reality."'

'Yes,' said Cornelia, 'I remember. I remember that you used to like tragedy.'

'But now,' I said, 'I am following an entirely different clue. I have a theory that the only matter that is really worth investigating is happiness. And so I haunt the trails of people who are reputed to be happy, or who act as if they were happy; and I pester them for their secrets.'

'An odious habit,' she said. 'Besides, you won't learn anything.'

'Cornelia,' I continued, — not solemnly, you understand, but with my lightest touch, — 'are you as entirely happy as we all think you are?'

'You don't imagine I should tell you if I were not, do you?' she said — also with the light touch. 'Of course I am!'

'Then I suppose that if I asked you to outline the personal characteristics of, let us say, the sort of man one's daughter should choose in order to have a high prospect of a happy marriage — why, then you would just hand me back a quick sketch of His Excellency, your husband, would n't you?'

'Of course I should,' she replied without hesitation. 'I am proud of Oliver. He has made a place for himself in public life. Men like him — he has hosts of men friends; and his relatives are all suitable people. He has been able to provide amply and even lavishly for the comfort of his family, and has given us the advantage of years of foreign travel and residence. He cares a good deal for appearances; but so do I. He likes to live expensively; but he knows how to live. And he is never, like so many men with careers, too busy to live or to let other people live — unless they can be swept into the stream of the monster's ambition. He is never too busy to enjoy what he is doing.'

'Astonishing virtue, in the circumstances!' groaned my envy.

'And then he is generous to us all — and reasonably tolerant, and really kind-hearted and sympathetic with people that he likes; and he and the children positively adore each other. I like that in him. His temper has its stormy seasons, but for the most part it is gay; and even when he is very angry he is rather entertaining. He has so much humor that he seldom bores himself, and so much intelligence that he seldom bores anyone else. Everything

in the world and at home seems to interest him vividly. He thinks of something new to do or to say every morning of his life. Whatever man or woman he meets seems to be the one person in the world that he was hoping to meet at that moment; but I think he actually does n't care very much for women, except in their purely decorative aspects. Sometimes he is a little exacting, but he is generally appreciative; and he has very nice ways of remembering birthdays and anniversaries. And then, in tight places, he always does the right thing; in a crisis one can rely on him.'

'Cornelia,' I said, clipping a row of flame-weed with my stick, as we quickened our pace, 'I have just passed through a terrible minute. You know that Oliver is the only man in the world that I envy. I have been checking off each trait of his against my own, and absolutely the only trait that I have in common with this happiness-producing paragon is that my temper, too, has "stormy seasons."'

'That's too bad,' Cornelia said maliciously, 'for I don't consider Oliver's temper his best trait.'

'No, nor do I; you omitted the finest virtue of the perfect American husband. What I admire most of all in Oliver is his sending you into the country for the summer — and his sublime confidence that he will get you back again in the fall.'

'The quiet is nice here, is n't it?' she said; 'but had n't we better turn about? The sun is slipping into that indigo cloud-bank.'

V

We plunged over the ridge by a steep path to the lake, in order to make the short return by the shore. The wind was now blowing hard and the waves running high. I began to feel like taking it easy, but Cornelia is indefatig-

gable. She drew up her shoulders, threw back her head, took a deep breath, and went cutting into the wind like a gallant yacht.

'Oh let's slow down a bit,' I called. 'I've only just begun to understand something. Something very important about happiness. It flashed into my mind — literally flashed — as you struck that Samothracian pace northward.'

'If it's as important as that —' she said, relenting a little in her stride. 'But don't you like to walk fast? Nothing makes me so happy.'

'I have a theory,' I said. 'One can't walk fast when one has a theory. It's a theory for which you are partly, perhaps mainly, responsible.'

'Then it is n't horrid, is it?'

'Oh no! It is very nice indeed. But even now, while we delay, it has grown into three theories. In the first place, there are no perfect husbands, and there is probably only one perfect wife. In the second place, happiness is in neither wives nor husbands, but only in the relation between. In the third place, people who are unhappy in marriage are so, usually, because they don't know how to give themselves to each other. In the fourth place, — it's four now, — that unhappy ignorance is chiefly due to erroneous conceptions of the self.'

'Just what do you mean by the self?' she said. 'My metaphysical brains are weak.'

'Well, the traditional, romantic, and generally popular conception is that the self is a very deep and precious mystery of "the buried life," an elusive being hidden away inside, — always inside, — in a secret garden of the personality, where it murmurs to itself the most delightful and ineffable secrets, which can be communicated to any other self only in a mystical physical fusion of selves — or confusion of selves.'

'Yes,' said Cornelia, 'I understand that. It is something like the religious or sacramental theory of marriage, is n't it?'

'Something like some people's notion of it,' I replied. 'But please follow this argument. Under the illusion that the self is such a being, and only so to be come at, romantic lovers fret themselves to a fever, and decadent heroes and heroines tear each other to bits, and ignorant contemporary husbands and wives separate with bitter recriminations, each charging that the mysteriously rewarding self sought in the other was not to be found.'

'Well?'

'Well, the reason it was not found is that it was not there. There is no such secret garden; there is no such mysterious self to reward the mystics of the romantic quest.'

'Don't you think so?'

'No,' I said. 'I think, up to a certain point, our brutal modern naturalists have followed truth much more faithfully than the poets. And I believe that in educating our young people we had better follow them to the same point. My novelist friend is right in holding to his theory that Judith O'Grady and the Colonel's lady are much the same beneath the skin.'

'Bah!' cried Cornelia. 'If you say that again, I shall hate you.'

'And I shall ask to be forgiven,' I said, 'and you will forgive me so graciously that I shall sin again. But I'm very serious about this. Judith and the lady are very much the same — beneath the skin.'

'I hate you!' Cornelia cried. 'I could stick you full of pins.'

'Beneath the skin,' I continued, 'Judith and the lady consist of closely similar metabolic apparatus and so forth, and a certain amount of vacant space — and nothing else. And since the apparatus is the same, there is

every reason to believe that it functions in essentially the same way in performing the duties assigned to it by biological destiny.'

'You are disgusting,' said Cornelia.

'If I dwelt too long on the point, I should be,' I agreed. 'Viscera and vacancy: that is what Judith and the lady have beneath the skin. And that is why I think the naturalistic novelists are foolish if they dwell too long there.'

'Is this your nice theory?'

'No,' I said, 'it is n't; but it is a sort of basis for my theory. First, we establish the fact that the interesting and precious and desirable self is n't "inside." Then, don't you see, it must be outside. Well, it is outside. It does n't exist till it gets outside. All the differentiation, the distinction, the qualities, which you and I value, are outside and are created by means analogous to the means of art. In so far as people — any people, married or otherwise, — really give themselves adequately to each other in love or in friendship, and impart happiness with the gift, they give a self that is externalized, objectified, and tangible — so to speak — in some form of useful or beautiful activity, which occasions no insatiable and consuming fever, but the real joy of benefits given and received and the delight of a loveliness that descends on the contemplative eye like the free grace of God.'

'Your theory improves,' said Cornelia; 'I don't wholly understand it; but it improves.'

VI

The foam was now running high up the beach. I splashed straight through it, in spite of my shoes. But Cornelia, lighter footed, danced with it like a partner in some fantastic minuet, returning to my side and my argument only when the creamy gliding meander ebbed.

'A man's power to impart his best self depends,' I said, 'on the woman's power to receive it.'

'Of course,' said Cornelia. 'All that any man, even a genius, asks of his wife is intelligence enough to appreciate him.'

'No,' I said, 'that is n't true. That is going by. There was a time when a husband thought of himself as the pianist, and of his wife as standing behind him to turn the pages of his music. But nowadays we begin to think that the ideal concert is by two performers on perfectly synchronized independent instruments — not soloist and accompanist, but, say, organist and pianist, each as important as the other.'

'Nonsense!' said Cornelia. 'We shall never expect that. But we do like our accompaniment to be applauded when we play well — and especially when we don't.'

'If there is one subject in the world,' I said, veering a point, 'about which I am more densely ignorant than another, it is women, and what they really like.'

'That's quite true,' she lilted.

'But I knew a lady once.'

'Still another lady?'

'A most exquisite lady. And I often wondered why, whenever "the idea of her life" came into my "study of imagination" I invariably saw her in a setting, as if the setting were an organic part of herself.'

'Well, it is, is n't it — if one puts a little effort into it, to make it right. It is in the setting — is n't it — that one has one's opportunity to express what you call the self. It is in one's husband, children, friends, and one's home and habits and things and so on.'

'Yes, but in the case of this lady there was a curious point about the setting. Wherever she was seemed to be the centre of the picture. She always seemed to frame.'

'What an attitudinizer she must have been!'

'She was not. It was only, I think, that she seemed to bring out and accentuate everything near her that harmonized with her own vibrant and articulate life. When I saw her in her drawing-room, it framed her; and she appeared as fine and finished as if she had stepped from a canvas of Watteau's. Her books and pictures and tapestries became as intimately hers as her garments, so that I have felt her almost visibly present in that room even when she was not there. Sometimes, in a perverse mood, I have said, "This is all a pose"; and, trying to go behind the elaborate expressiveness of her artificial surroundings and to tease her out of perfection, I have gone on rough walks with her in woods and in the open, half hoping that she might revert to the inarticulate pathos of Nature. But the instant she stepped from the frame of art she stepped into the frame of the landscape; the greensward spread itself before her like Raleigh's cloak; groves offered themselves for a background; and I finally concluded that if she came up out of the sea, like Botticelli's Cytherea, the sea would clothe her and her pearly radiance appear but an extension of the lustrous nacre of some deep-sea shell.'

'You are fanciful,' said Cornelia.

'I am not fanciful,' I replied. 'I express just as simply as I can with words my sense of the quite blessed outwardness and availability of this lady's self. I don't think she knew it, but —'

'But that shows how ignorant you are of women,' she said, and swept me again sidelong with her gray eyes.

'But whether she knew it or not,' I reasoned, 'she possesses a secret of communicating happiness — a kind of happiness which I can describe only as pure serenity at concert pitch. Perhaps she was merely born in tune with some

fine instrument which the rest of us rarely hear. Perhaps she is right, after all, in thinking of the art and discipline of the traditional lady and the traditional gentleman as the technique by which the true and precious selves of our fellow creatures are most likely to get themselves expressed.'

'I believe,' said Cornelia, 'your theory is coming out rather well, and in time for tea.'

'My only reason for elaborating my theory is that it is based upon the practice of a lady whose theory is infinitely surpassed by her art.'

'Is it indeed?' she said.

'When I got the theory built, I was planning to say that I should wish a daughter to choose for her husband neither one of the sheik-monsters who of late have been devouring our damsels, nor yet the inexpressive and unmodified vestrymen whom you commended to our admiration this morning, but rather a youth who should have a bit of the old bachelor's conception of what might be in the relation — an old bachelor, I mean, who had known, in his own youth, an exquisite lady.'

'Why lug in the old bachelor?' Cornelia asked — a little cruelly; for we were already at her door.

'Because,' I said, as she waited on the step for my leave-taking, 'because time and meditation and the naturalistic novelists have convinced him that, almost without a pang, he may resign to Mr. O'Grady and the Colonel the similarities of Judith and the lady, provided only that, from time to time, he may refresh his memory and his senses with the lady's differences.'

'Meaning —'

'Why, meaning that the kind of man whom a girl like Dorothy should choose should know that the passion hymned by the naturalists is naught, sheer naught —'

'You really mean that?'

‘— in comparison with the quality of love to be had in its high moments of general joyous awareness of the entire radiant life of a fellow being — meeting his perceptions and recorded in his imagination, clothed in color and motion and talk and laughter and fresh air, the head turning with frank gay light in the eyes, the lips parted in speech, while the springing step goes rhythmically over the wide-stretching earth under sunlight and blue heavens.’

‘It will be a long time,’ said Cornelia, ‘before Dorothy needs to trouble her head with that. Meanwhile we shall occupy ourselves with the rudiments. Shall we see you at mail-time to-morrow?’

‘Yes,’ I said, ‘and we’ll take up Oliver’s case, perhaps. There’s going to be a fine sunset. *Voir!*’

VII

As I entered the wood path through the birches that run down to my own cottage, I thought I saw a boyish youngish figure slipping among the trees to the eastward. A moment later, I met Dorothy walking demurely up the path, with a book in her hand, closed upon one finger.

‘Watching the sun set?’ I asked, diplomatically.

‘No,’ she said, ‘watching him disappear.’

‘Watching whom disappear?’ I inquired, being invited.

‘Oh, a boy that I like. We’ve been reading one of mother’s new books. It’s about a girl, *Deirdre*, who did n’t want to marry a king, because there was a boy that she liked very much better — in all ways. And so they ran away and lived in the woods — and died happily.’

‘Oh-ho!’ I exclaimed. ‘I suspect the happiness of their death has been

greatly exaggerated. It seemed to me rather dreadful. It’s James Stephens’s version, is n’t it?’

‘Yes,’ said Dorothy and, turning the golden dusk of her eyes full upon mine, she added: ‘How old was my mother when you first knew her?’

‘About your age, Dorothy. Why do you ask?’

‘Was she very different then — from the way she is now?’

‘She was quite a bit like you, then,’ I said, ‘— if I remember. But why do you ask?’

‘Because,’ she said, ‘she has marked the loveliest passage in this book. And I can’t understand why, because she is n’t like that now — not at all like that now.’

‘Is n’t like what?’

‘I mean,’ said Dorothy with perfect lucidity, ‘that this passage expresses just the way this boy and I feel. Shall I read it to you?’

‘That would n’t be quite nice,’ I suggested, ‘would it, Dorothy? Good-bye!’

‘Perhaps not,’ she agreed; but as she moved toward the house she turned and called after me: ‘But if you want to read it, you can find it on page one-hundred-and-forty.’

In my own copy of James Stephens’s *Deirdre*, I have marked, on page 140, this passage:—

Lacking him, what could be returned to her? Her hands went cold and her mouth dry as she faced such a prospect.

The youth who was hers. Who had no terrors for her! Who was her equal in years and frolic! She could laugh with him and at him. She could chide him and love him. She could give to him and withhold. She could be his mother as well as his wife. She could annoy him and forgive him. For between them there was such an equality of time and rights that neither could dream of mastery or feel a grief against the other. He was her beloved, her comrade, the very red of her heart, and her choice choice.

MEDITATIONS OF A MOTHER-IN-LAW

BY A MATERNAL PHILOSOPHER

I

THERE was once a rumor that the florists of this country, well pleased with their success in establishing the carnation as the emblem for Mother's Day, were planning to appoint a day for mothers-in-law. The florists, it was said, were open to suggestions as to an appropriate flower.

A group of ladies, most of us mothers-in-law ourselves, were discussing this false alarm at an afternoon tea.

'Well,' asked someone, 'what would be an appropriate flower?'

'Oh!' exclaimed the only young newly married lady among us, with a sudden burst of inspiration — 'the snapdragon.'

Then, remembering who and what we were, she withdrew the nomination hastily, assuring us that such a flower would never apply to us nor to her own mother-in-law. Jack's mother was a darling and had just given her a fur coat. She had had in mind only the abstract traditional mother-in-law, whom we did not resemble in any way.

This was comforting to hear. But I think that nearly every mother of married children is haunted now and then by the traditional mother-in-law spectre. Does she, unknown to herself, resemble that goblin? Everyone knows that the mother-in-law has been much maligned, but a caricature so popular and persistent must touch the truth somewhere.

One would prefer not to be playing that hackneyed character-part.

Under the sway of that fear, when my oldest daughter was married, I took the bridegroom aside for a moment after the ceremony and said to him earnestly, 'I shall try to be a good mother-in-law to you, Alexander.' I said it in the full seriousness of a vow, affixing my promise as a sort of rider to my daughter's marriage contract. That same vow I have mentally renewed as each of my children married and went away. I have been ambitious that my sons-in-law and my daughters-in-law should think of me as one who never tries to manage or to meddle; one whose advice is to be had only when applied for; one who, in an emergency, is always ready and able to step promptly into the breach. The perfect mother-in-law, I have come to believe, is a combination of hostess, news correspondent, consulting-bureau, valued friend, and first-aid kit.

To be considered expert in those lines has been my aim. But in my efforts to work up this reputation, I have discovered in my own spirit certain tendencies that are, I think, the eternal roots of the old tradition about the meddlesome mother-in-law. The profound philosopher who could probe those roots would come upon an underground meshwork more intricate and astonishing than the roots of any banyan grove. For the roots of our far-famed 'meddlesomeness' are the very roots from which grew our most essential crop of motherly virtues when our

children were small — the virtues of faithfulness to endless trivial detail, attention to a host of exacting small duties, persistence in our ideals, foresight in warding off danger and in making dreams come true.

The central root of all these virtues was our peculiarly apprehensive maternal sense of responsibility. Skillful mothers are so anxious that everything shall be right! Even after our children are safely married, we are still responsible. It is not that we distrust our children-in-law. Our watchfulness is not a new trait inspired by them. It is a hang-over from long experience, and it takes them in only because we now look at them and at our own children in the same glance. We know our own children a little too well to be perfectly easy in our minds. A mother rarely feels that she has had quite time to put the finishing touches on her products; yet whatever modification she tries to make now in her own children must involve the interests of their partners. Therefore, if she wants to avoid the appearance of trying to superintend the new couple, she does well to get in her chief master-strokes before the wedding day.

With this in mind, when my son Tyler became engaged to be married, I had a long talk with him about his faults. I told him that his lovely little fiancée was very different from me and from his sisters. 'Tyler,' said I, 'if you ever roared at her in an argument the way you do at us, her heart would be absolutely broken. She'd never get over it.'

'Mother,' suggested Tyler suddenly, 'I wish you'd ask Priscilla down here some time when I am away, and tell her all about me. I'd like to have her warned beforehand. Tell her all my faults.'

I laughed, but Tyler persisted, and soon arranged a definite appointment.

Therefore, one snowy December afternoon when I was alone in the house, Priscilla came to call. Together she and I sat down before the fire, with our feet on the same footstool, and for two hours, while a white New England blizzard whirled through the rose-bushes outside the window, I recounted Tyler's faults. I covered the ground quite thoroughly, because I wanted Priscilla to have the reassurance, in case he ever displayed his ferocious moods to her, of knowing that he had often done even so to us. I suppose I also wanted her to know that his faults were not habits that I endorsed.

But as I look back upon it now, I think that I might have saved my breath. For Tyler as a householder is transformed, and I sometimes fear that Priscilla thinks I never quite appreciated my own son. She has never seen him in the rôle of bold bad man, so ably advertised by me. When I first saw his angelic manners under her régime I held my breath, because in the old days Tyler in a beatific state of mind meant Tyler getting ready to break out in a new place. But as time goes on and the serenity remains unbroken, I repeat to myself that perfect line from the *Just So Stories* — 'Not always was the Kangaroo as now we do behold him' — a text that I recommend to all mothers who have seen their brisk sons neatly trained by well-selected wives.

Indeed, the longer I live the more ready I am to believe that a young man's wife may be better acquainted with his actual current present-day self than his mother can possibly be. My daughter-in-law sees in her husband a forceful man of affairs on whose judgment she implicitly relies. I respect his judgment too, in a way, but I cannot help knowing that he is the same Tyler who, at the age of four, howled himself into a high fever one

day because I would not let him lead a bloodhound in the parade when *Uncle Tom's Cabin* came to town. Mothers view their sons with what psychologists might call an 'associative fringe.' We are handicapped by assorted memories. We cannot estimate our sons exactly as their wives estimate them. They came upon us at a different stage.

II

Similarly, I cannot avoid taking a bird's-eye view of my children-in-law. To me, each of them was in the first place only one in a series of possible choices for the boys or suitors for the girls. I scanned them critically as they came along, just as I had scanned others before them in the same light. I had no way of knowing that they were to be the one and only inevitable choice. Then when they were suddenly jumped to the position of members of the family, I saw them in a new light, reflected from the love of my own children. The affection that I gave them then was cordial and real, not affection *ex officio* at all. But the relation, like all true ones, remains complex. I remember so clearly all the early stages of the game, and exactly how they impressed the family while the children were falling in love.

With this historical background of special knowledge, how shall we manage to dismiss an abiding sense of responsibility when our boys and girls are starting families of their own? We cannot resign from being their parents or get an honorable discharge. My daughter Louisa tried to resign from her position of authority over her five-year-old son one day in last summer's vacation. In sudden exasperation she announced, 'Roger Macdonald, I wash my hands of *you*. Do exactly as you please.' Fifteen minutes later, Louisa glanced out through the window of

their summer cottage to see the neighbors running anxiously along the beach, all looking at something in the ocean. And there, far out in the forbidden channel beyond the big dock, swam the blissful head of young Roger, supported with water wings. Churning along on his outbound voyage, he looked like a seagoing cherub's head with wings. The life-saving crew down the beach was rushing out a boat to catch him before he struck the swifter current just beyond.

Some outbreak in this general manner an experienced mother fears if she relaxes her vigilance. Things *have* happened so many times. We look enviously at our husbands and try to emulate their large oblivion to detail. But detail has been our province these thirty-odd years of family life. Time was when attention to detail was an effort to us. I recall one lovely April afternoon many years ago when it seems to me that one more childish question to answer would drive me wild. One more torn muddy little stocking to change, one more stiffened little shoestring to tie, and the taut thread of my sanity would snap. At this point, Louisa (aged seven) tried to give Anthony (aged two) a drink of water from the garden hose turned on full force. I rushed to the rescue and changed Anthony's things; whereupon, six minutes later, Louisa soaked him with the hose again in the same way. 'It was n't my fault, Mother,' explained Louisa virtuously, as I flew about assembling a second outfit of dry clothes. 'Tony did n't drink quite fast enough.'

The training in infinite detail and eternal repetition that our children gave us when we were young and they were small is not easily unlearned. Under their unflagging zeal we became proficient. Our attention to detail became automatic. It is automatic still.

When an expert mother tries to withdraw her attention from the minor details of her grown children's lives, she feels as a trained woodsman or scout might feel if he tried to go through an unexplored forest without noticing anything, deliberately oblivious to significant detail. No longer an official guide, if in spite of himself he sees all the signs of a great hurricane coming up, shall he not warn the gay young explorers in their canoe on the river that he snuffs a storm?

This is the vital problem for conscientious mothers, who wish ardently to avoid the rôle of carping mother-in-law. Shall we withhold our warnings and advice for fear of seeming officious? We hate to nag. Yet what if a word from us might save the day? 'When I give advice,' said one emphatic mother of grown sons, 'I don't mean that the boys and their wives have to *follow* it. I only want them to have had that *opportunity*.'

Even before my children were married, I was never certain when I ought to favor them with my advice and when I ought to let them learn by experience. Years ago, the girls came home one afternoon full of enthusiasm over a welfare scheme for the Children's Hospital. A campaign was in progress, and Louisa was chairman of the Junior League. They were discussing plans that I knew would involve floods of circulars and address-cards and record-slips, which would soon spread into every corner of the house. Therefore, in a lull in the conversation, I said, 'Now Louisa, first you ought to get a box.' My suggestion did not seem to make a very palpable hit, and I, therefore, at twenty-minute intervals, repeated my practical bit of advice. The girls never forgot it. The remark became a byword, and even to-day if I venture a suggestion that they consider too obvious, they have only to murmur

'Get a box,' and I am supposed to subside at once. The trouble is, when I have an inspiration that I think will be useful to them, I never can tell beforehand whether I am going to be thanked and blessed for saving the situation, or whether I am going to be told to get a box. After all this training from my own daughters, is it to be wondered at that I go softly with my in-laws?

This sounds as if my children were disrespectful. I suppose sometimes they were. Anthony coined a useful word to describe his sensation when he felt both impetuous and impertinent: the word was 'impertuous.' The 'impertuousness' of the modern young person is explained partly by the up-to-date briskness of modern parents and partly by modern costume. Give me a frail lace cap, and a mull kerchief, and a soft long gown, and mitts, together with an appearance of decrepitude, and nobody would ever tell me to get a box, no matter what I chose to say. Our generation is too energetic to inspire the old-time reverent formalities so properly adopted by the young to the aged a hundred years ago. We of the middle generation have the experience of our years without the panoply of age. This fact was impressed upon me recently, when one of my busiest friends took her tiny grandchild to the Church Kindergarten one day, and stayed to visit while the young instructor taught the lesson on 'Helpfulness.' In the lesson leaflet was a picture of an exceedingly old lady sitting by the window, while a little girl threaded a needle for her. The poem beneath began:—

Grandmother's eyes are old and dim.
Grandmother's steps are slow.

The young Kindergartner, looking up and catching the appreciative glance of the visiting grandmother upon her, remarked hastily, 'This, boys and girls, is the picture of a *great* grandmother.'

Still, in spite of the fact that we have discarded the picturesque uniform of old age, it is true (critics of our wild young people notwithstanding) that frequently the mothers of our generation are actually requested for advice. The more we keep our ideas to ourselves, the oftener we find our opinions solicited. Intellectual mystery is a famous lure. So is our reputation for versatility in thinking up expedients.

III

I do not know how it is with others, but with me, when my advice has been formally requested and I have given my opinion as wisely as I can, there comes a temptation to carry on a follow-up campaign. My interest is all agog. I shall feel partly to blame if the plans fail. I have been accustomed for such a long time to pushing on the reins for certain of my children and acting as a balance wheel for others, that I am prompted to take the lead.

Yet I am convinced that this is the point where we may easily run afoul of our children-in-law. We soon learn that all prodding and badgering and advice urgently given to our own children is promptly handed on to their married partners: if Romeo had lived to marry Juliet, he would soon have been quoting to her the infallible opinions of Mother Montague. It is human nature for the most independent sons and daughters to quote as authority certain parental sayings that the parents themselves thought went in at one ear and came out at the other.

This leads us very close to the chief foundation of the old mother-in-law slander. Very few mothers-in-law go directly to their sons-in-law and offer to manage their affairs. The dealings are largely indirect. The mother-in-law problem is essentially the problem of the mother of grown children: the pro-

cedure has only been complicated a little by the fact that another personality, allied but not related, is now involved. Our advice, when we give it, seems to the children-in-law all the more official because it comes to them at one remove.

Even our supposed ideas are sometimes quoted to our sons-in-law with effect. Alexander and Louisa were having a discussion at their breakfast table one morning. They were talking freely, for their children were too little to understand. The debate was at its height, when Louisa remarked with finality, 'Anyway, I don't believe that my mother would think much of the idea.' Alexander, halted in the full swing of his argument, paused respectfully to consider this trump card; whereupon little Roger, eating cereal, glanced across at his baby sister in her high-chair and observed instructively, 'Now Ma 's beaten Pa.'

We mothers-in-law, in spite of the funny-papers, do hold a subtle power. Our problem is where to draw the line. I have not found a ready-made solution for that problem, but there is one paragraph in literature that I pin beside my mirror and look at now and then. It is the passage from *The Cloister and the Hearth* describing Catherine's visit to her daughter-in-law. I know the lines by heart, but it bolsters up my good resolutions to see them in black and white:—

'A Catherine is not an unmixed good in a strange house. The governing power is strong in her. It knows no discrimination. It sets everything to rights, and everybody. Now, many things are the better for being set to rights, but everything is not. Everything is the one thing that won't stand being set to rights. . . . Catherine altered the position of every chair and table in Margaret's house, and perhaps for the better. But she

must go farther and upset the live furniture.'

In justice to the ultra-executive mother-in-law, we remember that later in the story Catherine saves the life of Margaret's baby by her prompt and determined advice. This is what we are cut out for, we mothers of grown sons. We are competent for the emergency measure, for the times of whirlwinds and conflagration and the noise of waterspouts. We struggle to keep our executive ability in check until it is needed, but a force so tremendous is likely to get in a little practice every day, just as a professional fireman slides down the brass pole in the engine house even when there is no fire.

Shortly after my youngest son Anthony was married, I invited all the branches of the family to come home for a reunion. The gay house party was at its height, when it occurred to Anthony that this would be a capital time for me to hunt up all his old textbooks and notes and reference works, so that he might send them by express to his new home. Spurred on by his tactful reminders, I rummaged through the bookshelves and storage-nooks all over the house and attic in the intervals of festivity that week. Finally Anthony and I convened in his room to pack the collection in a large wooden box that I had found. As usual, Anthony and I held definite and divergent views about how the packing should be done. My views were obviously superior, based, as I reminded him, on extensive experience largely antedating his birth. Besides, I had hunted up the books. Besides, it was my box. On equal terms the battle raged. Anthony forgot that I was his reverend dear mother. I forgot that Anthony was a householder, a husband, and a member of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers. To me, he was acting very much like my impertuous youngest son in his

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worst mood well known of old. Meanwhile, Anthony's graceful young wife sat attentively near us on the window seat, preserving that admirable silence so becoming to daughters-in-law. Tyler sat beside her holding the hammer and nails, and Alexander stood helpfully near, ready with marking-pens and ink. They wisely gave Anthony and me a clear field. At last my exasperation with my unruly son arose to a pitch. 'Anthony Winship!' I exclaimed with fervor. 'If you children were *all* at home *all* the time, I'd just have to give up the struggle.'

Anthony stepped to the doorway and shouted to his sisters, 'Oh girls, Mother says that if we were all at home all the time she'd give up the struggle.'

With cheers and war whoops and rounds of applause, the rest of the family, including my husband, came trooping up the stairs. Seldom has an innocent remark created such a stir.

'I can imagine a good many things,' mused Anthony when the appreciation had quieted down a little, 'but I can't imagine Mother giving up the struggle.'

IV

No, I shall not give it up. The results are well worth my efforts, and I hope that I am becoming adjusted to the new focus of my life. I am trying to fit my mental vision with a pair of spiritual bifocals, as it were, that I may observe all things in their right proportions, both great and small. I have received noble compliments from my daughters on my marvelous self-control: and Alexander once told Louisa that there ought to be a special way of spelling the term 'mother-in-law' when applied to pleasant ones like me — perhaps with a capital 'L' on the 'law,' or better still, he said, with the Greek lambda. He said I was a lambda. One cherishes such compliments as these,

and I am growing more accustomed to my bifocals every day.

But sometimes, in the middle of a winter night, I half wake up and dreamily realize that the wind is whistling around the house, and that the prophesied cold snap is coming on. Still dazed with sleep, my conscience tells me that I must get up and put extra blankets over the sleeping children in the adjoining rooms. I struggle out of my drowsiness and start to rise — and then I remember that all the children's rooms are empty now. I need not stir. In a way it is a relief not to have to get up. I settle down and try to go to sleep again, and then I start to think. Perhaps Louisa is prowling around on her sleeping-porch in northern Illinois, seeing that her own children are snug and warm. I wonder if Alexander remembered to get the weatherstrips for the windows of the dressing-room on the side of the house nearest the lake. I wonder if Tyler decided to install that new furnace in his house at this crazy time of year. I wonder if Rosamond ever found the fur that she lost. I wonder if Anthony was able to get his full supply of coal, and if he took out fire insurance on his new furniture right away. I wonder if Priscilla decided to let little Tyler enroll for the scouts' winter camp.

At this point my less personal self asks scripturally, 'What is that to thee?'

Oh well, of course it is everything to me. One may as well face the facts. Common sense teaches me to fill my days with new projects, letting my children live their own lives. This is exactly what I do. I have built up an entirely new scheme of existence, filled with activities quite aside from my interest in my children. I am not a flickering old lady living in the past. I am a busy busy person hurrying to and fro in the earth and going up and down upon it, and I have any number of

irons in the fire. But activity, however useful and absorbing, has no bearing whatever upon the primitive preoccupations of the soul.

That is why our problem is never solved. That is why our situation is not a comedy, and not a tragedy, but a paradox. That is why the most discreet mother-in-law is never quite sure whether her children-in-law consider her too influential in their family life or not. I should really like to know what they think of me, those high-spirited lovers of my children, after the ups and downs of these important opening years. Is Alexander as happy as he seems when he stops over at our house on one of his New England trips, and I let him have his Sunday morning breakfast very late at the little table by the fireplace, as I used to on his visits to us the year when he and Louisa were engaged? Are Rosamond and Priscilla as contented as they seem when they visit at our seashore cottage, and we sew and talk together while their little children build houses near us in the sand? Of course one can never be absolutely sure. But certainly I have devoted a good deal of attention to winning their confidence and esteem. Persons so important to my sons and daughters are important also to me.

And so, I think, on the evening of Mother-in-Law's Day, I shall be inclined to count over my beautiful snapdragons rather quizzically, as a young girl counts the petals of a daisy: 'They love me — they love me not — they love me.' But I have seen too many daisy petals counted in my day to depend very much on signs, except on those unmistakable human signs of affection and congeniality and understanding which lead me to believe that the true answer (in spite of the mother-in-law tradition, and in spite of what a snapdragon might accidentally say) is probably: 'They love me.'

TWO IVORY CUPIDS

BY WILLIAM SIDNEY ROSSITER

I

FROM an extremely comfortable chair on the widest verandah of a Bretton Woods hotel, Mr. Edward Withers Pinkham gazed thoughtfully at Mount Washington — and wondered.

Mr. Pinkham was perhaps thirty-five years old, of medium height, well dressed, well enough set up to drive about two hundred, and almost anywhere would have passed as rather attractive. The queer thing about him was the effect that he produced on people who came in contact with him. Somehow they could n't help laughing. Except for the fact that, conversationally, Mr. Pinkham wore tan shoes with evening dress, his personality hardly seemed to invite the effect he produced. Nevertheless, the more serious he tried to be, the funnier he became. Being continuously funny is no laughing matter, but Mr. Pinkham either had grown so familiar with the usual reaction that he was reconciled to it, or else he had begun to think that laughing when one person meets another person was the human way — just as tail-wagging is the dog way.

Why he was Assistant-Secretary of the American Association for the Advancement of Invention, which was about to meet at Bretton Woods that week in early July, none of the ordinary run-of-the-mine members knew. The insiders could have explained that Mr. Jeffrey Connors, of Connors, Cowdrey, and Calkins, efficiency engineers, had suggested Pinkham to the nominating

committee as a good man, and Connors needed only to suggest. He did n't explain that the young man was a relation of Mrs. Connors. It's queer how one's wife's relatives always hold orchestra tickets for the best jobs we can locate, while our own relatives must scramble for admission checks.

After all, Pinkham was not a bad sort. He was a graduate of Technology; he had brains (which is Big and Little Casino); he was earnest and energetic — but there was that confounded weakness for making everybody laugh. People laugh so easily in these flippant times.

Just what were the duties of a new Assistant-Secretary? Mr. Pinkham had reported on arrival to Professor Butterfield, Secretary of the A.A.A.I., the veteran organizer of eight annual meetings. Professor Butterfield was head over ears in details of accommodations.

'Mr. Pinkham, ah yes, glad to see you. I can't stop now to go over matters. Row on with the management about quarters for four Round Tables on Wednesday — maybe you can help later.' Professor Butterfield laughed and turned back to the problem of more members who had engaged 'rooms with bath' than there were bathrooms within many mountainous miles.

Naturally, Mr. Pinkham would have breezed around, insisted on helping, and finally muddled into his job, but somehow — it was quite unusual —

the laugh deterred him, and the Assistant-Secretary retired to the verandah.

Curious, is it not, how the devotees of science, having formed themselves into learned societies, while ever prepared to undergo extremest hardship in order to acquire more knowledge, somehow invariably settle down like a swarm of locusts at the most favored resorts in summer, or appropriate the most extravagant and gilded hotel in a very large city in the winter. Many of the members never have been so far from home before. This is pursuit of science. It is a necessary expense.

There was nothing novel about the Bretton Woods meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Invention. A meeting of one learned society is as much like the meeting of another learned society as are two shredded wheat biscuits. Professor Ignatius W. Montague of Ann Arbor was President that year, and much was expected of his presidential address — 'Limitations of the Inventive Faculty: a Postulate.' Of course these things could not be discussed effectively in July in a city. It was a trial to be obliged to go to the White Mountains, but the cool air would conduce to edifying discussions and good work. So most of the big hotel was chartered, and on a Tuesday in early July the inventors, and the university people who lectured on the history and influence of inventions, and the interested people who manufactured inventions and charged the public four times their cost, began to flock in to Bretton Woods.

Soon they were wandering around as thick as ants, decorated with badges reading: —

I AM ANSON MAGOON
OF OSHKOSH
WISCONSIN
WHO ARE YOU?

Each A.A.A.I. member had a programme. Each was trying to reconcile the Round Table at 10:00 A. M. with the business meeting of the Association at 9:45, and to figure out how he could take the cog to the top of Mount Washington — and not be missed.

And the meetings buzzed, the verandahs buzzed, and the dining-rooms, invaded three times a day by a swarm of human locusts, buzzed more than all the other buzzings. And so Association Week wore on, and Mr. Pinkham began to glow with various light duties.

In particular, he ran errands and was actually gaining the first faint flushes of an Assistant-Secretary's importance.

Saturday. Last meeting of the Thirty-second Annual Convention of the A.A.A.I. Wonderful success. Unusual papers. Fine food. Most informing discussions. Beautiful scenery.

Major Whitehouse of Jersey City hunted up Secretary Butterfield. The Major was tall, elderly, dignified. He kept his face in the last century, as it were, by wearing a beard, a full and expansive outfit of whiskers.

'Professor, are you going directly back to New York?' he asked deliberately.

'I am, to-morrow.'

'I've decided to go to Quebec and down the Saguenay with Reed and McSimmons. I have an umbrella here of great value to me. I simply cannot risk taking it on a tourist jaunt. It is an old umbrella. I inherited it thirty years ago from my great uncle. Rather heavy frame, but stout, sir, stout, and the handle is of finest ivory, real, hand-carved to represent a bunch of grapes and two cupids rampant. Would you be willing to take that umbrella back to New York for me?'

Major Whitehouse looked sharply at the Secretary of the A.A.A.I. as

though doubtful whether he could put over such a request.

Professor Butterfield hesitated. 'I'm not sure,' he began. Then a relieved expression appeared. 'Pinkham!' he called.

Mr. Pinkham hurried to his chief.

'Major Whitehouse, this is Mr. E. W. Pinkham, our efficient Assistant-Secretary, a young man of unusual promise in our Association. He is returning to New York to-night. Mr. Pinkham will gladly take your umbrella back with him and leave it where you direct.'

Mr. Pinkham did not take it over 'gladly,' but what are an Assistant-Secretary's duties anyhow, and who should know but the Secretary?

So it came about that fifteen minutes later Mr. Pinkham was walking through the great office of the hotel on a warm, still, sunny July afternoon carrying a black umbrella of unusual size, decorated with a conspicuous ivory handle, the same representing a bunch of grapes and two cupids rampant.

And it also came about that advancing toward him was Mrs. Algernon Kittredge and Joe Kittredge and Madge Kittredge, from Philadelphia, en route to Montreal and then the Adirondacks.

All the Kittredges stopped short and laughed, while the bell boys continued to advance with the hat boxes and the grips.

'Where are you bound for, Pink, with that family tent? Think it looks like rain?' The feminine Kittredges were convulsed.

'The American Association for the Advancement of Invention is holding its annual meeting here. You see, I'm the Assistant-Secretary,' Mr. Pinkham said with unwonted dignity.

'I see,' said Joe Kittredge sympathetically, 'sort of Chinese-like, I suppose, and it's your job to carry that

enormous umbrella spread over the President.'

Mr. Pinkham essayed a faint smile. The humor in this episode was not evident to the principal. He explained some of the responsibilities of his position and the ownership and destination of the umbrella.

'Nonsense,' said Joe Kittredge. 'Mother and Madge and I are going to Montreal. So are you — on number two hat-box. It'll be a jolly party. Come on.'

'I can't,' said Mr. Pinkham, looking at the cupids rampant.

'Nonsense again,' said Joe Kittredge more emphatically. 'My uncle, Walter Randall, is up here somewhere, attending the convention. He lives in Orange and will be going right back. I'll hunt him up. Let me register first.'

Mr. Pinkham's face brightened. This job had n't been all that a position of honor promised to be, and the umbrella business was an imposition. If Mr. Randall would take the blamed relic home, here was a real chance.

Five minutes later Joe came toward him beaming. 'I found Uncle Walt. He's a good sport. Says bring on your umbrella. Says he's met Whitehouse, but he wants to know if you have his gums also. Umbrella is O.K. but no gums. Gimme those immoral grapes of ivory.'

And so it came about that the following morning a carefree party started for Montreal and Uncle Walt Randall personally conducted to New York the Whitehouse family umbrella, huge of frame, of black silk, with an ivory handle carved to represent a bunch of grapes and two cupids rampant. At least the carefree Edward Withers Pinkham, en route for Montreal with Mrs. Kittredge, Joe Kittredge, and Madge Kittredge, supposed that that was so and forgot all about the Whitehouse family umbrella.

II

On a morning in late July Mr. Pinkham found himself once more in his office, which was the fourth door down a private corridor on the seventeenth floor of the Engineering Building, New York City. Mr. Pinkham's office was as large and homey as a stateroom on a Boston night-boat. There was no name on the door, but the legend that decorated the entrance from the public hall was 'Connors, Cowdrey, and Calkins' — which goes to show that blood is much thicker than water, and that Mrs. Connors's influence penetrated to the seventeenth floor of the Engineering Building, New York City.

Mr. Pinkham attended to accumulated mail, and before sinking back from vacation into clerical work, was gazing contemplatively at the distant Goddess of Liberty, faintly visible over chimney pots far down the harbor, when the door was opened.

It is a definition of appearance to say that a man has a heavy head of hair. In this instance the person was a tall elderly man with a thick face of whiskers.

'Mr. Pinkham, I believe?' he said.

Mr. Pinkham looked doubtfully at the stranger, vaguely wondering where in the dim past those whiskers had fluttered upon his vision.

'Yes sir.'

'Assistant-Secretary of the American Association for the Advancement of Invention?'

'Yes sir.'

'I am D. Pringle Whitehouse. You may recall that early this month at Bretton Woods I entrusted to your care a valuable family umbrella, which you agreed to bring back to New York for me, as I was not returning directly to the city. I have called to obtain it.' Major Whitehouse ceased, significantly, and looked at each of the four corners

of the small room as though expecting to see his property awaiting redemption.

Mr. Pinkham possessed a hit-or-miss temperament. Having started the ivory grapes and cupids toward New York, he had given no further thought to method, place, or time of arrival — and here was the reckoning. 'Holy Timotheus,' he thought, 'where *is* the umbrella? Something must be done at once.'

'I'm delighted to see you, Major,' said the Assistant-Secretary, most cordially wringing his visitor's rather tepid hand. 'Just back from Canada, I take it?'

'Yes, arrived here yesterday.'

'Well, the fact is, I'm just back myself. I went over to Canada also. Met some friends just after I saw you, and went up to Montreal and back by the Adirondack route.'

'Where's the umbrella?' asked the Major apprehensively.

'You see, like yourself, I was n't returning directly, so I asked Mr. Walter Randall to bring it back, and I have n't had a chance yet to see him.'

The Major stroked the hairy undulations on his waistcoat, and looked decidedly annoyed.

'Randall,' he remarked. 'I know him. A flighty, sporty creature. The last man in our Association to whose care I should have entrusted that valuable piece of property. That umbrella, Mr. Pinkham, belonged to my great uncle. It is more than fifty years old.'

Mr. Pinkham needed no prodding. He was terrorized, though outwardly calm.

'Don't worry,' he said assuringly; 'I'll see Mr. Randall to-morrow. Where can I reach you?'

'I shall call next Monday.' Whereupon Major Whitehouse abruptly departed.

The Assistant-Secretary at once wrote to South Orange, N. J.:—

DEAR MR. RANDALL, —

Major Whitehouse has called upon me for his umbrella. You will recall that I was to have brought it back with me from Bretton Woods and you kindly agreed to Joe Kittredge's request to relieve me of the charge. Please write or telephone me at once where I can see you.

I'm awfully sorry to bother you, but I am much embarrassed. Major Whitehouse is likely to be trying.

You, of course, recall the particular umbrella I mean—big old black silk affair, ivory handle, bunch of grapes, two cupids. Please answer promptly.

E. W. PINKHAM,
Assistant-Secretary.

The second day brought this reply:—

DEAR MR. PINKHAM, —

I have n't the Whitehouse umbrella. After you left, several of us in the grill at Bretton Woods had a good deal of sport over that heirloom and tossed up to see who would be the goat. For the life of me I can't recall who lost. I was out first round, so I did n't worry. Try Cobb—I think he was one of the bunch—Thomas Porter Cobb, something Broadway, Pittsburgh. He's in the address list. I'm sorry you are bothered.

Yours sincerely,
W. K. RANDALL.

Mr. Pinkham's concern grew apace as he read this careless response. The Major's opinion seemed verified. What would the Major say? Again he wrote:—

DEAR MR. COBB, —

I promised Major Whitehouse to carry back for him to New York from Bretton Woods a fine old family umbrella—large, black silk, ivory handle carved to represent a bunch of grapes and two cupids. At the last moment I decided to take a motor trip and Mr. Walter Randall agreed to take charge

of the umbrella. He now says he thinks you took it off his hands. The Major is back. He wants his umbrella. I am a good deal embarrassed. Please send it to me at once if you have it, or tell me, if you can, who has it. I'm in a dreadful hurry about this.

E. W. PINKHAM,
Assistant-Secretary.

On Saturday a letter postmarked Pittsburgh lay on Mr. Pinkham's desk when he reached the office. He opened it in haste.

DEAR SIR, —

Answering yours of recent date. I have no knowledge of the matter to which you refer. I left Bretton Woods Saturday afternoon immediately after the closing meeting.

Why not try Hotchkiss? He was constantly with Randall—Marcus P. Hotchkiss, Tontine Building, New Haven, Connecticut.

Yours truly,
T. P. COBB.

'Holy Smoke!' groaned Mr. Pinkham. 'There are 1634 members in the Association, not including eleven in England, four in France, and three in Italy. Three hundred and eighteen of them attended the Bretton Woods meeting. Have I got to circularize all of them? And if I must can I live through the assaults of Major Whitehouse?'

Mr. Pinkham paused and looked out of the window. 'Major Whitehouse,' he repeated slowly to himself, 'is about the only person who does n't laugh. He does n't even smile.' It was not a comforting thought.

Again Mr. Pinkham wrote:—

DEAR MR. HOTCHKISS, —

Did you bring back from our Association meeting at Bretton Woods a large, old-fashioned silk umbrella with a carved ivory handle, bunch of grapes and two cupids?

I promised Major Whitehouse of

Jersey City to bring the umbrella back for him, but did not return direct. Mr. Walter Randall offered to help me out. The Major values his umbrella very highly, and now he wants it. Mr. Randall said he had the umbrella when with a crowd of our members and persuaded one of them to take charge of it for him. He thought it was Mr. Cobb of Pittsburgh. Mr. Cobb writes it was n't he, but thinks it was you.

Please help me out. Have you got the umbrella? Wire if you have. If you have n't it, do you know who has it? I am much troubled.

Yours truly,

E. W. PINKHAM,
Assistant-Secretary.

The Assistant-Secretary of the A.A.A.I. may have deserved to spend a troubled week-end. Whether he deserved to do so or not, that was the kind of a week-end he spent.

Monday forenoon the door of Mr. Pinkham's office opened and Major D. Pringle Whitehouse — again unannounced — entered. The Major was reserved. Mr. Pinkham was cordial with a suggestion of embarrassment.

'Did you see Randall?' asked the Major abruptly.

'No, I wrote him and am expecting to get some word in a day or so.'

The Major's face darkened. 'Mr. Pinkham, I feel you have sadly neglected one of the duties of your position.'

'I was not elected to carry umbrellas,' replied the desperate Pinkham.

'You were elected by the Association to be of use to the members, sir.'

Anger got the best of the Pinkham discretion, never particularly prominent.

'I am tired and sick of this umbrella business,' he snapped.

'So am I.'

'Let me get you a new umbrella.'

'I don't want it.'

'Silver head.'

'I don't want it.'

'Gold head.'

'Don't want it.'

'I'll give you an umbrella annuity, one every year.'

'I don't want it!' shouted the Major. 'I am amply able to buy umbrellas by the gross. I want the one I entrusted to you. I value that umbrella very highly. It came to me by inheritance from a great uncle. I have carried it for thirty years. I must have it, even if you are obliged to call personally on every member of the Association who attended the meeting. I will give you one week to show progress.'

The door closed upon the departing Whitehouse, and Mr. Pinkham sank back exhausted. A few days later the Hotchkiss reply arrived: —

Sorry to say I cannot send you Whitehouse's umbrella with ivory grapes and cupids. I was with Randall before he left Bretton Woods and I think he turned that relic over to Penfield, not A. M. but O. Penfield, of Baltimore. Don't write Penfield. Get a requisition from the Governor and go there yourself. That is the only chance with O. P.

It's a special Providence for Whitehouse that I am not the custodian of his octogenarian 'brell. I am looking for an umbrella big enough to protect more than my hat.

Yours ever,

MARCUS P. HOTCHKISS.

With sinking heart Mr. Pinkham resumed correspondence.

DEAR MR. PENFIELD, —

A large, old-fashioned, black silk umbrella, with ivory handle carved to represent a bunch of grapes and two cupids was left in my charge, as Assistant-Secretary of the A.A.A.I., at the Bretton Woods meeting by Major D. P. Whitehouse. I depended on Mr. W. K. Randall to bring it to New York. He forgets who really did bring it — suggested Cobb of Pittsburgh. Mr.

Cobb denies responsibility and thought it was Hotchkiss. He says he has n't it, but is confident you are the custodian. I am in great distress. Major Whitehouse is making me considerable trouble. Please telegraph at my expense all you know about this affair. I shall be grateful for your help.

Yours truly,

E. W. PINKHAM,
Assistant-Secretary.

Again Mr. Pinkham looked off at the Goddess of Liberty. It all seemed so hopeless. The joy had mostly gone out of life. In three days more the towering form from Jersey City would again appear in his office, coldly stroking that avenging beard. Mr. Pinkham was really all in. He had had a chance to win the favor and confidence of the A.A.A.I. and here he was circularizing the members that he was untrustworthy!

The Assistant-Secretary was sitting with his head in his hands, the picture of rather volatile despair, when Mr. Connors breezed in.

'What's the matter, Eddie?'

'I've lost Whitehouse's umbrella.'

'Glad of it. Anybody who makes D. Pringle lose anything — yea, verily, even one hair of his whiskers — is a star. Credit and fame are yours.'

Mr. Pinkham smiled feebly. 'It was a professional trust,' he said. 'Because I was an officer of our Association, the Major trusted his valuable umbrella — heirloom, big black silk affair with handle carved like grapes and cupids — to me to bring home from Bretton Woods. I shirked it and went on a motor trip. Randall was to bring it back. He flipped up with a bunch to see who'd get stuck, and can't recall now who was the goat. He guessed Cobb. Cobb guesses Hotchkiss. Hotchkiss guesses Penfield. Lord only knows who Penfield will guess. There are three hundred and twelve shots

left. It's awful. I can't sleep, I can't work. Monday old Whitehouse is due in this office again. What'll I do?'

Obviously Mr. Pinkham was in earnest, a most unusual phenomenon. His employer seemed concerned.

'Cut it all out, Eddie,' he said kindly. 'You can't work in this shape. Beat it, be elsewhere when the enemy arrives. There's the Twohig matter in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. Go up there for a few days, see Twohig, and get out circulars to the A.A.A.I.'

It was a hot late-July day. The sultry haze obscured the wide outlook over the harbor. It did not take long to approve of the chief's suggestion.

III

In Boston, where Mr. Pinkham spent the following night, it continued to be impossible to escape from the depressing influence of the umbrella mystery. At breakfast Mr. Pinkham heard himself being paged. He responded apprehensively, only to receive this telegram: —

NEVER HAD UMBRELLA TRY GRAHAM WILLIAMSTOWN

O. PENFIELD

'Charley Ross, Dorothy Arnold, the Whitehouse cupids,' groaned Mr. Pinkham. 'One thing is certain,' he mused, 'for a while I am out of reach of the still small voice of D. Pringle Whitehouse. I'll wait until to-morrow to write Graham, Williamstown.' Whereupon, having squeezed a final half cup of coffee from the reluctant pot, he paid his bill and took a taxi to the North Station, where he picked up a ticket and a chair for Portsmouth on the Portland-Bangor Express.

Once on the train, increasing distance from the office and a natural tendency to scatter made it easy for Mr. Pinkham to forget his troubles. He settled

down to a magazine, but not without noticing, after the manner of his kind, that the passenger opposite him was a very attractive girl. She could n't have outstripped twenty-one or -two. She had brown hair and a wonderful complexion, wore a very smart blue suit and a close hat of straw decorated with a very assertive blue bow. Mr. Pinkham also furtively observed gray silk stockings and gray suède shoes, which added considerably to the highly favorable impression. This opposite neighbor was far and away the most agreeable outlook from Mr. Pinkham's seat. From the car window the purlieus of Salem which soon succeeded those of Lynn offered little competition to the pleasant prospect across the aisle. The Assistant-Secretary sighed a little. It would be wonderful, but was so impossible. He resigned himself to mere reading, but first swept the car with a detached, impersonal glance. The opposite neighbor's suitcase reposed in the unoccupied chair ahead; her gray sport coat was flung carelessly in the rack above, partly covering a rather long black umbrella with a white —

Mr. Pinkham's glance stopped suddenly at the rack. He almost stopped breathing. It was a long black silk umbrella. That much was clear of the coat. The handle was mostly concealed. It was ivory white. There was something on it that looked like a small curly human head.

'Holy Moses!' ejaculated the horrified Mr. Pinkham, 'am I so far gone that common objects of daily life look to me like big umbrellas and ivory cupids?'

Nervously he again tried to read. Vain. Again he studied the rack. This time boldly. Any man can look at a Pullman baggage rack without giving offense.

'Good Lord!' exclaimed Mr. Pinkham to himself. 'What am I to do?'

It's a big black silk umbrella unless I am batty. It's got an ivory handle. I actually believe that's a cupid. There can't be two such curios on earth. I've written to New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, and Maryland, and now suppose that blamed umbrella is there, across the aisle, actually headed for Maine or Canada and getting away from me forever. Something must be done right off. It really must,' he added desperately.

The attention of the young woman was vaguely attracted by the queer attitude of the opposite passenger. She looked furtively across at him from her book. The passing thought that actuated her glance was something like this: 'Queer-acting fellow opposite. Rather good looking. Well dressed. Looks like a New Yorker. He acts fussed. Somehow he's awfully funny. I wish —'

Mr. Pinkham fidgeted more than ever and shut up his magazine. 'Something has got to be done,' he repeated. 'If that is Whitehouse's great uncle's umbrella before my eyes, can I get off this train and write a letter to Graham asking where it is? I'm a fool already. What shall I be then?' The logic of this query was appalling.

Mr. Pinkham had his failings, but he possessed that aplomb with the other sex which characterizes the present younger generation as compared with the generation which ripened before the Spanish War. He arose and bowed as gracefully as 'the rolling rail' permitted.

'Pardon me,' said Mr. Pinkham most politely. 'I notice you have a rather remarkable umbrella. Do you suppose you could let me look at it?'

The girl looked astonished. 'My umbrella?' she repeated vaguely.

'Yes. I'd awfully like to look at the handle.'

An expression of intense amuse-

ment came over an especially pretty face.

'Is n't he bright?' she thought. 'I never heard of anything so original. How Mabel will scream when I tell her about it.'

'You seem awfully interested in umbrellas.'

'Oh, I am!' protested Mr. Pinkham eagerly.

'Do you collect umbrellas?'

'Why no, you see I have a friend who has an umbrella —'

'Indeed!'

'Yes, it's a corker. It's awfully old. My friend inherited it. He died in 1890. I mean my friend's great uncle did. He left it as an only bequest. Fifty years old.'

'Who is fifty years old, your friend's uncle?'

'No, no, the umbrella.'

The girl laughed. Anybody would have laughed. Mr. Pinkham never looked funnier.

'You see,' Mr. Pinkham floundered on, 'my friend was awfully attached to his uncle — I mean his uncle's umbrella — almost like a son to him.'

'His uncle was like a son to your friend?'

'No, no, the umbrella was!'

'Your friend must have a very affectionate disposition if he treats his umbrella like a member of the family.' She laughed again. Mr. Pinkham laughed, though rather more nervously than Mr. Pinkham usually laughed.

The young lady arose and extracted her umbrella from the rack. With evident amusement she handed it to this excruciating man. How would he 'land' from such an absurd excuse onto solid ground?

Mr. Pinkham forgot his attractive neighbor. The umbrella was large — altogether too large for a girl. Black silk. It had a richly tinted ivory handle

representing a bunch of grapes and two cupids.

'My God!' muttered Mr. Pinkham, 'it's Whitehouse's umbrella. What'll I do next?'

This agonized query was not easy to answer. Certain it was that Mr. Pinkham did not cut an especially dignified figure as he swayed in the aisle grasping a big umbrella and gazing intently at the handle.

'I've been awfully interested in umbrellas,' he said, breaking the momentary silence, 'because my friend lost his and I've been trying to help him find it.'

The look of amusement faded from the face of the umbrella's attractive owner. She said coldly, 'So you suspect that my umbrella is stolen property?'

'No, oh no!'

'I'll trouble you for it. I'm willing to allow that umbrella to be admired — if anybody wants to admire an umbrella — but that does n't mean identification as stolen property.'

Saying which, the young woman laid the umbrella on the floor by the steam pipe, and turned her chair toward the window.

Mr. Pinkham realized he was up against a large, man-sized crisis. He realized also that his only hope of following the Whitehouse relic further was to change his tactics, and at once.

'I have a confession to make,' said Mr. Pinkham meekly. 'Please don't refuse to hear it.'

The girl made no reply, but she wheeled her chair around and faced the umbrella sleuth.

'Nothing to it.'

'Your uncle, you mean?'

'Yes, my friend, his uncle, the umbrella, and all the dope. Nothing to it.'

There was a slight twinkle in a most attractive pair of brown eyes, but no

change of expression. 'Is n't he perfectly killing?' was the girl's amused thought. 'Did you ever see such a fool? He's awfully bright. I never would have thought he could get down to earth so cleverly. And funny! Somehow I never saw anything so funny before!'

'You mean there was n't any truth in anything you said?'

'Absolutely no truth whatever. I just had to get acquainted with you. I was desperate. I could n't offer any little assistance, not even a magazine or paper. I could n't see a ghost of a show of rescuing you from bandits or violence — certainly not before I get to Portsmouth. Time was short. It's shorter still now. Please forgive me. I really was desperate,' stammered Mr. Pinkham with a timid, ingratiating smile. He permitted the sway of the car to lurch him a little nearer the adjoining vacant seat.

The owner of the umbrella laughed. It was not due altogether to a sudden relenting on her part. This was one of the rare instances in Mr. Pinkham's career in which the involuntary mirth which he inspired was fortunate.

During the agreeable hour which followed, Mr. Pinkham exerted himself feverishly to secure some information concerning his companion, but in vain. With unusual skill she avoided giving him any clue to her identity. She was going to Portland. That was easy. Where did she come from? Who was she? Portsmouth was fast approaching. Mr. Pinkham was getting desperate.

'I think you might tell me your name,' he pleaded.

'Natalie.'

'What else?'

'It's not of the least consequence to you. Select any nice name from the 'phone book that will go well with the first one. Schermerhorn or Munion, for example, would be excellent.'

'Don't you want to know my name? Don't you want ever to see me again?' asked Mr. Pinkham plaintively.

'I've told you my first name. What is yours?'

'Eddie.'

'Fine. That's all I need. An eddy goes round in a circle. You've cut several circles this morning.'

'I'd like to tell you my last name and give you my address. Please let's exchange, Natalie,' pleaded Mr. Pinkham, though rather hurriedly. The porter was intimating that Portsmouth was near at hand.

'Oh no, not your last name. I could n't stand it. I know so many Eddies now that I almost cut circles myself. Where I live there are more men than anything else. Cheer up, we can't exchange addresses.'

The train stopped as Mr. Pinkham was fervidly protesting his enjoyment of the morning's experience. The self-possessed Natalie smiled again. Again she could n't help it. With furtive glance at the projecting ferule of D. Pringle Whitehouse's umbrella, Mr. Pinkham turned reluctantly to depart. Evidently Miss Natalie noticed his glance.

'Remember me to your great uncle, Eddie!' she said and turned to the window.

Mr. Pinkham had not been entirely idle, however. In his pocket he had a very dainty Madeira handkerchief. On the platform he hastily examined it. In one corner were the initials 'N. G.'

IV

For some unexplained reason, Mr. Edward Withers Pinkham was in an especially cheerful mood when he sought repose that evening in a Portsmouth hotel.

'I'm near the end of the trail — trail — trail!' chanted Mr. Pinkham

sonorously, beginning low and ending high, as he hung his necktie on the chandelier and airily did an imaginary fox trot. Possibly the day's experience had had something to do with his good humor, or perhaps — and, at that, a more likely perhaps — it all arose from the letter he had written to Professor Dawson Graham, Williamstown, Mass.

DEAR PROFESSOR GRAHAM, —

I am in a peck of trouble. I promised to bring back from Bretton Woods for D. Pringle Whitehouse of Jersey City, a big black silk umbrella with ivory handle representing a bunch of grapes and two cupids. I was prevented from returning directly and persuaded Randall to bring the umbrella back. Randall put the job off on someone else — he forgets who — thought it was Cobb of Pittsburgh. Cobb denied it and suggested Hotchkiss of New Haven. Hotchkiss also said no, and suggested Penfield of Baltimore. Penfield telegraphs me you are the man.

Meantime Whitehouse is getting very troublesome, and I am much concerned — so much so that I am going to stay here in Portsmouth a few days and, while here, try to locate that umbrella. It's pretty valuable, old as the hills, heirloom, and all that. Please help me out. I do hope you have the thing or can tell me where it is so I can go at once and get it.

Yours sincerely,

E. W. PINKHAM,
Asst.-Secretary.

'It's that last sentence. It'll do the trick. I see the gates of Paradise gaily gleaming — gaily gleaming,' sang Mr. Pinkham as he dived into bed.

Nearly a week elapsed before a letter bearing the Williamstown postmark reached the hand of the troubled and somewhat overwrought Assistant-Secretary. It read: —

DEAR MR. PINKHAM, —

I regret to tell you that you have at last located the guilty party in the

Whitehouse umbrella episode. When I was at Bretton Woods I expected to go directly to New York, so I offered to take that umbrella with me. On reaching Greenfield I decided to go home for a few days and then on to New York. One thing after another has delayed the trip, and the Whitehouse umbrella stood — as I supposed — safely in the household umbrella stand. When your letter came I prepared to wrap it securely and express it to you, but it was not to be found. I have searched everywhere, and made inquiries about town, but in vain.

Mrs. Graham suggests that perhaps our daughter, Natalie, took it with her when she left home last week on a trip to Boston and Portland. She was starting without an umbrella, but it may be that after her mother's comments the Whitehouse umbrella appealed to my daughter's sense of humor and that she took the heirloom with her. I can think of no other way to account for its disappearance, and wrote at once to my daughter asking her to reply by return mail and also to write direct to you if she had the umbrella. A letter was received from her to-day but she forgets to make any reference to the umbrella, so all I can do is to send you the facts with deep regret.

You are near Portland. If you have the time and it is worth while, you might make personal inquiry. My daughter is visiting a classmate and will remain another week at least. I enclose a card with the Portland address. You may have heard from her already.

I am really most upset over this, and shall keep searching. With much regret,

Sincerely yours,
DAWSON GRAHAM.

Mr. Pinkham folded up the letter. 'Have you a time-table of trains between Portsmouth and Portland?' he inquired of the hotel clerk most politely.

There was quite another state of affairs in Portland.

Miss Natalie Graham had arrived safely, bag and baggage, and had been met and demonstratively greeted by Miss Mabel Parkhurst, and thereafter, with beautiful weather and much doing day and evening, a week was slipping by when a letter from Williamstown seemed to disturb Miss Parkhurst's attractive guest.

It was in the forenoon. The two girls were sitting on the broad verandah together. Natalie's face became grave and perplexed.

'Mabel,' she demanded, 'where is that umbrella?'

'What umbrella?'

'You know that absurd man I told you about and his clever excuses. The umbrella — the one I had. My dear, where is it?'

'I thought he took it.'

'Took it? Of course not. I must have left it in the Pullman. I have n't given the awful thing a thought since that man got off the car at Portsmouth. I was a fool to take it. It was six feet long and weighed a ton. Nobody needs an umbrella, but Mother insisted and so I took along a monstrosity, and first that man grabbed at it, and now it's lost and father writes for it.'

'The man who scraped acquaintance with you stole it,' said Miss Parkhurst tranquilly.

'He did nothing of the sort. He was a dear. He was no thief,' retorted Natalie.

'He has it.'

'Let's go to the station and see if the umbrella was turned in.'

Half an hour later began a vigorous search for the Whitehouse umbrella, with tracer papers started to the Pullman and to the porter, who, meantime, had been transferred.

And so it happened that Natalie wrote an enthusiastic letter home about

Portland, but said nothing about the Whitehouse umbrella — because there was nothing to say.

V

It was about five-thirty on a warm bright summer afternoon when Mr. Edward Withers Pinkham ascended the broad verandah-steps of a spacious old-fashioned house in Portland and inquired for Miss Graham.

Mr. Pinkham was blissfully ignorant of the hurried conference that was held upstairs when his card and Professor Graham's introduction were presented to Natalie.

'What shall I do?' she exclaimed distractedly. 'If we could only be sure of hearing from that Lost and Found tracer by to-morrow, somehow I could put him off a day.'

'Nat, you're too mild. I'll help you see this through. It will not be to-morrow. Prepare for the worst. You don't know railroads. They'll take a week at least. This man seems all right to take on, and we'll rush him off his feet. We'll kill all his umbrella longings. You vamp him and I'll crowd the social end.'

Nothing in the demure, rather subdued appearance of Natalie Graham, looking wondrously attractive that warm summer afternoon in a gown of filmiest shell-pink voile, remotely suggested a vamp. She greeted the slightly embarrassed Mr. Pinkham very cordially. There was a hint of penitence in her manner (perhaps partly genuine if the tracer could be ignored).

'It was n't necessary to give you my address, as you asked me to do, and I did n't need yours because my father supplied it several days ago. You see, it was all neatly attended to for us.'

'It was a plain case of Providence,' put in Mr. Pinkham eagerly. 'I'm

dreadfully sorry you have been so annoyed over that wretched old umbrella.' The Assistant-Secretary was now serenely tranquil over the Whitehouse relic. Had he not reached the end of the trail? And had the trail not led to a wonderful girl? Blessings on Whitehouse! Hail ivory grapes and cupids!

'Let's go out on the verandah. There's a delightful one at the side of the house.' And Natalie led the way to a vine-protected corner where several big chairs invited to conversation.

'I don't suppose,' added Miss Graham daringly, 'that you want that horrible old umbrella to caress while you talk?'

'Forget it,' said Mr. Pinkham. 'I feel now as though I never wanted to see that umbrella again. And yet,' he added, the natural Pinkham beginning to appear, 'I ought to be more than grateful. Did not those ivory cupids —'

'My friend, Mabel Parkhurst, Mr. Eddie Pinkham.'

Miss Parkhurst laughed. Miss Graham laughed. Everybody always did laugh when introduced to Mr. Pinkham. On this occasion Mr. Pinkham laughed.

'I heard you say you were grateful,' said Mabel Parkhurst. 'It's too early for that, because you are going to stay to supper, then we'll take you over to bridge at the Robinson's and a little dance at the end. No excuse.'

'I planned to spend the night at the hotel here in Portland, anyway,' admitted Mr. Pinkham, and so the Whitehouse umbrella was forgotten a second time. The first time Mr. Pinkham airily assumed it was traveling to New York on the arm of Randall, the kindly helper. It was n't. The second time, he assumed just as airily that the grapes and cupids were reposing in Natalie's room. They were not. The Lord only knew where they were reposing just at that moment.

The week which followed was not calculated to encourage meditations on umbrellas. Mr. Edward Withers Pinkham was no anchorite. He was a lively, gregarious soul, and he had progressed so far in the malady of love that he gave no thought to the empty chair on the seventeenth floor of the Engineering Building, New York, and a possibly irate employer. Natalie was so absorbing, so wonderful! Somehow her manner toward him had distinctly changed. Mr. Pinkham could not know that even the Lost and Found Bureau at the Boston Terminal had been appealed to by telephone in vain and that the approaching necessity for a tragic accounting was weighing hourly more and more heavily.

The worst of it for Natalie was that there was something awfully attractive about Eddie. Of course he was a perfect scream. One wanted to laugh every time one looked at him, but he was certainly a peach — so well-bred, so thoughtful of her, so devoted — and she just knew he cared.

VI

This was the general state of affairs in Portland, Maine, on a bright August Tuesday morning when Mr. Pinkham came down rather late to breakfast after a most delightful outing the evening before. A night letter awaited him.

HOW LONG ARE YOU GOING TO STICK
AROUND PORTLAND STOP WHITE-
HOUSE HAS THAT OLD UMBRELLA
YOU KEEP YAPPING ABOUT STOP
YOUR EXCUSE ABSURD STOP CUT
OUT LOAFING AND GET BACK ON
JOB STOP BE AT DESK WEDNESDAY
MORNING OR FIRED

J. C.

The staggering effect of this message on Mr. Edward Withers Pinkham was no greater than that produced in the

not distant Parkhurst mansion upon Natalie Graham by a letter from Bangor, Maine, that awaited her when she also appeared at the breakfast table. It read:—

DEAR MISS GRAHAM, —

Referring to our several telephone conversations concerning the whereabouts of your umbrella left in Pullman car Rangeley on July 30. I find that an umbrella closely resembling the one you describe was claimed from our Lost and Found office last week by a New York party named Randall, who was here searching for a bag of golf sticks.

The umbrella was delivered to claimant upon his statement of ownership. Evidently yours was not turned in at Bangor. Regret that this office cannot be of service.

Division-Superintendent.

Breakfast had no allurements for Natalie. She was curiously silent. 'I am going to leave on the ten-o'clock,' she announced to Mabel Parkhurst as soon as they were alone. 'I can't see Eddie again; I shall write him a note and tell him the truth. I simply cannot talk to him, Mabel, and tell him I have made such a fool of myself.'

Natalie slipped out of the room, packed hurriedly and wrote a very brief, very penitent note which she entrusted to her hostess for delivery. While the motor waited, she crossed the street to bid the Robinson girls good-bye.

Mr. Edward Withers Pinkham recovered enough from his bewilderment to put on his hat and start mechanically for the Parkhurst house.

Whitehouse had his accursed umbrella. How did he get it? It was standing in Natalie Graham's room in Portland. Were there twin black silk umbrellas half a century old with ivory handles — grapes — cupids? The

rebuked and smarting Pinkham gave it up and quickened his pace. There was Natalie now.

'Natalie!' called the Assistant-Secretary of the A.A.A.I.

No escape. Miss Graham turned on the top step and looked defiantly at her pursuer.

'I'm going to New York this noon,' he said.

'You are slow. I'm leaving for Boston now.'

'Anything wrong? Anyone sick?' he asked.

'No. I'm in trouble. I've told stories — I've made a fool of myself.'

'You have n't got anything on me,' said Mr. Pinkham bitterly. 'I've made of myself the biggest boob in all America. It was n't your umbrella at all! Besides, I've almost lost my job. Read that!' He thrust the brutal night letter into Natalie's hand.

She read it through twice — and laughed. Really Eddie was too funny! Poor lamb, he was such a picture of woe! And then more and more peals of laughter. Mr. Pinkham had always loved to hear Natalie laugh. She laughed very well. Not so this time. Now he was the cause. It was the same old reason. Everybody always laughed at him. Usually he did n't care. Now it was different. Here he was — bewildered, losing his job, and in love, and the only girl he had ever really cared for thought he was just funny!

Mr. Pinkham sat down on the top step. 'Don't laugh! Everybody else does — please don't! I can't stand it. Of course I know you don't care for me and I have n't any chance — I'll try to be brave about it — only please don't laugh, please —' he pleaded, jumping up and grasping her hand.

'Don't you think, Eddie —' there was an unusual gentleness in the girl's voice — 'that the front steps is a poor place to discuss — umbrellas!'

THE SPINNERS

BY ALICE BROWN

THE heavens are open,
Their gates are flung wide.
I can see lovers walking
Along, side by side.

On rivers of laughter
They sail time away
Like the little toy shallops
Of children at play.

I can see an old woman
Puff-puffing her pipe.
I can see boys in branches
Where apples are ripe.

And there by one gateway
Quite plainly I see
Seven maidens sit spinning
Around a green tree.

Their wheels are as shadows.
Their spindles are whirled
As dust, while they fashion
New forms for the world.

One spins a new trumpet
For new vines to blow.
One spins a new seed-pod
For new flowers to sow.

A new cowl for monkshood,
New leaves for the oak,
Seven-pointed, they're spinning.
And one spins a cloak

THE SPINNERS

For the pale evening primrose
Dew-cinctured, and far
Out-wandered in dreaming
As evening's star.

And when they 've been spinning
A time and a half,
They stay their bright spindles
And lean back to laugh.

Such laughter I 've never
Heard here upon earth.
From its majors and minors
Ten brooks came to birth.

Then, stinting their chorus,
Accordant they sing:
'Our Lord made earth lovely,
Yea, every live thing.

And we that love beauty,
On us He has laid
His touch of desire
To make as He made.

Thus, though we know soothly
Save Him, there is none
Who makes, we sit spinning
Our fancies and fun.

Thereon He sends laughter:
For straightway we find
Our silly small makings
Were dust from His mind.

So for love we cease whirling
Our spindles of gold,
And, adoring, we worship
What has been of old,

And Him that did make it.
But merrily we
Again shall sit spinning
Around our green tree.'

FERGUSON — REX

BY '90

MIDDLE AGE stood before the counter of the College Drug Store and examined with reflective eye the display of college insignia ingeniously wrought on banner, pipe, and shield. The panoply and regalia of youth, the splendid uselessness of most of the articles, the tragic solemnity of it all, filled him with longing for a time when these, and not an impaired digestion and shattered nerves, were the realities of life.

The early twilight of a winter afternoon had fallen on the quiet college town. Groups of students passed the glare of the windows, boyish laughter and youthful jest marked the close of the day during which countless parental hearts had followed these boys, in imagination, to and from the classroom and shared with them their work and play. This winter day counted among its most blessed memories the thousand and one self-denials and personal sacrifices of a thousand parents, that these loitering feet might continue to tread the streets of this little college town and that these boyish voices might continue to fill the twilight air with laughter and song.

The door opened and in a whirl of snow a young man entered. He was only a boy, but he came as a monarch might enter the home of a humble subject. As he shook the light snow from his capless head and from the collar of his leather jacket, he smiled a casual greeting to the clerk behind the counter and glanced with pleasing frankness, but without a ray of interest, at the unfamiliar middle-aged figure

at the pipe counter. With entire accustomedness he stepped behind the counter and slipped a package or two of cigarettes into his pocket. In leisurely circuit of the store, he acquired a bag of salted nuts, a box of matches, and a few other necessities of the moment. Then he lounged to a stool at the soda fountain. The clerk, anticipating that this would be his last stop, stood, awaiting the inevitable order. 'The usual' was all the description necessary, and forthwith he was supplied with an amazing combination of fruits and sirups and ices of which he disposed slowly and silently. This done, a fresh cigarette was lighted and, stopping only to view with appraising eye the feminine beauty and pulchritude in an advertisement of the picture at the local movie-house, he nodded a farewell. He turned a moment at the door to murmur, 'Charge Ferguson,' and disappeared. The clerk made some entries in a dog-eared book and turned to other duties.

Middle Age watched with a curious sense of humility the slender figure of the boy as it melted into the darkness of the street. Surely he never handled himself in that way. He felt a little as if a splendid pageant had passed; he recognized that feeling of reaction that comes when the last glittering wagon has gone by in the circus parade, or when the last soldier has hurried along trying to march in step to a distant band. He stood silent and for the moment depressed and then he knew what the feeling was and whence

it came. He recalled a coronation procession in a European capital. That was all. He knew now what had happened. Royalty had passed. The youthful king, the hope of his nation, had shown himself to his subjects, and was even now immersed in the duties of the court. Yes, the young king had passed and for a moment the dull eyes of Middle Age failed to recognize him.

As Middle Age walked with cautious step over the ice and snow, he pondered on what he had seen. What of this gallant young king, what manner of man was he, what of his court? To what advisers would he lend his ear? How would his kingdom prosper? How sure is the vision of those fearless eyes? As he tapped the frozen ground with his walking-stick he found his ears ringing with that cryptic phrase, 'Charge Ferguson.' How simple it all was! Those magic words had placed at youth's behest the entire glittering pharmacy. But who was Ferguson? The unseen elder Ferguson who acted as royal treasurer and met these drafts on the royal exchequer? Middle Age wondered if the royal moneys were being wisely expended.

These questions could be answered only by acquaintance with Ferguson, and to this task Middle Age devoted himself for many weeks. The Royal Personage was not difficult of approach. He met advances with the same disarming self-assurance with which he purchased his cigarettes. He looked into the eyes of Middle Age and alleged Experience with a disconcerting frankness. He treated the whole episode of this strange acquaintance without concern and without interest, but from beginning to end with faultless and unflinching courtesy. If he did not seem abashed by the evident interest of his new friend, he certainly did not swagger. He never posed, he never evaded, he never condescended. The

whole matter is now lost to him in the intricate and pressing life about him, and Middle Age has become, no doubt, a blurred and indistinct figure in the crowded canvas of undergraduate life.

Not so Ferguson — he stands out as clear as a cameo in the mind of his inquiring friend. It is this unforgettable figure, this graceful, ardent, intelligent, but often mistaken and hence much criticized, Heir of the Ages that I shall attempt to sketch. It is wise and right that we should be interested in him; he will soon inherit his kingdom and we shall all soon be under his sway. It is meet that we be concerned about him, and proper that we should see if the kind of example and instruction we have given him are the best we have to offer.

In the first place, Ferguson is no mean and unattractive figure from the eugenic standpoint. He is better made, better built, better put together, and carries himself better than the youth of past generations. Middle Age bungled through hours of gymnasium exercise under the watchful eye of a skilled and kindly trainer. He dressed and bathed with Ferguson. He watched him do his work, he saw him lounging in the dressing-rooms, and he cheered him in the heat of passionate striving for victory. He saw him win and, what is better, saw him lose like a gentleman. It is an experience not without its embarrassments to Middle Age to stand with a dozen Fergusons in shameless nudity and discuss a book, a play, a victory, or a defeat. You feel singularly out of place, for you are a rapidly decaying mortal and you find yourself standing with the young gods on the slopes of Olympus. No, dear friend, so anxious about the physical degeneration of the race, you need not worry. Ferguson will carry on.

So much for the body. How about the head? Ferguson prefers to call

it his 'bean.' Here we are on less sure ground. Middle Age had concerned himself with other matters so long that an accurate appraisal of Ferguson's bean is a difficult matter. This much is sure. Ferguson wants to know. He does not accept the formulæ of past generations; he accepts them only when he thinks they are proved. He has become skeptical about so many of them that he has a habit of throwing them out of court without proper consideration. This is bad for Ferguson and annoys his elders and his preceptors. He must be shown the un wisdom of doing so. He is interested in very different things than those that concerned his father. On the whole they are much better and more important things. He can hold his own in a discussion without losing his temper better than his elders, but he has a tendency to stick to the weak side of a case after he knows it is lost. He likes lost causes. He will look in the eyes of the Professor of Economics and tell him he does not agree with him; this annoys some Professors of Economics and Ferguson is called 'rebellious.' He is less rebellious than any type of man alive, for the simple reason that he feels in the bottom of his heart that the thing is not worth the trouble of rebelling against. He knows it will all come out in the wash, and the real facts emerge if he only thinks and talks about it enough. That is one reason why he is so difficult to argue with. The principal trouble with Ferguson's bean is that he allows this habit to lead him astray. He is so sure of the unimportance of a host of unimportant things that he fails to see, sometimes, the tremendous importance of some really important things. That is one of the great problems in the training of Ferguson for the throne.

There is a certain type of elder that

insists that Ferguson is 'radical.' He is. But bless your dear anxious heart, brother, he is at the same time the most conservative, tradition-bound, and stand-pat of mortals. Take a look at the little world he has built. Examine its laws and its customs. He has a code more rigid than the laws of the Medes and Persians, more inflexible than Draco at his best or worst. He believes in a Code, in an Established Order, he trusts in Authority and worships Order. He is a little uncertain about the wisdom of some of the regulations governing the outside world, but he has no doubt about the wisdom and validity of his own. When he comes to the throne he will see that the same order prevails and that authority is respected as fully, and rather more fully, possibly, than it is now. The statute book may change in detail but the underlying principles will never be altered by Ferguson.

His attitude toward his teachers and his studies baffles a dull observer, but in the main it is governed by his predominating intellectual trait. He admires manhood vastly more than scholarship. He has yet to learn the important place pure scholarship holds in the general plan of things. He is sure to learn this in time. If he finds in the scholar the man he is looking for, the scholar can lead him anywhere. But the tremendous forces that have made Ferguson what he is have left him where he refuses to see the scholar if the man is not there. It is said that he will learn nothing. No candid observer could claim that the outward and visible signs of mental accretion are overwhelming, but in private conversation Ferguson displays at times a disconcerting clearness of vision, and a wealth of real understanding about a lot of things that he regards as important. A great amount of it he gets in the classroom, but alas, the

hard-working instructor too often is left in ignorance that the seed has fallen in fertile ground. Ferguson does not care for facts as facts. He is interested in principles. The problem is to show him that the facts illustrate the principles.

Ferguson's attitude toward what is called vice is a curious thing. He is an utterly sophisticated person and will talk with entire frankness. He does not drink half what his father drank, and not a tenth of his sainted grandfather's daily potion. But when asked why he does not drink madly, wildly, as all college students are supposed to, his explanation is a little difficult to follow. He does not regard the use of liquor, its purchase, possession, or manufacture as a crime. No amount of legislation or vociferation on the part of the moralist can make him do so. But he knows that on the whole it is a bad practice, and with that curious half-blind clear-sightedness that is his salvation he promptly places its excessive use in the limbo of the things that 'are not done.' Temperance has found a place in his involved ethical code because he has found it good. Good for himself, good for others, and good for the little world in which he lives.

Of the other major vices which are supposed to be characteristic of the college man, he is singularly free. But do not think for a moment that the horrid visage of vice rouses him to a fine frenzy of righteous indignation. Ferguson is not given to frenzies, nor does he indulge much in indignation, righteous or otherwise. Vices of the grosser sorts he regards as bad form and worse manners. These have found their place, too, in the catalogue of things not done. Ferguson's father may have been a model youth, but his rectitude was the result more of the fear of consequences and a very tepid

conventional morality than a reasoned balancing of good and evil in the terms of practical daily life. These things do not seem to be to Ferguson 'moral' questions in the sense that used to be emphasized, and woe to the man, preacher or layman, who tries to inflame Ferguson's mind with the presentation of them as instruments of a personal Devil. The truth of the matter is that Ferguson is not 'good.' He does not care to be. But he has tucked away in his bean the elements of a practical philosophy of life vastly more durable, and of infinitely greater tensile strength, than the somewhat flabby 'morality' of his father's generation. He does many, many things that cause the judicious to grieve, but the judicious like to grieve and Ferguson just now is a favorite object of solicitude. When he comes to the throne many things may happen at his court that would not have happened in the early nineties, but when it becomes necessary to do so he will clean house thoroughly and effectively. He will do it with a cool head and practised hand, but without averted face, and with no display of moral indignation. His administration will be clean.

Ferguson's religion is a much more private and personal thing than his father's. For that reason it is harder to get at and more difficult to describe. It governs his life much more than he suspects and provides him with just what he needs during a very brief and bewildering period. The men who are active in religious work he regards as no better and no worse than anyone else. Their activity alone wins them no special consideration, but on the other hand it does not place them in a class alone. Ferguson's father used to call them 'gospel sharks' and they were held in more or less contempt by youths who joined their associations and dabbled in their undertakings

while they sneered at them behind their backs. Ferguson may or may not share their labors, but he no longer sneers at them and, if they 'make good,' they are elected to his clubs and receive college honors. This change is well to ponder on. It is more significant than it seems. Ferguson will never be as 'religious' as his father in the class of ninety, but he is quite as likely to inherit the Kingdom of Heaven.

Of the lesser amenities of life, Ferguson is a past master. His manners can be perfect, so perfect that the wonder is where he acquired them. As a host he is delightful, as a guest considerate and easy. For social conventionalities he cares very little, but he seems to know instinctively what to do and not to do.

In qualities of heart he is supreme. The warmth of youth tempered with shrewdness, the quick impulsive thing done with feeling and with grace. He rarely blunders and never 'slops over.' His court will be gracious.

It has been said that Ferguson lives by code. Never did mortal do so more thoroughly. Of all the monuments of civil life, none can equal in architectural intricacy Ferguson's code. It has been built piece by piece to meet the requirements of the moment. Devoted as he is to it he will scrap the whole thing to-day and replace it with another to-morrow if occasion demands. But it serves his need and, with all the somewhat grotesque detail that seems to mar its outline, it is built on solid foundations. He errs in trying to apply it to every question and in trying to make it fit every emergency, but it is a pretty safe chart, and it is very doubtful if his elders could supply him with anything better. The last test of a man is whether or not he 'makes good.' Now 'making good' with Ferguson is a complicated proceeding, but in the rough a man makes

good when he measures up to the code, accepts it, and lives by it.

What has the code done for Ferguson? What are the provisions of the code? The limitations of time and space make their enumeration impossible even if an outsider knew them. But there is evidence on every hand of what it has done. It has made the Honor System a reality. It has made possible a considerable degree of participation by the student in the details of college administration and discipline. It has created a sentiment for clean living. It has made fashionable and desirable some of the simple old-fashioned virtues — truthfulness, kindness, fellowship, and helpfulness. It has laid the heavy hand of student authority on many silly and unwise practices. It has given his little world a life well ordered, reasonably self-controlled, considerate of others, and in essentials healthy and normal. What more can a man-made code do?

And so Ferguson lives. Four years is a very short time and Ferguson has to take many short cuts; he has to cut a good deal of red tape and he must ignore much that might well be considered important if he is to do half what he wants to do, or what is expected of him, before he graduates. Unfortunately, too much of his time is given to the practical details of his life, and too little to the work of the classroom and laboratory. He does not use his time wisely, but it may be that his father does not.

It has doubtless been observed that the mind of Middle Age is a bit dull, and has not caught the fine lights and shades in Ferguson. This may be so, but it has caught the masses and the general outlines of the picture. Ferguson's critics will not like the picture and of course much has been omitted. Perhaps his virtues have been over-emphasized and his faults ignored.

For faults there are in plenty. Ferguson is callow, but he is young, and Middle Age has long since given over the criticism of youth on that score. Time will remedy that. And Ferguson is not half so young and callow as Middle Age was at twenty. Ferguson is self-centred. He has to be. How can he help it? His life makes him so.

Ferguson is noisy and excited over his sports, dull and apathetic over his work. It occurs to Middle Age that he was too. Ferguson is 'intellectually indifferent.' Possibly, but the fact remains that in ninety students joined debating clubs simply to 'join' and left the dry shells of the organizations to be carried on the backs of a few devoted souls. 'Grinds' they were called, a little higher in the social scale than the gospel sharks, but not much. Now, while debating is not a major sport, it is a recognized student activity and preëminence in it brings a sure reward. Ferguson is not as intellectually indifferent as he sometimes appears to be. Another and more serious charge is that Ferguson's code only works one way. He insists on its recognition only when it is to his advantage. There is some truth in this. Ferguson at present is compelled to attend chapel and church services. He does not like it. So he acts badly. He has adopted an attitude which he may think is dignified nonresistance. It may be nonresistance but it certainly is not dignified. He slouches into chapel, and sprawls, and yawns, and reads newspapers under the noses of distinguished gentlemen who have come to talk to him for the everlasting good of his soul. It is one of a very few instances where the code does not work, and where Ferguson refuses to play the game. After witnessing this surprising exhibition it was something of a shock to Middle Age to hear Ferguson ask grace before his Sunday dinner,

in the presence of forty of his fellow students, with a simplicity and dignity and lack of unctiousness that was in striking contrast to some of the visiting clergy of the nineties.

Yes, all the things that his critics say are more or less true. But none of them have put their finger on the real trouble. The real reason why Ferguson is a problem, both to himself and his instructors, is that with all his shrewdness Ferguson has not a glimmering idea as to the real reason why he is where he is. Ninety cannot tell 1924 why he has come to college, because he has come for entirely different things, impelled by utterly different causes than those which sent Ninety. The college should tell him: sometimes it does and sometimes it does not.

As Middle Age looked over the plant, saw the machinery working, examined the raw material, and handled the finished product of this strange and unfamiliar factory, he could not resist the conviction that with all its perfections, with all the evident care and skill exercised in the management, and with its wise choice of workmen, there was one great need. This need is recognized in the industrial world now as never before, and that need is a good 'contact man'—someone who can interpret the college to Ferguson and Ferguson to the college. He must be a rare man, but he can be found. He must make good, and if he does make good many of Ferguson's troubles will vanish, production will be speeded up, strikes will be averted, and the finished product vastly improved.

In the meantime, O elder Ferguson, a health to you! The four years will be soon over. Stand it a little longer and, in supreme confidence that the investment is a good one and extra dividends certain, respond manfully to the oft-repeated, royal command—'Charge Ferguson!'

DIVERSIONS OF A LOST SOUL

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

I

How strange for a man to go through a great part of his life with the absolute conviction that he was unalterably condemned to Hell! Yet this was the case with William Cowper, author of *The Task*. Born in 1781, of a family old and aristocratic but with no great means, Cowper began his career, after an excellent education, by failing in the law. As a youth he had some fairly gay acquaintances and experiences. But he soon settled down, unmarried, to a quiet country life, with plenty of religion, plenty of melancholy, a sprinkling of actual madness, the devotion of women — especially one woman, Mrs. Unwin — more or less assiduous authorship, and always, till he died in 1800, Hell.

Hell must be the basis of the psychological study of him. And to begin with, one asks how he arrived at the conviction of its imminence. The convergence of natural causes is easy to understand. First, religion in its intensest form hovered over him from childhood. It was not always a misery. When he was a small boy at school and was tormented by one of his elders, the sense of God as a refuge was his greatest comfort. But comfort was not the main feature. When he was a trifle older and was crossing a cemetery at night, he passed a grave digger, who threw up a skull and struck him. The incident impressed him deeply, and skulls were hitting him from somewhere all his life. For a brief period the dis-

tractions of the world helped him to forget. But in his later remoteness he had religion about him to the point of suffocation. Not that the special Calvinistic doctrines of election caused him trouble. He was a loyal member of the Church of England and his general views were not intolerably narrow. His personal damnation was quite peculiar to himself, and the rest of mankind might find mercy, if they deserved it, or sought it. But he ate, slept, thought, and lived, with religion as a background. Parsons and saints were his companions and correspondents. They tried to cheer him by emphasizing the infinite joy of Heaven; but their well-meant efforts greatly enhanced the poignancy of Hell.

The burden of this external atmosphere was splendidly seconded by the man's physical constitution. His organic health seems to have been good enough, nor does he often complain of it. With proper surroundings and occupations it might have served him well. But he inherited sensitive nerves and his habits of thought and life fostered the sensitiveness in every possible way. Hell has a superb chance in persons subject to such physical states as Cowper delineates in the following passage:—

If I do nothing, I am dejected; if I do anything, I am weary; and that weariness is best described by the word lassitude, which is of all weariness in the world the most oppressive.

When to such a natural physical predisposition, you add the eighteenth-century habit of taking laudanum at any convenient opportunity, you get a state which in the abstract would not be likely to conduce to cheerfulness.

How sensitive Cowper's nerves were, and how they tore him to pieces, is best shown by his chief attempt to succeed in practical life. The office of Clerk of the Journals of the House of Lords was offered him through the kindness of a relative. But unfortunately it was necessary to appear before the Bar of the House and be examined. To his shy and diffident temper the horror of such publicity was unbearable. He brooded over the matter till it became a nightmare of the most distressing proportions. Finally there seemed no way of escape but suicide. And for days he struggled to bring himself to this consummation, by poison, by drowning, by the knife, and by the cord. But the garter, with which he actually hanged himself, broke in time to save his life. After this the Clerkship of the Journals was abandoned.

With such a background of nerves, it does not require a psychoanalyst to anticipate any development of melancholy. Cowper himself constantly recognizes his tendency to such a condition. Even without the shadow of Hell, the mere shadow of a dark day, or of a petty annoyance was apt to make life seem not worth living. And in a constitution so delicately balanced, any unusual strain was always likely to turn the melancholy into actual derangement. This happened with Cowper. The full details of the madness are not revealed to us; but it was evidently blighting and horrible enough. The constant threat of it must be always taken into account in studying him.

Combined with this extreme sensi-

tiveness and susceptibility, there was in Cowper's case another element which tended strongly to encourage the fixity of his delusion. He was a man of remarkable confidence in his own opinions and judgment in everything. His natural bent was to vigorous and decided conclusions. He reasoned forcibly, and when he had reasoned it was difficult to change him. His dogmatic turn showed in a disposition to think himself unique, not only as to Hell, but as to other things. When a certain kindness was proposed to him, he wrote:—

I am, perhaps, the only man living who would hesitate a moment, whether, on such easy terms, he should or should not accept it. But if he finds another like me, he will make a greater discovery than even that which he has already made of the principles of this wonderful art.

It is now easier to understand how such a combination of circumstances could facilitate the belief which made a horror of all Cowper's later years. He was convinced that God had not only abandoned him, forgotten him, but had made him a special object of punishment and vengeance. For other men there might be salvation and redemption, for him none, but only the wide gaping terror of eternal and inevitable Hell. It is difficult to exaggerate the bare vividness with which Cowper conveys and expatiates upon the misery of his situation. In the midst of pleasure he is wretched, in the midst of love he is hated, in the midst of life he is dead and buried. The ghastly lyric on his own mind sums up the situation in verse better than prose could do it:—

Man disavows and Deity disowns me,
Hell might afford my miseries a shelter;
Therefore, Hell keeps her ever-hungry mouths all
Bolted against me.

If we try to trace the causes of the condemnation, as Cowper saw them,

he makes them comparatively clear to us, however inadequate. He believed that in neglecting to improve the mercies of God on a certain occasion in his early life he had sinned against the Holy Ghost. This was the unpardonable sin, and there was no forgiveness and no recovery. After this fatal rejection his doom was fixed. The final judgment was revealed to him in a dream in the year 1773 when he was forty-two years old, and ever after he referred to his fate in the phrase *actum est de te, periisti*; the verdict is passed, thou hast perished. There were indeed occasional gleams of hope. Prayer, too often denied him as a consolation, sometimes opened a door of comfort. On a sunny day in spring, perhaps, when the south wind was blowing, it might seem impossible that Hell should be so near. Then the clouds settled down and the darkness was thicker than ever.

It was the nocturnal voices that did most. In the daytime and the dear light you could seem to live. But in the lonely dark came those dreadful voices, always so symptomatic of madness, and there was no escape from the black terror of them. You were shaken with frightful dreams, and the voices murmured through them, *actum est de te, periisti*. You awoke, yes, you knew you were awake, and the voices were only louder and firmer and infinitely more terrible. Laudanum could not quiet them, though who could blame you for taking it? Love could not quiet them. Your best friends argued with you. Their intentions were good. Their arguments were excellent, no doubt, and might have applied to anyone else. But no argument made any difference to you: *you knew*. It was that same old dogmatic positiveness of temperament. The man was gentle about it, polite about it. But nothing could shake him. He was damned, peculiarly damned, uniquely damned. And so subtle, so

colossal is human egotism that you see that the pleasure of uniqueness actually alleviates even damnation.

In a life so lived, and with the presence of such a tormenting terror, it is interesting and curious to see the part played by suicide. When Cowper was eleven years old, his father — a minister, mind you — gave him a treatise advocating self-destruction, and asked his opinion on it. The boy gave it positively, no doubt, whatever it was; and the father making no comment, the son interpreted his father's silence as favoring the conclusions of the treatise. It was a choicely paternal action. How far it influenced Cowper later we cannot tell. But suicide was often in his thoughts and never very far from his actual experience. He attempted it over and over again, always realizing perfectly the absurd contradiction of his attitude, since he was only bringing himself nearer to the very end that he dreaded. Yet humanity is full of such inconsistency, and Cowper was like others, though he hated to think so. How could you paint the inconsistency more vividly than he does when walking along a precipice?

I passed sometimes within a foot of the edge of it, from which to have fallen would probably have been to be dashed in pieces. But though to have been dashed in pieces would perhaps have been best for me, I shrunk from the precipice, and am waiting to be dashed in pieces by other means.

He waited till the natural end. But nothing ever shook his conviction. When he was dying, a friend ventured to point out to him that 'a merciful Redeemer had prepared unspeakable happiness for all his children — and therefore for him.' But Cowper energetically waved aside the argument and begged his friend to desist. Up to the very last he preferred being damned to being convinced.

II

It might be supposed that, when a man's whole existence was set and framed in such a delusion as this, he could be only an object of repulsion and pity and would be much better forgotten. On the contrary, Cowper was charming to live with, full of instruction and diversion, of good counsel and varied entertainment. In spite of his nerves, there was something of cheerfulness in his natural temper, and before the fatal dream had blasted him, he could write of himself:—

As to my own personal condition, I am much happier than the day is long, and sunshine and candlelight see me perfectly contented.

All his life he could turn from Hell to all sorts of trifles, play with them, laugh at them, be busy with them. Even the same intensity which made Hell take hold of him made the trifles take hold of him, while they were present.

I never received a *little* pleasure from anything in my life; if I am delighted, it is in the extreme.

He liked jest and laughter, liked pure nonsense, and had an exquisitely gracious gift at it. Often his touch in this respect suggests that of Lamb. The difference is that with Lamb the jesting instinct was beautifully and subtly infused through all the tragic background of life. With Cowper it was merely imposed upon it.

Cowper, then, dodged Hell in every sort of a mild and sinless diversion. He was always fond of exercise in the open air. In his youth he indulged in amusements which would have appeared sinful to his age. He speaks of dancing all night and shooting half the day. In his very latest years he looks back with pleasure to swimming in the

Bay of Weymouth. Walking was at all times his resource and joy. Alone or with a companion he wandered through the woods and found that the activity of the brain was best soothed and banished by the activity of the legs.

Also, when he walked he used his ears and eyes, and external nature was the greatest consoler he could possibly find. It is true that, from the standpoint of eternity and of Hell, the sun and moon were trifles, like other things:—

Rested in, and viewed without a reference to their Author, what is the earth — what are the planets — what is the sun itself but a bauble?

But they were such delicious trifles! Rarely has the sense of ecstasy in natural objects been expressed with more passion than by this half-mad dreamer:—

Oh, I could spend whole days and moonlight nights in feeding upon a lovely prospect. My eyes drink the rivers as they flow.

Nor was it the more unusual or violent aspects of natural beauty that Cowper longed for and appreciated. He did not require mountains or glaciers, strange tropical luxuriance or arctic splendor. Just the quiet walks around Olney and Weston were enough. A sunset, the morning star, the drift of clouds in autumn, the wayward notes of birds in woodland silence, he asked no more than these. And his gift for rendering these natural impressions was admirable. It might be in the prose of the letters:—

Here is no noise *save* (as the poets always express it) that of the birds hopping on their perches and playing with their wires, while the sun glimmering through the elm opposite the window falls on my desk with all the softness of moonshine. There is not a cloud in the sky, nor a leaf that moves, so that over and above the enjoy-

ment of the purest calm, I feel a well-warranted expectation that such as the day is, it will be to its end.

Or it might be even more perfectly in verse, as in the primrose passage in *The Task*, or the summary of nature as it appears in association and recollection: —

Scenes that soothed
Or charmed me young, no longer young I find
Still soothing and of power to charm me still.

And as Cowper loved wild nature, so he loved it cultivated, loved to keep a garden and work in it, loved a greenhouse also, to plant and transplant and prune and train and finally to enjoy. How little one connects Hell with the tranquil delight which saturates the following: —

But now I sit with all the windows and the door wide open, and am regaled with the scent of every flower in a garden as full of flowers as I have known how to make it. We keep no bees, but if I lived in a hive, I should hardly hear more of their music. All the bees in the neighborhood resort to a bed of mignonette, opposite to the window, and pay me for the honey they get out of it by a hum, which, though rather monotonous, is as agreeable to my ear as the whistling of my linnets.

All the mechanical occupations implied in country life were acceptable. He liked not only gardening, but carpentering, would wield a hammer and chisel and saw and make pretty odds and ends of all sorts to please himself and to help his housemates. Busy fingers teased him out of thought as well as busy feet.

Then there were pets. All his life Cowper loved animals. When he was being carried off to a madhouse, his last normal interest was that his cat should be tenderly taken care of. His own state of hopeless reprobation seemed somehow to throw him down to the level of the animals, at least to

destroy the super-animal part of him. As he himself expresses it with singular quick pathos: —

The season has been most unfavorable to animal life; and I, who am merely animal, have suffered much by it.

Anyone who knows anything of Cowper at all, knows the charming, elaborate description of his hares, of their lives and deaths and the profound interest he took in them. His birds meant quite as much to him, and the dog Beau, the companion of his walks.

In human beings generally and in human affairs Cowper took almost as much interest as in birds and rabbits. True, he affected to regard politics and the movement of the world as quite remote from him. He was an 'extra-mundane character' and, 'though not a native of the moon,' yet 'not made of the dust of this planet.' But it would have been impossible for his dogmatic temper not to have pronounced judgment on all the doings of kings and ministers and peoples. The truth is, he himself was going to the devil, and he would have been hardly human if he had not sometimes thought the whole world was tending obscurely in the same direction. He did. Rulers were bad and people were worse, and if England was piping and dancing and rotting herself to final disaster she richly deserved it.

Cowper's interest in the more common concerns of life, as it went on immediately about him, was a much more personal matter. He entered quickly into the peculiarities of the people whom he met even in a casual fashion, and he had a remarkable faculty of setting off those peculiarities, not harshly or bitterly, but with a singular grace of comic touch. Trifle for trifle, the human trifles were the pleasantest. The classic example of this is the admirable narrative of

Gilpin. But the letters have many incidents and characters almost equally delightful, for instance the whirlwind passage of the Parliamentary candidate through Cowper's quiet household.

Nor was Cowper less sensitive to the tragedies of life than to its comic side. Misery touched him, want appealed to him, not only passively, but actively. His means were always limited. Indeed he himself was largely dependent upon the assistance of others, and it required the greatest prudence and frugality to keep expenses within proper bounds. Yet his charity was incorrigible, so much so that his friends complained of it, and thought he was perpetually duped. At any rate, he had at all times a crowd of dependents about him, who enjoyed his moderate bounty and showed probably as much gratitude as is usual.

In closer contact with his equals Cowper was not very responsive. At least the grave temper of his mind resented the ordinary frivolity of the world. In his early days he seems to have known what gayety was, balls, routs, games, diversions, chatter. But even then he was apt to shrink from such things and was essentially a shy and solitary mortal.

'Visits,' he says, 'are insatiable devourers of time, and fit only for those who, if they did not that, would do nothing.'

He complains again and again of his incurable shyness:—

I am a shy animal, and want much kindness to make me easy. Such shall I be to my dying day.

Yet with the friends whom he loved he could overcome the shyness and reserve, could abound in spirits and light merriment. Over a good dinner of fish or game, such as was so often sent him, he could no doubt play the merry and amiable host.

And especially he liked to pour out his soul to his friends in letters. He had a long list of correspondents, Newton, Unwin, Bull, later, John Johnson and Hayley, and always innumerable ladies. I cannot help suspecting that he had a lurking idea that some day the letters would be printed. At any rate, he evidently takes great interest in letter-writing as an art and makes many charming comments on it.

Puzzle not yourself about a subject when you write to either of us; everything is subject enough from those we love.

Indeed, everything was a subject for him, and everything he touched was transfigured by wisdom or grace, by pathos or gayety, always with just the little relish of waiting Hell, to give it a spice.

III

Besides the external trifles, which could divert the gaze for a moment from inevitable perdition, sunshine, flowers, birds, animals, kings, and men and women, there were internal, spiritual trifles also, trifles of art, trifles of thought, trifles of literary workmanship.

Art might seem far enough from Cowper, and so it was. Yet those busy fingers liked at times to play with the pencil and brush and to produce bits of plastic beauty on which he could at any rate rally himself. Music came nearer home. Its infinite spiritual suggestion appealed to Cowper's sensitive nerves. The constant singing of hymns, which to many of us seems a rather desperate form of amusement, was to him soothing, or more so than some other things. He seems always to have been deeply affected by sound; witness the wonderful page in the letter to Newton, which ends so characteristically:—

There is somewhere in infinite space a world that does not roll within the pre-

cincts of mercy, and as it is reasonable, and even Scriptural, to suppose that there is music in Heaven, in those dismal regions perhaps the reverse of it is found; tones so dismal, as to make woe itself more insupportable, and to acuminate even despair.

But the most curious passage, musically, in all Cowper, is the one in which he at once recognizes the subtle insinuating charm, and deprecates it with all the Puritanic passion of his nature and training:

The lawfulness of it, when used with moderation, and in its proper place, is unquestionable; but I believe that wine itself, though a man be guilty of habitual intoxication, does not more debauch and befool the natural understanding, than music, always music, music in season and out of season, weakens and destroys the spiritual discernment. If it is not used with an unfeigned reference to the worship of God, and with a design to assist the soul in the performance of it, which cannot be the case when it is the only occupation, it degenerates into a sensual delight, and becomes a most powerful advocate for the admission of other pleasures, grosser perhaps in degree, but in their kind the same.

Reading was another resource; but especially in later years reading was difficult and dangerous: it was too apt to involve or suggest or imply strange matters and lead one into worlds that were far better let alone, if one could. As for thinking, hard thinking, abstract thinking, that was impossible for a brain so torn and worn with inevitable thought. Yet he could divert himself with books delightfully. How he would have enjoyed novels, if they had not seemed to him worse than music. But he could read books of travel, and he did, wide wanderings in strange countries, bewildering adventures and fantastic daring, which made him hug his quiet fireside all the more closely. Perhaps it was good training for one who was fated to have wilder adventures in the great unknown.

Also, he liked to read the great poets, or had done so in his youth, and he had definite opinions about them, expressed with all his usual pragmatism. But in later life he had few such books and read them little for a rather astonishing reason:—

Poetry, English poetry, I never touch, being pretty much addicted to the writing of it, and knowing that much intercourse with those gentlemen betrays us unavoidably into a habit of imitation, which I hate and despise most cordially.

He had not perhaps quite grasped the fact that the best recipe for avoiding imitation, next to having never read anything whatever, is the very widest reading possible.

But, reading or no reading, he was a poet himself, and poetry was on the whole, the best of all the numerous trifles that distracted him from Hell. He did not take to it extensively till somewhat late in life, but when he took to it, he took to it wholesale, and wrote verses of all sorts. Short or long, grave or gay, instructive or diverting, all was one to him. He could make a comic epic of the story of Gilpin, or he could spend long years in translating the Iliad and Odyssey. Nonsense spattered from his pen as freely as ink, and when the sexton of the parish wanted him to make mortuary verses for his death-list, inspiration came quite as readily, but no more so.

The motives that induced him to write were as various as the subjects. If a lady suggested that he should make a poem about a sofa he would spin it into six books of Miltonic longitude. But, though the whims of ladies might be the provoking cause, the fundamental purpose, or so he insisted, was to make the world better. Poets in general were poor creatures: their only serious excuse for being was to moralize, and he moralized, sugaring the pill

with primroses and bird-song and other agreeable dainties. And all the time, underneath, the deepest motive was distraction, to get rid of Hell. Yet nonsense and mortuary verses both sometimes failed to achieve the end:—

Strange as it may seem, the most ludicrous lines I ever wrote have been written in the saddest mood, and, but for that saddest mood, perhaps had never been written.

Whatever the motive, if a man like Cowper set out to write at all, it was certain that he would do his very best. Conscience and thoroughness were characteristic of him, even in trifles. He worked steadily, persistently, and faithfully. That is to say, there were times when he could not work at all, when the mood was unfavorable, or external cares and perplexities distracted him too greatly. But he kept his set task before him and returned to it whenever he could catch an hour or a minute. Interruptions, not directly pertinent, were disregarded, and he was willing to write in surroundings which many authors would consider prohibitive.

Also, he not only worked persistently, but worked carefully. His first draught was generally turned off with ease, but he revised and criticized his own productions with peculiar zeal, and let nothing go that was not as perfect as he could make it:—

I am a severer critic upon myself than you would imagine.

Even in the last wretched years, when every hour had its torment, the close and scrupulous revision of his Homer afforded as much relief as anything:—

I give all my miserable days to the revisal of Homer, and often many hours of the night to the same hopeless employment.

Hopeless, because back of all the dainty trifles was that yawning gulf, and you could not fill it or hide it even with songs and flowers.

And if work would not fill it, assuredly it could not be filled with anything so insubstantial as glory. Cowper often expresses the conventional indifference to fame, the vulgar breath of the unthinking crowd, and all the rest of it.

You tell me I am rivaled by Mrs. Bellamy; and he, that I have a competitor for fame, not less formidable, in the Learned Pig. Alas, what is an author's popularity worth, in a world that can suffer a prostitute on one side, and a pig on the other, to eclipse his brightest glories?

Yet criticism annoys him: the critics are so dull, they seize the wrong end of things, always praise where they should blame, and overlook the point on which an author most prides himself. And when the poet speaks frankly, he admits as much desire of success as might infect a more worldly man:—

I have (what, perhaps, you little suspect me of) in my nature an infinite share of ambition.

Yet how strange it is to watch the interplay of this perfectly normal and human instinct with the terror that obsesses him:—

As to fame, and honor, and glory, that may be acquired by poetical feats of any sort, God knows, that if I could lay me down in my grave with hope at my side, or sit with hope at my side in a dungeon all the residue of my days, I would cheerfully waive them all.

IV

So the flavor of Hell runs through the whole portrayal of Cowper, necessarily. But what brings it out with the greatest vividness is to see him in his usual surroundings, the infinite peace and domesticity of a conventional English

parlor and fireside. If he had lived an earthly life of furious movement, it would not only have helped him to forget, but the transition to the plagues of Hades would have been more agreeably and imperceptibly prepared. Not he. He never moved, hated moving. He did not visit London for years, did not stir from the monotonous tranquillity of his rural environment. His timorous, fluttering spirit could achieve the semblance of serenity only within the mild radiance of the evening lamp, with the click of knitting needles about him, and the soothing, inconsequential chatter of women's tongues. The world ran on for him in an even unbroken course, as if it were to run on so forever. His poetry is largely the poetry of home life and humble, simple contentment. That is what gave it such charm for Sainte-Beuve. Perhaps if the French critic had known the atmosphere better, he would not have praised it so much.

But indeed Cowper was domestic by temperament. He felt the family affections very deeply, all of them, and this tenderness is manifest in his letters to the end. The fondness which he cherished for the memory of his mother seems to have been something intimate and peculiar, and it clung to him in his worst distresses, though it could not banish them. Probably his best-known poem is that on receiving his mother's picture; but the singular depth of his feeling finds expression also in letters:—

You may remember with pleasure, while you live, a blessing vouchsafed to you so long; and I, while I live, must regret a comfort of which I was deprived so early. I can truly say, that not a week passes (perhaps I might with equal veracity say a day), in which I do not think of her. Such was the impression her tenderness made upon me, though the opportunity she had for showing it was so short.

And this was when he was over fifty,

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and his mother had been dead forty-seven years.

In general, Cowper had a fondness for women and an attraction for them. He much preferred substantial domestic qualities to social graces. Although he had danced in his youth, he thought you could judge a woman better in her morning gown than in her evening finery:—

We are all good when we are pleased; but she is the good woman, who wants not a fiddle to sweeten her.

In his youth he not only danced, but loved: a charming cousin, Theodora Cowper, who loved him and would have married him; but his utter lack of worldly prospects and his madness forbade it. In much later years, the gay and gracious Lady Austen, who had lived in close familiarity with him and Mrs. Unwin, found it convenient to fall in love with him, and nearly caused an unseemly commotion in that tranquil house.

But the central and profound attachment of Cowper's life was that which bound him to Mary Unwin. He became acquainted with the Unwins when he was something over thirty. Both the husband and the wife attracted him, and he soon took up his abode with them, establishing and maintaining the most affectionate relations with the son, as well as with the parents. The elder Unwin was killed by a fall from his horse shortly after Cowper became intimate with him. But the poet continued to live with Mrs. Unwin and to profit by her care through all his lingering years of misery. She seems to have been a simply and gently attractive person, with no pretensions to wit or brilliancy, but shrewdly intelligent not only in practical matters, but in her comprehension of Cowper's character and literary work. Cowper's judgment on this point is clear and decisive:—

She is a critic by nature, and not by rule, and has a perception of what is good or bad in composition that I never knew deceive her; insomuch that, when two sorts of expression have pleaded equally for the preference, in my own esteem, and I have referred, as in such cases I always did, the decision of the point to her, I never knew her at a loss for a just one.

At any rate, it would be hard to over-estimate the place Mrs. Unwin filled in Cowper's life. She was but a few years older than he, and the singularity of the relation probably caused comment, in spite of recognized dignity and beauty of character in both. At one time they seriously considered marriage; but the project was interrupted by one of Cowper's periods of derangement, and it was never taken up again. We have no letters addressed to Mrs. Unwin herself, since the two were never separated. But the references in letters to others show the depth of Cowper's feeling and this is confirmed by the two poems, the well-known, exquisite sonnet, and the lovely lines asserting the permanence of affection in age.

For still to love, though pressed with ill,
In wintry age to feel no chill,
With me is to be lovely still,
My Mary!

Mrs. Unwin's death, a few years before the poet's, greatly augmented the misery of his last days, and the tender care lavished upon him by others could never take the place of hers.

As for her feeling for him, there is no word of her own to indicate it to us. But a bit of his delicate analysis shows how fine was the nature of it.

You are very kind to humor me as you do, and had need to be a little touched yourself with all my oddities, that you may know how to administer to mine. All whom I love do so, and I believe it to be impossible to love heartily those who do not. People must not do me good *their* way, but

in my *own*, and then they do me good indeed.

Is it possible to suggest more delicately all that the devotion of such a woman means to such a temperament as Cowper's? The gentle, unobtrusive watchfulness, the infinite patience with complaint and weariness and restless questioning, the cheerful disregard of particular symptoms, with the boundless sympathy for fundamental causes, the tender rallying, when rallying is best, and the ever-ready consolation when consolation, perhaps unuttered, is most needed — all these Cowper required from his faithful companion, all these he received in unstinted measure.

But the strain for her can also be understood only by those who have endured — or inflicted — something similar. Day and night she was tortured by the endeavor to supply what could not be given, to breathe hope into the hopeless, to furnish comfort where all comfort was impossible. And the climax came when she entered a room and found that her beloved had tried to hang himself; he was saved only by her cutting him down. What is humanity made of, that it can support such pangs as these, and survive?

Yet the woman — and the man — lived on. And we think of him chiefly as we see him in the well-known portrait, with the strange turban crowning the sensitive, austere, far-gazing face. Women petted him, cats purred about him, he held endless skeins of worsted, cracked his pleasant jokes, drank oceans of tea. And all the time within an inch of his unsteady foot opened that black, unfathomable gulf of Hell.

Yet is it not much the same with all of us — with you and me and the man in the street? We laugh and dance and chatter and lie through our trivial daily life, and right beside us yawns the infinite abyss, for all we know with Hell at the bottom of it.

OUR MRS. BODFISH

BY ELIZABETH DE BURGH

At present we are living in an apartment. It is in what Mrs. Bodfish calls 'one of them dooflexes.'

Mrs. Bodfish is our weekly 'help,' and Thursday is the day she comes to 'do' for us. I can assure you that she does for us very completely.

I look forward to Thursdays with mixed feelings. Mrs. Bodfish is undoubtedly an excellent scrubber and polisher, but I dread the ruthless tidying away of notebooks and papers, the hiding of our most comfortable and beloved slippers, and the curious rearrangement of the furniture. I enjoy the lady's unfailing cheeriness, I marvel at the amount of work she gets through, but I shudder at the thought of the 'mis'aps' that are bound to occur in the course of a lively day. However, one cannot expect to have it all one's own way.

I should judge Mrs. Bodfish to be still in the thirties. She is short and, below the waist, more or less small. But above — well, massive is the only word for it. What her chest measurement can be I hardly dare think. Looking at her, I am always reminded of the nursery game in which one person, having added a body to an unseen head, turns the paper down and hands it on to his neighbor to finish off the legs. When the papers are unfolded Mrs. Bodfishes frequently appear. Charles calls her the 'Buffalo.' For herself, she deplores her difficulty in the matter of stock sizes and delicately describes the condition of her upper portion as 'robust.' It is impossible

not to admire her use of the word.

With such bulk to be carried round one would expect a certain slowness of movement. Mrs. Bodfish's briskness is therefore astonishing. But even briskness can be overdone. It leads to mis'aps. To use her own expression, she is a 'fair towzer' for work. She most obligingly volunteers to perform this task or that, quite outside the official programme, and will consider no refusal. In this way she washed three soft collars and a shirt belonging to Charles, a pair of cretonne curtains, and my best silk underwear. The collars, decorated with patches of vivid blue, were ironed on the wrong side, the shirt and the curtains came out several sizes smaller than they went in, and my darling silk underwear received a scorching from which it never recovered.

I have to hide the washing from her now.

On another occasion, the weather being very cold, she begged to be allowed to make a steak-and-kidney pudding which, she declared, would be more warming than the chops I had provided. That kidney and the scrap of suet was n't no good for nothink else and the chops would keep —

She had long boasted of her beautiful puddings. I supposed we were doomed to taste one sooner or later. Weakly I gave way.

The sweeping and dusting were abandoned and the kitchenette appeared to become a floury volcano in the act of eruption. I retreated.

Finally, however, to my relief, she informed that the pudding was tied up and had been deposited in the saucepan.

'It'll be lovely for your brother w'en 'e comes 'ome,' she told me. 'There's nothink like a bit of suet crust, this weather, for 'otting you up.'

'It *will* be a surprise,' I said, trying to sound enthusiastic.

It was.

I had some shopping to do before luncheon so Charles and I arrived home together.

Mrs. Bodfish came to meet us, smiling broadly.

'Oo dear,' she said. 'I've 'ad a mis'ap with that there pudding. Ain't it a shame? It was all done lovely too. Picked it out of the saucepan with a fork and the cloth gave way on me. You should 'ave seen it a-laying there on the floor! Could n't tell w'ich was pot and w'ich was pudding, 'ardly. But I've saved a bit for the dog,' — here she laughed, the perfect optimist, — 'so it ain't all wasted!'

We had little appetite for the sardine salad that was hastily substituted. Alas, the broken bowl proved to be, not an ordinary, everyday white one, but the bottom of our fireproof hot-pot, of a peculiar shape, that fitted into its special holder. To replace it would be impossible.

And to crown all, Fury refused his helping. But I honestly think he showed his sense.

Cheerfulness is one of Mrs. Bodfish's most splendid qualities. She is cheerful even in the face of calamity. But on Thursdays, at any rate, the calamities are nearly always mine. As the result of her terrible energy, crockery smashes, clocks stop, fabrics are rent, furniture breaks, and silver bends like plasticine. And through every adversity she bobs up smiling and so turns away wrath.

When she first came to us we had a vacuum cleaner. We treated it kindly and it responded by rendering us faithful service. But Mrs. Bodfish seems to have a fatal way with electrical appliances. Irons, toasters, coffee-pots, heaters, once they fall into her energetic clutches, become pitiable wrecks. If we were wise, we would order in fuses by the bushel.

The vacuum cleaner — vampus, as she calls it, or vamp, for short — proved no exception to the rule.

'I'll sweep this 'ere carpet and then I'll run the vamp over it,' she would announce. In response to my exhortation to treat the poor thing gently she would blithely assure me that she would take the greatest care of it. And then when Charles came in I would hear, 'Would you 'ave time to fix that there vampus for me, sir? It won't work no'ow. I think the clockwork's wore out. I like them 'Oosers the best; you can't beat 'em for lasting.'

An 'Ooser, by the way, is a Hoover. You might not recognize it.

Charles was very patient, but in the end he grew desperate. So now we hide the vampus as well as the washing.

On one occasion, in the course of her dusting, she knocked over a table lamp. There was a horrible crash. But was she daunted? Not a bit of it. Bravely she smiled as she lifted the silk shade, revealing the shattered hundred-watt bulb.

'Ah,' she said, nodding her head knowingly, 'that's no good no more. The volt's gorn, see? And a nice old mess I've made for meself on me clean carpet!'

I picked up what remained of the 'volt,' retired to the bedroom, and gave way to mad laughter.

Her theories are remarkable. For instance, she firmly believes that it is

dangerous to leave an electric-light socket empty. Without the bulb the electricity escapes.

'It runs down the cord,' she says. 'You can smell it.' And that settles the matter.

One day she embarked on a lively argument with Charles, declaring that though turpentine might evaporate, gasoline would not. For her enlightenment Charles went to the trouble of procuring a sample of each and painstakingly demonstrated his point on the passage floor. She watched him smilingly, but when he had gone she turned to me.

'Ah,' she said, 'I let 'im run on, 'cos it pleases 'im and it don't 'urt me; but I know what it is, miss, all the same. 'E's bin and got 'is bottles mixed, that's what 'e's done!'

It is a marvel how she manages to mispronounce the simplest words. She has a positive genius for it. October is invariably Optober. Guests are gwests. Turpentine is terpumtime. She never wraps anything up, she wrops it. And what you do to beads is to threddele 'em. A child, of course, will gather many a curiosity of this sort and continue to use his own version until time provides correction in the shape of the written word. But the written word has little chance with Mrs. Bodfish.

'I ain't got no use for books,' she once told me; 'nor my girl 'as n't, neither. Books take up a lot of room and they 'old the dust. Not but what I don't like a love tale once in a while. But there's not much, even in them.'

To compensate for this she is a keen observer, and little escapes her eagle eye. A change in the position of the smallest ornament will be noticed, and with shame I confess that on more than one occasion I have been guilty of cravenly rearranging dustpan and brooms before her weekly arrival for

fear they should betray me and thus allow my prestige to receive a horrid jolt. But perhaps I have already lost what little I possessed? Or worse still, perhaps I never had any at all?

She enjoys her gift of observation to the full. 'Ah,' she will say, regarding our walls pityingly, 'plain wall-papers ain't being used at all this season. And them valuanes over the curtins is quite gorn out. Even Miss Sloggett was taking 'ers down. No, everythink's got to be zigzag this year, and the new ceilings are all cloudy-like. I see a lot, going round as I do.'

I agree meekly.

She continues. I am not to escape as lightly as all this.

'Your carpets 'ave wore well, ain't they? 'Ad 'em a long while, I expect. Nobody's using that sort any more. If they're Orienstal they got to be Chinese, all blues and yellors; but the very newest kind is from Mankchuria, so they tell me, w'rever that may be. And the furniture, it ain't like this any more, neither. There's a lot of Chinese being used, to match the carpets. But it's no good 'aving just one bit, like what you've got there. Better none at all than that. You might be able to get rid of it, but it's a bit shabby now — it would n't fetch much. You should see Mrs. Krohn's new 'ouse! Louis Quinterze in the droring-room, Jacobeeelian in the 'all, and the bath-rooms in Jazz. My, it's a swell 'ouse! Not that I 'olds with them up-jump profiteers. They must 'ave their early morning tea, like as if they was used to it, and they 'ires in a butler from Price's and entertains lords and what-nots; and then Mrs. Krohn she runs out into the kitching afterwards and scrapes the butter orf of the plates! She give me some once, but I told 'er flat I would n't eat it. "That's the way you catch them miprobes," I says to 'er. She did n't arf grumble!'

As she speaks she moves Charles's case of gramophone records, and, doubtless still thinking of the 'mi-probes,' bangs Hone's Day Book vigorously down upon it. There is a crackling noise.

'What's that?' she asks. It is a superfluous question.

We open the case and discover the broken fragments of a waltz. She puts the pieces in the dustpan.

'Funny 'ow sorft they seem to make them records nowadays,' she remarks. 'It's the war, I reckon. Nothink's the same as what it was.'

'It was banging down the book,' I say reproachfully.

'Do you think it was?' she asks. 'Well, p'raps you're right. I'm a fair towzer for work and I guess I'm a bit too quick sometimes. I always was. Mother did n't arf used to give me a slop on the ear for it. But all I done was to lay the book down like this, see?'

I utter a cry, but it is too late. Bang goes Hone! There is the same ominous crackle.

'There!' she exclaims triumphantly. 'It's done it again, see?'

I take up the record-album and leave the room with what I intend to be crushing dignity. The cheerful voice pursues me.

'That's right, miss. You take it away from me. I ain't to be trusted with it, and that's the truth. Funny 'ow sorft they seem to make everythink nowadays!'

In solitude I investigate the damage. I might have known it. Kreisler's 'Tambourin Chinois,' and the 'Beggar's Opera'! However shall I break the news to Charles?

A few weeks ago my peritoneum grew unexpectedly troublesome and I was obliged to go into hospital at very short notice. I departed on Thursday and Mrs. Bodfish had all the glory of an ambulance and a juvenile crowd at the front door.

'Pore thing,' I heard her say to the milkman as I was being carried down the stairs, 'I do 'ope she'll come out all right, but you never know what they'll take it into their 'eads to do w'en they've got your insides all spread out before them on the table. It seems to tempt 'em, like. There now! Just see what I've bin and gorn and done! That's talking, that is! Funny 'ow sorft —'

Another 'mis'ap'! In my weakness I groaned aloud. The attendants were sympathetic. They put it down to my peritoneum.

But then of course, they did n't know Mrs. Bodfish.

THE TEA PARTY

BY ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

You know, I never set with my back
To a room, said Mrs. Markle. Fac',
She said. I sort o' feel, she said,
There might be somethin' there — not dead
Spirits, she said, but somethin' alive —
With claws. — So there they sat, the five
Comfortable women around the kettle
Sipping their tea while the cheerful metal
Shone in the sun. — With claws, said she,
And dipped her bread in her cup of tea.
You feel it breathin' on your neck,
Sniff! Sniff! she said. — And Mrs. Beck
Said Don't, too loud! — And naked as apes,
Naked and hairy, primeval shapes
Circling a wood-fire, sit the five
Deep in a forest. Thin clouds drive
Dragging across the moon. An oak
Screams in the wind. The wet wood smoke
Blinds. And behind in the rustling dark
Night birds scream terror, baboons bark
And are suddenly silenced — and something creeps,
Creeps from the shadow — huddles — leaps —

La's sakes, Mrs. Markle, you're spillin' your tea,
Said Miss Mapes. What on earth does the woman see!

ANARCHY OR ORDER

A STUDY IN THE SOCIOLOGY OF AUTHORITY

BY LUDWIG STEIN

I

THE sociological treatment of a problem is directed primarily to those tacit assumptions which pass untested from mouth to mouth and derive their sanction from tradition, until some restless sociological inquirer discovers that the problems really only begin where others see solutions. The mathematician presupposes space, time, and number; the natural scientist, the existence of a material universe subject to strictly causal laws; the theologian, the existence of God; the jurist, the institution of property, as finished undebatable data or experiences. For the sociologist, on the other hand, all these resting places of thought are transformed into just so many question marks. For us, the phenomenon of authority is a social-psychological problem — indeed, more accurately, the central problem of group psychology.

According to Spencer, human beings of all times and climes, from the moment of forming aggregates of over a hundred persons, absolutely cannot get along without social differentiation, without hierarchical gradation, or without a system of subordination and superiority. Not merely is this an indisputable fact of comparative ethnography and of general history, but also and preëminently it is the basic phenomenon of social psychology. The psychology of the crowd, dealt with by

Sighele and Le Bon, and concerned with the suggestive effect of the leader upon his followers, of the orator upon his audience, of the founder of a religious sect upon his adherents, of the great artist and the great scholar upon their respective disciples, — this crowd-psychology has its scientific backbone in the problem of authority.

By 'authority' we mean logically the 'untested acceptance of another's judgment.' To submit to authority implies the surrender of one's own judgment in favor of another's. It means refraining from the expression of private judgment in view of the binding force of the judgment of persons, books, or institutions recognized by us as bearers of authority. The psychic basis of all need for authority is the belief in the superiority of those accepted by us as authorities, be they physical or hyperphysical persons, works, or institutions. When we conform our thoughts and corresponding actions to the command or counsel of authorities, either set up or consented to by us, these authorities become moving springs of our action. We subordinate in this case our own wills to that of another, be that God or King, religious revelation, or secular law. What the authorities have felt before us we have to feel after them; what they have thought we have to think; what, finally, they have willed,

we have also to will. Command there, obedience here. The authorities fix the rules, norms, and laws of thought, feeling, and action. Those who submit to these authorities or their bearers are but executive organs — the administrative arm, so to speak, where the authorities represent the legislative. The authorities are organs for retarding or accelerating our wills, as the case may be. They create the values of general validity. They mint the coin, while their adherents merely put it into circulation.

Whence, then, this voluntary enslavement and self-imposed guardianship of the entire human race? Since the beginning of authentic history we know of no people among whom there has not been in effect an above and a below, a cleavage between those who commanded and those who obeyed, those who ruled and those who served; in short, a social differentiation into classes. Can it be a mere accident that the aboriginal state of anarchy has everywhere yielded, with advancing civilization, to externally regulated convention and law, to a more or less complicated, usually graduated, system of subordination and superiority? Why do the *forms* of authority differ according to conditions of climate and soil, exactly as do languages and religious beliefs, while the *principle* of authority appears over all the earth to be just as necessary and irresistible as it is necessary and irresistible for all languages to contain within themselves a common logic? •

If the craving of human nature for authority or support were only an historical category, that is, conditioned by space and time, consequently something relative — a fortuitous result that might also have appeared as something else — then that 'general consent' which has among all peoples and in all times and climes produced authority would remain a sociological riddle. Ex-

amples of such authority are the subjection of children to parents (*patria potestas*), of pupils to teachers, of citizens to the State, of the faithful to their church, of the laymen to specialists, of common soldiers to officers, of city dwellers to the officials, of political parties to their leaders. Without a subordination of the individual to a collectivity, the societal equilibrium among personalities as sensitive and responsive as we civilized men are, would in the long run be impossible to maintain. At any rate, in the economy of the history of mankind the principle of authority plays the rôle of social regulator. In this sense I have characterized authority and anarchy as the two extremes of human association. (*Sinn des Daseins*, p. 240.) I have defined these concepts as follows: authority is the unifying, integrating, species-conserving principle, while anarchy is the dissolving, disintegrating, species-injuring one. On the one side, altruism; on the other, egoism; on the one side, the general interest of the race; on the other, the special interest of the individual.

II

The fundamental conflict of human history is the perennial opposition between the individual and the race, between personality and community. Personality resists the engulfing and leveling effects of authority, the more stubbornly and confidently as time goes on. The theme of modern history since the Renaissance, the age of Humanism and the Reformation, is the struggle for personality, for autonomy against heteronomy, for individuality against authority.

Over against the political slogan of Stahl, 'Authority, not majority,' there stands sharply and irreconcilably that of Fichte, — 'Be a personality,' — the 'Individual' of Stirner, and the 'Super-

man' of Nietzsche. In the first position, the interests of the race are asserted just as one-sidedly at the expense of the individual, as in the other the interests of the individual are placed in the foreground quite divorced from those of the race. The antitheses: authority and anarchy, communism and individualism, race interests and individual interests, are always formulated by the dogmatic adherents of the respective philosophies as an exclusive alternative: *either authority or anarchy*. No third possibility is presented. But a sociological treatment of the problem of authority will no more admit of the bias on the right than on the left. Where doctrinaire antagonists see only an absolute 'either . . . or,' the sociological observer discerns a possible 'both . . . and.' The problem of authority involves, then, a reconciliation of opposites. Lacking all authority the human family could no more be educated and guided than it could by means of an authority that smothered and leveled down all personality. Bolshevism as a philosophy was wrecked upon the problem of authority. The place of Tzar Nicholas was taken by Lenin. At extremes the human race can never permanently come to rest, for every societal principle, carried to its logical limit, upsets the equilibrium and finally succumbs to its own anemic one-sidedness. Thus the communistic historian, Hippolyte Castille, once wrote: 'The principle of authority is a perpetual safeguard of human society.' Robespierre was a remarkable man not on account of his gifts and virtues, but because of his sense of authority. In fact, even predatory states, like those of the Filibusters, find themselves forced to set up and obey authorities. This psychic urge to social organization, which breaks forth with elemental force even where personality is in inner revolt against whatever species of authority,

proves unmistakably that the problem of authority, exactly like the problem of faith, its twin sister, concerns not historical but psychological categories. That the Bolsheviki had to substitute for the dictatorship from above one from below, is a classical example for the sociology of authority.

In his posthumous *Dialogues concerning Natural Religion*, Hume has shown that the religious urge of the human race represents the same kind of psychological necessity as was later asserted by Kant for the metaphysical need in human nature. Now I wish to set alongside of the religious and metaphysical needs a third fundamental attribute of original human nature with its race experiences, namely, the need for authority. Schleiermacher, Goethe, and Feuerbach have reduced religious impulse to an affective necessity; Kant has referred the metaphysical impulse to a necessity of thought. Similarly I propose to demonstrate the need of authority in original human nature as a necessity of purpose, as an economy of the will, as an expression of the law of least effort. The temporal and local elements in religion, we know, are only the creed; what is universal in all religions, that which represents their eternal aspect, is the irresistible urge of human nature to create gods for itself, to overthrow old ones only to replace them with new ones. An exact parallel is presented in the evolution of the numberless languages, dialects, and idioms in their relation to the one dominating logic. The laws of logic, which are common to all men and even to animals, rest upon just such a psychic urge as does the structure of the religious idea.

Only the *forms* of authority are historically necessary, but the *principle* of authority is psychologically necessary. The species-preserving instinct of the human race demands imperatively

that authority as such be established. But what kinds of authority are to be set up or acknowledged, is conditioned by time and place. It depends on soil and climate, fauna and flora, topography and, finally, on historical factors. The *forms* of authority, as historical categories, are varied, exactly as are the forms of divine worship or the grammatical forms and phonetic symbols of the various languages. But the same irresistible impulse of human nature, which by psychological necessity has led to the formation of language and of religion as such, was also at work to produce from inner necessity the principle of authority as the social regulator.

III

In my book, *Sinn des Daseins* (pp. 240–271), I attempted a psycho-genetic derivation of the principle of authority, by demonstrating that fear, imitation, and insight are the three ascending forms in which the principle of authority reveals itself in history. Here I am concerned with laying bare a still deeper layer of the principle of authority by ignoring for the moment the manner in which the principle manifests itself in history, and asking: How is the problem of authority to be grasped sociologically? Why do men surrender their original freedom and unrestraint in speech and thought, in feeling and action, by subjecting themselves voluntarily in speaking, to the rules of grammar; in thinking, to the laws of logic; and in acting, either to the legal or to the moral code? The progressive restraint of the individual on the part of the collective whole, to which the individual adheres either of his own accord or under compulsion by the State, is a striking characteristic of every highly developed system of civilization. A sociological explanation is demanded for this voluntary fettering

of the modern man, who has conquered for himself political and religious liberty, freedom of press and speech, by violent revolutionary convulsions after centuries of struggle, and who none the less submits without struggle in his speech, thought, feeling, and action to the innumerable dictates of grammar and logic, of use and wont, of convention and law, of etiquette and fashion, lest he be considered an outcast. If with advancing civilization men generally have left the state of anarchy in the wilderness or in the desert, only to impose upon themselves a multitude of controls in a governmentally ordered state, deep-lying motives must have been effective to account for such a surrender of original freedom for a manifold restraint of the individual within a closed system of civilization. The historical category of authority, — which has hitherto supported itself upon common sense and justified its sociological existence on the ground that all known civilized peoples have instituted and honored some sort of authority, — this must in the last instance be reduced to a psychological category, to an irresistible psychic urge, evidenced in the fact that the need for authority represents an inalienable characteristic of original human nature. We have to do, accordingly, with the psychological and, beyond that, with the biological and sociological foundation of the principle of authority.

An item in the heritage of the individual from the race is the social regulator of the authority principle, which I wish to interpret as an economy of the will. As Ernst Mach has derived all science and logic on the basis of the economy of thought, so I should like to justify the principle of authority as a function in the economy of the will, and thereby to raise this principle to the rank of a psychological category in the same sense in which Hume has accom-

plished this for the religious problem. Nietzsche once said, anticipating the pragmatism of James: "'true' means adapted to the existence of man.' The belief in authorities is in this sense, like every belief, an expression of the confidence with which we approach the bearer of the authority — a man, a tradition, an institution, a dogma, or a commandment. All belief in authority is inseparably bound up with the nature of belief or acceptance of the opinions or traditions of others. In the absence of confidence in those truths which the preceding generation transmits to that which succeeds it, in the form of firm convictions and irrefragable doctrines, each generation would have to start anew. But that would violate the law of parsimony in nature by a useless expenditure of energy. Where a tradition of our ancestors has been tested, or where the counsels or direct commands issued in authoritative quarters in the common interest have been found helpful, they have a claim to credibility and confidence. What has proved useful a hundred times in the past, admits the conclusion that the future will in that respect resemble the past, and thus it is understandable that Herbert Spencer, for example, saw in ancestor worship the origin of all religious feelings. Ancestor worship, veneration of the dead, of the departed souls of one's own ancestors, and hero worship, are psychologically most intimately related. The departed souls leave us their oral commands or written testaments and contribute to mould the will of their descendants by the force of their authority. The deceased ancestors or heroes are not only the first representatives, in point of time, of the principle of authority, but also the most effective sources of authority in the present. Whoever holds sacred the memory of his fathers or of national heroes, determines his own actions pref-

erably in accordance with the ideals to which they aspired. Authorities in this form are veritable stereotypes of the will. Ancestor worship is probably the most rigid form of authority, for the intent of the dead is a judgment from which there is no appeal. The deceased cannot be controverted. Thus are evolved, particularly in feudal stocks with great family tradition, veritable chains of social heritage which, as motives of authority, act so effectively as frequently to crush the individual personalities by the excess of familial authority.

That which the continuity of family tradition and the veneration of ancestors mean for the individual, the three Testaments mean as manifestations of the supreme authority — God — for the three monotheistic religions; that, also, constitutions and legislation mean for political organizations. *All these centres of authority represent, so to speak, summaries of social-will motives.* Every authority is an apparatus of inhibiting or inciting the will — a formula for abbreviated confidence. The individual is absolutely unable to carry out every one of his actions quite independently, merely out of his own voluntary decision. It is, indeed, agreeable to his love of ease — a parallel to the law of inertia in nature — instead of deliberating for himself every time and accepting, along with the choice, the pain inevitably connected with it, to act as his authorities advise or command him to act, irrespective of whether these be parental or religious, political or social authorities.

IV

What Mach says of prejudice is valid also of authority, if we pass from intellect to will, from thinking to acting: it is a reflex movement in the realm of the will. Authorities are centres of

power and summaries of will, stereotypes of action, which serve as convenient sources of judgment to those individuals who submit to the authorities in question and thus infinitely facilitate their own choosing and testing. Not every individual, placed in the exigencies of life, has in himself the capacity to choose correctly between two possibilities for his weal or woe. Without authorities, not only to think in advance for them but especially to will and to act for them in advance, human beings would, like Buridan's ass, starve spiritually between two bundles of hay. As it is, however, man in his average daily routine refers his acts of will to the particular centres of power or motivations respected by him as authorities. He goes to church as his religious affiliation demands, to the polls, as the State or his Party requires of him, to his occupational duties according to the dictates of his professional moral code; he walks and stands, drives and rides, salutes and smiles, as use and wont, convention and etiquette, fashion and good form dictate. By far the largest part of all of man's indifferent actions — the Stoics called these 'adiaphora' — take place in accordance with the requirements of the numberless centres of authority, whether it be the written law of the State or the unwritten law of social ethics and morality. And it is well thus. For these convenient stereotypes of the will relieve our will power and liberate it for truly important moral tasks, which only the individual can achieve. Authorities as reflex movements in the realm of human action save us, in perhaps ninety per cent of cases, the superfluous effort of an independent quest for motive sources and of a choice between competing motives. As in our prejudices we follow the pioneer thinking and feeling of others, so in accepting authority we follow their willing. What

prejudice means in a logical sense, whether for good or ill, that also authority means in the ethical field, for good or ill, namely, a kind of antecedent will. As in prejudice one abdicates his thinking in deference to another who has prejudged for us, so in authority one abdicates his will in deference to others who have already willed in advance and thereby have shown us the way. The utility in this psychological category of authority is the enormous relief it offers to our daily acts of will. As a scientific formula saves me the effort of going through the entire process of thought which has been reduced to this formula, exactly so it is with the various centres of authority that serve as motive sources for our action — that is, they relieve our *wills*. What the sciences are for thinking, authorities are for action.

The *forms* of authority vary and disappear, but the *principle* of authority as psychological category endures.

Having revealed the authority principle in its useful capacity as biological function, we now have to discuss the historic bearers of this principle. The authoritarian function is biologically necessary; the bearers of this function, however, are historically determined, *i.e.*, conditioned by climate and topography, myth, and tradition.

What the principle of self-preservation means for the individual, that also the principle of authority means for the preservation of the race. Though the individual may behave according to whim and caprice, inclination and temperament, impulse and mood, in the practical conduct of life, not so with the race. The societal principle of self-preservation imperiously demands the setting up of rules and canons, norms and laws, which exclude individual preference. The collective whole issues public commands to which the individual has unresistingly to submit, failing

which he is subject either to physical punishment or to moral ostracism. Such commanders or lawmakers, who force under their sway the individuals who voluntarily or under compulsion come under their imperatives, are known as authorities. Wherever the dominating will of preëminent personalities, such as founders of religions, lawgivers, despots, prophets, apostles, geniuses, heretics, or leaders of sects, sets up general rules of behavior which are faithfully accepted and followed, there, as we have shown, stereotypes of will are formed, which affect the particular individuals through use and habituation, in the course of centuries, with almost automatic certainty. The normal, *i.e.*, the submissive, individual acts, as a rule, in conformity to the dictates of his family tradition, his environment, his church or State authorities. By means of the principle of authority, which represents a perpetual biological safeguard for the preservation of the human species, a certain uniformity, indeed, a beneficial identity among the activities of human groups is effected, which forms a natural counterpoise against the anarchic will of the individual.

Those functions of order which elevate man above the beast may all be classed as autonomy of the human racial intelligence. Sense images which enter our sphere of perception in thousandfold variations are received by us civilized men from the outside world exactly as by animals, savages, idiots, and children. But we alone are capable, by means of our logical categories, to introduce into this apparent confusion of impressions that conclusive order which is found in astrophysics and in the descriptive natural sciences.

Against this stressing of the principle of authority it might be objected that, in our age of autonomy of the human personality, it is the part of boldness to

break a lance for the alleged antiquated and scrapped principle of authority. My answer is, that although the forms of authority change and are transmuted with time, as we believe we have demonstrated, the biological selective principle of authority as social regulator of the preservation of the human species is immutable. The *historic bearers* of authority come and go, but the sociological category of authority abides immovable in the flux of time.

V

The historic bearers of authority are either personalities and their traditions, or public institutions. Ancestor- and hero-worship stand at the threshold, not only of all religion, but also of all authority. For that reason, the parental power (*patria potestas*) is the original bearer of all authority. God himself is mythologically personified as father of the human race (God, the Father), and eminent monarchs are glorified as fathers of their countries, thereby assuming the highest rank as bearers of authority. The elders and church fathers have always been privileged sources of authority. The historic bearers of authority are: (1) the parental; (2) the divine; (3) the sacerdotal; (4) the royal; (5) the governmental-military; (6) the legal; (7) the scholastic; (8) the scientific.

Authority is the quiescent, persistent, assured character of the general will, in contrast to the fluctuating, fleeting, and arbitrary character of the individual will. Authority is, in all its bearers, the representative of the collective will of mankind, which supports itself for the most part upon the race experience of past generations, as over against the unconsidered impulse of the individual. The eternal tragedy of man is his restless oscillation between self-preservation, which pushes him to the forceful

assertion of his self-interest, and the preservation of the species which urges him to surrender his own will in deference to the collective will.

The later historic sources of authority are found in the Decalogue; the ten tablet legislation of Solon; the twelve tablets of Sulla; the three testaments of the monotheistic religions; the Roman law, empire, and papacy; councils and synods; laws and constitutions; parliaments and governments. The concrete authority of the father, which survives as a last vestige in 'God, the Father,' 'Holy Father,' 'Father of the Country,' 'Little Father Tzar,' is everywhere being attenuated into impersonal institutions and legislations. The personal source of authority embodied in the 'royal will' gives way in the ascending historical rhythm to the impersonal 'public weal.' The principle of authority, too, is democratized. Since the great French Revolution, heteronomy is replaced, the more completely as time goes on, by autonomy.

The bearers of authority are no longer imposed from above, but are elected from below, and that means self-determination in contrast to alien control. Laws as impersonal sources of authority are to-day no longer forced upon us by a foreign will, whether of ancestors or heroes, of gods or despots, of councils or synods whose composition has not been determined by the sovereign will of the people; but they are enacted by legislative bodies which in constitutionally governed states represent in the last instance the popular will. All enfranchised citizens are co-enactors of those laws, to which they submit so much more willingly as these laws represent not alien commands but self-given commands. For this reason, in the pre-war time, the constitutionally governed states were better disciplined than the clay-footed giant, Russia, where a shadow authority had

to support itself upon fear and imitation rather than upon insight, as the modern, autonomous principle of authority demands. No state has ever been so decayed and internally undermined as the Russian. Even the ruined Germany remained a firm state organization. And Russia collapsed like a house of cards because it was not a constitutional state.

With the spread of the knowledge of nature, the mythological form of authority everywhere yields to the logical. So too with the rise of commerce and industry, the mystical representatives of authority retire to make room for consciously instituted bearers of authority. The cult of Lenin in Russia is a regression toward that political mysticism which is hereditarily characteristic of the Russian nature.

Natural and moral laws are valid absolutely, but the social imperatives of authority only relatively, for they are conditioned as to time and place. They establish not rigid laws but only tendencies or volitional inclinations of human nature. Mathematical or logical ('eternal') truths are necessary postulates of thought; authorities, however, are only postulates of the will, establishing a disposition. Their validity depends upon the complete realization of their object. If the bearers of authority have failed to conceive or to realize those ideals in whose service they stand, and as the living incarnation of which they have been instituted, their commands have no indisputably compulsive character. Postulates of purpose can be annulled at any moment when they no longer adequately fulfill their functions. Our present-day bearers of authority are subject to public control for the reason that, as functionaries of the collective whole, they have to give evidence in their public conduct that the centre of confidence and power shall continuously remain justifi-

fied. Formerly, the authority had only to command; the individual, only to obey. To-day, however, the bearers of authority are of our own establishing. As the historic fact that men have destroyed images and idols only to fashion ever new gods compels us to infer that the concept of a god represents a spiritual necessity of human nature in its cultural evolution, precisely in the same way the fact that old authorities are overthrown only to permit new ones to be erected in their stead, irresistibly enforces the conclusion that authority represents a social-psychological necessity.

For America, the national heroes — Washington, Franklin, Lincoln — are

the bearers of the national idea of authority. Their names are celebrated by the nation, as in the Middle Ages those of saints, and in the feudal-militaristic period those of heroes. This respect for his authorities protects the American citizen from loss of restraint and direction. America furnishes in her form of democracy the pattern of an authority constituted by the free choice of her citizens. Bossuet is confirmed.

Where everyone may do as he likes, no one may do as he likes; where no one is master, everyone is master; where everyone is master, everyone is slave.

The way out of this slavery toward an authority sociologically established, is pointed by the doctrines of social optimism here developed.

OMAR'S GRAVE

BY A. CECIL EDWARDS

WE drew up before a dilapidated mud hovel. The door, a low hole in the wall, served both for entrance and for light. An unhappy familiarity with the ways of Persia enabled us to recognize this cheerless cavern as a teahouse.

The proprietor, a gentleman whom Mr. Wells would call one of the dark-whites, — tall, lean, regular-featured, with head swathed in a brown turban in the fashion of Khorasan, — greets us with, —

'Command me' — which is the Persian way of saying 'Welcome,' or 'Be seated,' or 'After you, please,' or 'Dinner is served,' or 'Speak: I listen.'

I put a tousled head out of the carriage window. Through a wide-open gateway, next door to our teahouse, I

catch the tangy smell of horse dung, and hear the hum of a million flies. It is the courtyard of the Posthouse, where lodge the lean horses of the Administration-of-Loading-and-Transport-of-the-Government. With meagre tails swishing, the horses stand in fours around a sort of hammock, from which they munch their barley.

I ask: 'What have you?'

THE PROPRIETOR OF THE TEAHOUSE: 'Everything. A hen, bread, tea, eggs — (hesitates) — *mast* (sour milk).'

I order tea, boiled eggs, and *mast*.

When these are brought, I say to the proprietor: 'How many *farsakhs* to Nishapur?'

THE PROPRIETOR: 'I make a petition; three; light ones.'

I (mechanically, having asked the same question ten times already since the morning): 'Is the road good?'

He stretches out his hand, palm upward, to indicate the utter smoothness and flatness of the road; and with a slow, falling inflection, to indicate perfection, he utters the word: 'Smoo-ooth.'

I: 'We have heard that at Nishapur a poet is buried —'

THE PROPRIETOR: 'It is true: Khayyam — but his grave is not in Nishapur. Half a farsakh from the city gate, there is a garden — a good garden of roses, fruit trees, and grape vines. In the middle of the garden, there is an Imamzadeh,¹ where are buried the ashes of the Honorable Mohammed Mahrouk, the brother of the Honorable Imam Reza, the Refuge of Strangers (on whom be peace). The Honorable Mohammed was burned in this place by Jenghiz the Mogul (a thousand curses be upon him).² In a small porch adjoining the Imamzadeh is the tomb of Khayyam. It is of white plaster — straight, without tile-work or any writing. Who would believe that a great poet is buried there?'

'It is related,' continued the Proprietor, 'that in his youth Khayyam had a friend called Nizam ul Mulk. Like Khayyam, he was poor; but being also wise and ambitious, he became at last the Sultan's Vizier. Then he sought out Khayyam and, when he had found him, begged him to make a request, even up to half his riches. But Khayyam answered: "In the plain

¹ Mausoleum of a relative of one of the twelve Imams.

² The proprietor of the teahouse was a little weak in his chronology. Mohammed Mahrouk, the brother of the Eighth Imam, whose tomb in Meshed is the holiest shrine of all Persia, died four hundred years before Jenghiz Khan was born.

of Nishapur, where I was born, there are one hundred and fifty pieces of villages. And there is one small village there, half a farsakh from the Meshed gate, which produces the best grapes in all Persia. Let me be overseer of this village." And there he died and was buried.

'It is related that Khayyam was fond of wine, and that when he had drunk he spoke in *rubais*. One day, as he was seated on a rug on his verandah, with forty jars of wine standing in a row before him, there came a wind which blew down the forty jars and broke them. Whereupon Khayyam, looking over his left shoulder whence the wind came, recited this rubai: —

'The wind, which broke my forty *kuzehs*, filled
With last year's vintage, in His wrath He willed;
Who is the greater sinner, he who drank
The rare, musk-scented wine — or He Who
Spilled?'

That night we spread our ground-sheets and sleeping-bags in the garden, by Omar's tomb. Shall I forget the stately dome of the mausoleum of Mohammed, looming up from among those ghostly trees? Or Orion, hanging low over Nishapur? Or Sirius, burning in the East? While hidden away, in the annex of the mausoleum, that plain white slab of common plaster glimmered to the dawn's left hand.

We were informed by an attendant that an Englishman had visited the tomb last year and had promised to give money for a decoration of tile-work and an inscription. But nothing has been done. Perhaps that nameless Englishman has thought better of it. I trust he has. I like to think of Omar chuckling under his slab of plaster at all that pomp of pointed arch and soaring turquoise dome — the mausoleum of the roasted saint.

THE SOLDIER VOTE

BY WILLARD COOPER

I

THE World War created among five million young Americans a bond that few would care to sever. It gave them at once a common tradition and a training in disciplined coöperation.

When the war ended, common need gave them another common cause. The majority were in immediate want of physical or economic assistance — 'rehabilitation' is the trade-name used by veterans themselves. Means of organization were not lacking. The Veterans of Foreign Wars had been in existence for a generation. All who had been overseas were entitled to membership. The American Legion was organized within six months after the Armistice. The Disabled American Veterans of the World War and the Military Order of the World War were created to represent special classes of veterans — the disabled and the commissioned personnel. There are other societies less prominent. All avow principles of patriotism and mutual helpfulness.

Two years of battle 'hue and cry' converted the leaders of these new organizations into crusaders, anxious to tilt their lances against any and all foes — even windmills. Agitation against the 'Red Menace to Americanism' was then at its height. Alarmed patriots sought to create a bulwark between established institutions and revolutionary radicalism. The disabled were in a bad way, lacking anything like a just system for their compensa-

tion. Thousands of their comrades were eager to fight their battles.

Some of the leaders who swam to the top of this ferment had downright genius for organization. Young lawyers, having to make a second start in their profession, became noticeably active in the ranks of both new and old veteran organizations. They were needed as spokesmen for their less articulate buddies. The consideration that work among their late comrades would find them many immediate and prospective clients certainly was no deterrent to their activities. Other young professional men found similar opportunities for service and for practice. As each worked for the benefit of his chosen organization, he built up not only the organization but a personal following. This following, in a majority of cases, he still retains, and in many instances he has vastly augmented it.

To remain a leader of men, the leader needs popular issues. Among veterans issues were never lacking. Civil service preferment, rehabilitation, employment campaigns, welfare work in a score of phases — all were ready-made for the leaders, or, if these failed, Bolshevism remained.

All through this yeasty period the demand for a bonus to all honorably discharged veterans had been growing. At first the Legion and other organizations held aloof. But post commanders, representing in late 1920 nearly ten thousand units in the Legion alone,

reported that their memberships favored a bonus drive. The veterans began to base their pro-bonus reasoning on the matter of time lost in service, not on the service itself. So the bonus drive crystallized in the Adjusted Compensation Bill which was finally passed by Congress in May over the President's veto. Seldom has any legislation been fought so hard. Twice vetoed, it carried the House of Representatives five times and the Senate three times. For whole months of the last four years it has been a conspicuous news-story of the national press. Politicians call it Soldier Legislation and say it was enacted out of deference toward, or fear of, the 'soldier vote.'

Yet the bonus was not the consummation of veteran legislation; it was only a seeming and temporary climax. Neither was it the beginning of that kind of legislation urged by the soldier vote; in fact it followed nearly two hundred other bills passed at the instigation of veterans. The other bills were less spectacular; to the man in the street they may appear far more constructive. But the soldier vote will see that Congress in the future passes thousands of bills yet to be conceived.

II

This is no arbitrary prophecy. It is based on historical precedent. Bonuses and other prerequisites have been granted to American veterans ever since the French and Indian Wars of colonial days. They have been granted after every war which has engaged the entire nation. Civil Service preferment, pensions to the veterans and their immediate families, even political preferment in all elective and appointive offices, have become almost the traditional right of American veterans.

Tammany Hall originated as an organization of the veterans of the

American Revolution. So did the Order of the Cincinnati. Only one President who was not a war veteran — Cleveland — was elected in the thirty-five years following the Civil War. By the time of Taft, Civil War veterans had become too old to withstand the rigors of political life. Up to that time, however, the history of legislation in the United States had been marked at frequent intervals with laws that illustrated the power of the Grand Army. In practically every Northern State, men out of the Union armies were given Civil Service preferment. When Civil Service was instituted by the national Government, provision was made to advance veterans over employees who had not worn the uniform. Immediately after the Civil War land grants were given to almost any veteran who wanted land. This form of bonus only followed the precedents of the Colonial wars, the Revolution, the War of 1812, the War with Mexico, and the several Indian wars. Through the activity of the Grand Army, the nation created eleven soldiers' homes, in which any ex-service man was entitled to board and room if he were unable to support himself. The Grand Army may early have relinquished any political aspirations it held as an order, but veterans were never laggard in waving the bloody shirt to embarrass candidates who could not point to a war record. The epithet 'copperhead' was applied too freely to please men who had been of military age during the war but had not seen military service.

Only fifteen years after the Civil War had ended, a small pension had been granted to practically all Civil War veterans. The sum was increased gradually until it became a small competence for all who had worn the blue. This year it took a presidential veto to prevent enactment of a bill that

would have augmented the pensions of all war veterans except those of the World War by an aggregate of almost \$500,000,000. Yet, to bring into being a Bursum bill, only 100,000 Civil War veterans of the Union armies remain alive. Their political significance must therefore be out of all proportion to their numbers.

Veterans of the Spanish-American War, although numbering only about 250,000 all told, acquired almost immediately after that war a liberal pension law for disabilities such as malaria and rheumatism, besides the customary pensions of the time for wounds. The diseases from which Spanish War veterans suffered are generally attributable to the miasmatic camp-sites and battle-grounds of the war, with their concomitants of chronic malaria and rheumatism. It is difficult to trace these diseases directly to war origin. The veterans' pension system, therefore, has been liberalized from time to time ever since the war and was to become practically a blanket system with the Bursum bill.

Spanish War veterans have been especially enthusiastic in pressing claims for Civil Service preferment and have secured advantageous preferment bills in almost every State. The privileges they hold are not regional by States, as are the Civil Service privileges of Grand Army veterans. Spanish War veterans have benefited in other ways. Electoral and appointive political preferment came quickly. Theodore Roosevelt himself was nominated for Vice-President in 1900 partly on account of his splendid war record. These veterans have never been so active in National politics, however, as have those of the Grand Army, owing partly to the fact that their one all-inclusive organization, the United Spanish War Veterans, did not reach a strength commensurate

with its name until comparatively recent years. Another reason for their seeming lack of interest in national affairs was their method of enlistment; almost all of them served in the National Guard — over 200,000 of the 250,000. The National Guard's organization naturally exercises more power in the State than in the Nation.

III

So it was that the American Legion, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, and the Disabled American Veterans advocated a law 'to adjust the compensation' of men who fought in the World War. The Legion itself has about 700,000 active members; supporting veteran societies and their auxiliaries for women, all told, probably have not more than 500,000 members. Yet here is a political entity, already recognized by Congress, whose influence is far stronger than the numbers signify.

Although the Legion professes sincere opposition to any political activity that may be personal in its application, it was beyond question the foremost factor in convincing Congress that the bonus bill should be passed over the veto of President Coolidge. In the popular press, the Legion had approximately an even share of support. Among newspapers of 'class circulation,' the Legion was 'supported only by the Boston *Transcript*. In opposition to the bonus were financiers, the dispensers of economic and social patronage, and the influential classes generally.

If the Legion is opposed to personal politics, it may be asked, How did the Legion and the other veterans' organizations persuade Congress to vote contrary to the President's wishes? The answer lies in the fact that the Legion, while it may present an issue to the country, must leave the methods

of pursuit largely to its individual membership. The soldier vote is not positive, but negative. It is a vote *for* nobody; it is a vote *against* anybody who opposes soldier legislation. The veterans' organizations as a rule are composed of men who hold their military service dear. They are energetic patriots. But they are not above a certain political vindictiveness. Having been trained during nearly two years of war to hate well, they carry their training to the polls. As a result they may find themselves facing the alternatives of voting for a man of opposite political faith or of not voting at all. The inevitable consequence is to assist in the election of a man, not because of his superior character or principles, but because of something, perhaps trivial to the rest of the electorate, which his opponent has done. It should be said in behalf of the veterans, that they will permit no pussy-footing or slurring over of any of their favorite issues; they demand outspokenness. They seem to believe that silence means opposition to their wishes.

Whatever the reader may think of the bonus, it is a fact that the average World War veteran approved. He wanted it. While the Veterans of Foreign War, the Legion, or any other organization would not have sponsored the candidacy of any man merely because he favored the bonus, they would have voted for no man who opposed the bonus. The result would have been the same. They would have seen to it that their friends and relatives who favored the bonus voted against candidates who opposed the bonus. Their ardor furnished ready-made machinery to get their vote to the polls.

Opposition to the bonus from within the Legion undoubtedly was stronger than opposition among ex-service men who did not belong. Inside were

thousands who had joined because through the organization they found the most efficacious weapon in the fight for the disabled. Outside were millions who wanted the bonus, would lend voting strength to get it, even if they were not enough interested to pay dues. Within the Legion, perhaps sixty posts, with a total membership of perhaps 6000, opposed the bonus, and nearly every one of the 11,000 posts had at least a handful of members who were opposed to the measure. The Legion's membership decreased from 850,000 in 1920 — before the bonus became a national issue — to about 725,000 at the close of 1923. This decrease, however, must not be considered too significant, because the Grand Army, during the same relative period of its existence, lost all but about 25,000 of its 400,000 original members. Moreover, the only veterans' organization which made bonus opposition an issue, the Ex-Service Men's Anti-Bonus League, never claimed more than 30,000 paid-up members. It was obvious to leaders within the Legion that the organization would lose more members by opposing the bonus than it would lose by supporting it. This opinion was strengthened by the election results of 1922.

Thirty-five candidates sought election or reelection to the United States Senate that year. Seventeen were reelected. Thirteen of the seventeen had voted to pass the bonus bill over the veto of President Harding. Four who had voted to sustain the veto were defeated by pro-bonus candidates of the opposition party. Six who had voted for the bill over the veto were defeated only by men as pro-bonus as themselves. Fourteen of the eighteen new Senators and thirteen of the reelected old Senators were avowedly in favor of the bill.

The result in Indiana, proverbially

typical in its reaction to political trends, reveals clearly the negative character of the soldier vote. Senator New, opposed to the bonus, was defeated in the Republican primary by Albert J. Beveridge. Beveridge in turn was defeated in the election by Samuel Ralston. Beveridge had been noncommittal about the bonus; Ralston had proclaimed himself in favor of it. In New Jersey, Senator Frelinghuysen, a close friend of President Harding and an opponent of the bonus, was beaten by Edward I. Edwards, who favored the bill at the time although he has since recanted. In New York, Royal S. Copeland easily defeated Senator Calder. In both New Jersey and New York newspaper opposition to the bonus had been bitter.

In the make-up of the lower House of Congress, the same influence had been at work. As yet the country does not seem to realize that nearly eighty Representatives are themselves veterans, — fifty of them veterans of the World War, — that the veteran representation grows in every Congress, and that, regardless of party, these ex-soldiers and sailors pull together on issues affecting their former comrades.

IV

The bonus is an old story now, but not for years will Congress forget it. The American Genro — or Old Guard — has never taken kindly to the political aspirations of outsiders, and to have outsiders elevated above themselves by the power of a group of up-start youngsters was appalling. In the political upheaval of 1922, a swing toward progressivism eliminated New, Calder, and Frelinghuysen, but Henry Cabot Lodge survived. He was a strong supporter of the bonus. Conservatism was shocked. The prophecy became general that the bonus was

but the opening wedge in the campaign for soldier legislation. Pensions and what-not were coming. Where would be the end?

There may be no end. Even as Tammany Hall to-day carries on largely as it carried on in the days of Aaron Burr, the soldier vote will be enabled to carry on until the last World War veteran is dead and the auxiliary societies which have sprung up around him have perished. Some of the soldier issues of four years ago are still alive. New ones are in process of being born. The disabled will be subjects of legislation for many years. To-day, the U. S. Veterans Bureau — itself the result of soldier legislation — offers a measure of care or compensation for illness only to the man who can trace his disability to war origin. The veterans as a rule want Government treatment for any disability, regardless of origin. Eventually they will make the demand.

Friends of the Civil Service and many of those protected by its rulings are already disturbed because the veterans want preferential treatment in Civil Service appointments. Many States have granted such preferment, and the Federal Government has granted it to a slight extent. More consideration for veterans will be asked and will be fought in Congress if necessary.

There are to-day 5000 orphans and half-orphans of World War veterans in the United States. The veterans' organizations want pensions for these children. The Legion, anticipating the problems of the orphans with much the same foresight that enabled it to anticipate the problems of the disabled, already has instituted a series of 'billets' for orphans of World War veterans; but, unassisted, the Legion cannot maintain these and its other welfare activities. Other organizations doing child-welfare work are likely to

oppose the Legion on this point, when, as it inevitably must do, the Legion goes to Congress for help.

Eventually pensions will be demanded. National conventions of the American Legion have declared against any form of horizontal pension; but it is safe to prophesy that efforts will be made in Legion conventions of the future to withdraw from a position that is contrary to the precedents of preceding veteran societies. The leaders who fathered the bonus may believe that the endowment insurance premiums that were given as the bonus, coming due as they will in twenty years, will forestall pension agitation; but what of the rank and file twenty years hence? No organization can remain seated on a political safety-valve indefinitely and live. If the majority of veterans want pensions — whether the nation believes that they need pensions or not — the chances are that there will be organized pursuit of pensions.

It takes an issue like the bonus, or pensions, or Civil Service preferment, to arouse a fighting spirit among those who lead and guide the soldier vote. But while these issues are more or less under cover, the universal draft of men, money, and materials in the event of another war will furnish something to keep the crowd together. So will mothers' pensions, immigration restriction, Japanese exclusion, anti-radicalism — any of a dozen causes. And they will suffice.

The leaders will see that they suffice. The leaders want careers. Some want only political careers within the veteran organizations. These generally are unselfish, visionary men of ample means. Others want political careers outside the veteran ranks. They seek election and appointment to State and Federal offices. They can count upon finding ardent campaign workers

in their posts and among men the veterans' organizations have served. In America any activity that brings citizens together can be used to produce votes, directly or indirectly. Our rising young statesmen can be depended upon to exploit soldier friendships and veteran groups, just as their predecessors did, even though the organizations, as such, may eschew political objects.

V

There are fifty Congressmen who served in the World War. Most of them owe their election or appointment to their war records, and their affiliations with other veterans since the war. Some of them — young men like Hamilton Fish of Garrison, New York — ran on their war records as much as on any issues. Others, like Royal Johnson of South Dakota, were in Congress before the war. Five World War veterans have been elevated to the Senate. One of them — David Reed of Pennsylvania — voted to sustain the bonus veto. But he favors most of the remaining soldier legislation. Approximately twenty more Congressmen are veterans of other wars.

These seventy-odd men form a bloc. They are bound together by the ardent comradeship of war. Like soldier and sailor voters at the polls, they are ex-service men first on many issues, Republicans or Democrats next. They recognize no party lines in soldier legislation. In the House they have caused the creation of a Committee on Veteran Legislation. They caucus informally but effectively on proposals for veteran legislation and, because of the narrow Republican majority, they have held the balance of power in many parliamentary contests.

Soldier legislation after all is a small

part of all the legislation that goes through the Congressional mill. But the veterans were almost unanimous in favoring immigration exclusion, — a favorite policy of the Legion, — and were practically unanimous in the compromise Johnson Immigration bill which became law. The veterans were a unit in urging the enactment of the bill creating the Veterans Bureau from an accumulation of small welfare-bureaus within three Federal departments and placing it outside the influence of any cabinet officer. They unanimously supported a series of eighty-one bills this year to remedy apparent defects of the Veterans Bureau. They lent every possible assistance to the Senate investigation of the Veterans Bureau in 1923. They are practically unanimous in favor of the universal draft. There was some defection within their ranks when the Congressional minority attempted to amend the bonus bill this year to provide cash payments, but none of the veterans took the amendment to the floor, as did Senator Copeland, who is not a veteran.

On the outside, but of real assistance to those inside, have been the legislative lobbies maintained by the veteran societies. John Thomas Taylor, the Legion's principal representative at Washington, won recognition for his handling of the bonus campaign; yet he has handled other veteran drives on Congress with even more ready success. He knows how to capitalize the balance of power held by the veter-

ans who are Congressmen. Taylor learned politics as secretary to Boies Penrose.

In time the demands of the veterans upon Congress will become more and more emphatic and the veterans' organizations will be larger and more influential. If the Legion follows the cycle of the Grand Army of the Republic, it should grow from the present 700,000 members to 2,000,000. Having acquired a political following by serving their late comrades, those veterans who lean toward politics will never lack influence. The highest offices in the land await them.

When the bonus fight was at its height, the American Legion caused approximately a million letters and telegrams to descend upon Congress in a period of about two weeks, asking that the bill be passed. Imagine the effect of the correspondence that would come from an organization of two millions!

And imagine the effect of the political wrath of such an organization! Today, the veteran wrath is feared. Say what you will, that is why the bonus was passed over the President's veto. The veteran vote is negative, not positive. Because the veto was unsuccessful and the bonus passed, the soldier vote may never be directed against President Coolidge. Victors hold few grudges. But if the bonus had failed there is no doubt that the soldier vote would leave its mark on the November results, as assuredly it will do in many Novembers to come.

PROFITEERING UNDER A COMMUNIST RÉGIME

BY WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

I

PRESIDENT MASARYK of Czechoslovakia once characterized Bolshevism as a political and military success, but an economic failure. This seems a premature judgment to pass on a social system that has not yet run its historical course; and a Russian Communist might retort that Masaryk's Czechish legionaries, together with the other forces which took part in the intervention, must bear a considerable share of responsibility for Russia's present shattered economic condition.

However, Masaryk's remark contained a kernel of suggestive truth. Acting Premier Kamenev declared at the last Soviet Congress that the Soviet Government now has no political problems, only economic ones, and this observation really sums up the present situation in Russia.

Politically the Soviet Government now appears stable almost to the point of stagnation. There are no 'politics,' in the ordinary sense of the word, in Russia to-day. There are no opposition political parties; no hard-fought election campaigns; no anti-Government newspapers. Behind the transparent façade of the Soviet Constitution, the dictatorship of the Communist Party, an organization which now numbers approximately 600,000 members, functions with clockwork regularity.

This dictatorship passed through two severe tests last winter and emerged from both apparently unshaken. There was first the internal Party contro-

versy, in which Trotzky assumed a position in opposition to that of the majority of the members of the Political Bureau of the Central Committee, the highest executive authority in the Party. This controversy ended without any open break; Trotzky withdrew from public activity for a time and has now returned, apparently ready to co-operate with the Central Committee on the same terms as before. The second test was the death of Lenin. Here again the strength of the Party organization made itself felt. The machinery of government continued to function without a sign of creaking. Public order remained undisturbed.

The unbroken political calm in Russia can be ascribed in part to such positive factors as the closely knit, well-disciplined organization of the Communist Party and to its dictatorial control of all such sources of power as the army and the police, the legislative bodies and the courts, the schools and the newspapers. It is also due to certain negative factors. The many Russians who are opposed to Communist rule are helpless in their lack of any common programme or organization. The old social classes about which the anti-Bolshevist movements of Kolchak, Denikin and Wrangel centred, the Tsarist landlords and military and civil officials, have been smashed by the Civil War and the social upheaval in village and city. New self-conscious classes with political

and economic interests in opposition to the policies of the Soviet Government have not had time to develop, although the new economic policy has created a basis for such classes both in the country districts and in the towns. However, for the time being, the Soviet Government has easy sailing, so far as the matter of preserving its political domination is concerned.

Economically, on the other hand, the situation is quite different. It is no accident that most of the space in the Russian daily newspapers is given over to discussion of economic problems. Under any conditions the material reconstruction of Russia, after years of steady deterioration, would present colossal difficulties. But the usual difficulties are complicated and enhanced by the fact that the Soviet Government is attempting to apply, in a peasant country with a shattered industrial system, Marxian economic theories which are based on the assumption of a high degree of mechanization both in industry and in agriculture.

II

Broadly speaking, the Soviet Government is now faced with two main reconstruction problems. There is first the problem which confronts every government, especially every dictatorship, the problem of securing tolerable living conditions for the masses. Then there is the second problem, peculiar to Russia, of directing the country's revival along State Socialist lines.

Judged by almost any statistical test Russia has experienced a notable material revival during the last three years. Industrial production has risen in volume from ten or fifteen per cent of the pre-war figure, the low level which it touched during the worst years of civil war and blockade, to approximately thirty-six per cent at

the present time. Among the more important industries oil and textiles have led in this recovery. Russia's export trade, which disappeared entirely during the years of blockade, rose in value from approximately \$40,000,000 for the year ending October 1, 1922, to \$100,000,000 for the following year. This year the export programme of the Commissariat for Foreign Trade anticipates a volume of exports to the value of more than \$200,000,000. The deficit in the State budget has steadily diminished, and in February the Government was able to stabilize the currency, although this measure still demands the greatest vigilance and economy in order to ward off the danger of a new inflation.

The daily life of the population has also improved, as compared with the conditions of three or four years ago. People are gradually getting more food and more clothing. The cities are no longer half starved. The famine conditions which prevailed in the Volga Valley in the winter of 1921-1922 and, to a much smaller extent, in the southern Ukraine in the winter of 1922-1923, have been overcome. The fearful cholera and typhus epidemics of the period of civil war and famine have ceased.

One should not exaggerate the tempo of Russia's recovery. The economic situation still presents many unfavorable aspects. As a result of several factors, loss of livestock through war and famine, high taxes and disproportionately high prices for city products, the material condition of the great majority of the peasants is still very bad. The heavy industries, such as mining and metallurgy, lag behind the general pace of industrial recovery; and it seems doubtful whether they can be restored to anything like pre-war productivity without the expenditure of hundreds of millions of dollars for

reconstruction purposes. The impoverished Russian State treasury is, of course, altogether unable to furnish such sums, and no large-scale agreements have been made with foreign capital. During the last eighteen months there has been a perceptible, steady growth of unemployment, due to several causes: the reduction in the number of workers employed in various Government institutions, the demobilization of the former huge Red Army, the influx of peasants from the poverty-stricken villages into the cities. This influx has proceeded faster than the reviving industries were able to take on new workers, and has contributed considerably to the growth of unemployment. The total number of unemployed is now estimated in round numbers at about a million.

Still the favorable symptoms in Russia's material development generally outweigh the negative factors. Starting from an almost incredibly low level, the country has been going through a slow and painful, but steady, process of recovery, uninterrupted by any such catastrophic setback as Germany experienced in connection with the Occupation of the Ruhr.

The problem of advancing Russia's material reconstruction, difficult as it is, has probably given the Soviet Government much less concern than the problem of guiding this reconstruction along State Socialist lines. The struggle between State Socialism and private Capitalism, a struggle that is constantly assuming new forms, is perhaps the most vital and absorbing manifestation in Russian economic life at the present time.

Blockade, intervention, and civil war pushed the Soviet Government into adopting a programme of thoroughgoing Communism, which involved the nationalization of all industry, the forbidding of all private trade, and the

industrial conscription of all citizens. Much of this was doubtless inevitable during the Civil War: for it was essential, from the standpoint of the Government, to get food for the cities and the army; and it was impossible, in view of the acute shortage of fuel and raw materials and the concentration of most of the factories upon military production, to turn out enough manufactured goods to give the peasants in exchange for their food. However, this complete Communism proved utterly impracticable as a system of production in time of peace; and in the spring of 1921 the Soviet Government, under the pressure of peasant revolts against the requisitions, desperate food conditions in the cities, and the general economic breakdown of the country, went over to the so-called New Economic Policy, or 'Nep.'

The most important feature of the Nep was the substitution of a fixed tax for the previous requisitioning of the peasants' grain, and the legalization of private trade within Russia. This was accompanied by a number of less significant changes, such as the restoration of a monetary system, the granting of a larger measure of autonomy to the coöperatives and the reorganization of the State industries along lines which imposed greater responsibilities and authorized a larger degree of initiative on the part of their managers.

The Soviet Government realized that the reintroduction of private trade would pave the way for the rise of a newly enriched bourgeois class and eliminate the material equality which had prevailed, on paper at least, during the period when the city population was rationed as to food and clothing and the peasant was allowed to keep only as much grain as he needed for his own use. With a view to preventing the private capitalism which was inevitably bound up with the New

Economic Policy from assuming a commanding position and thereby bringing about a complete economic counter-revolution which would certainly entail political consequences, the Soviet Government marked out a number of economic key-positions which should, under no circumstances, be surrendered into private hands. These key-positions, or economic bases of Soviet power, have been described several times: by Trotzky, for instance, at the Communist Party Congress in April, 1923, and, more recently, by Rakovsky in his opening speech at the London Conference. It is well to bear them in mind, for it is by the maintenance or surrender of these key-positions that an outside observer can best judge the success or failure of the State Socialist reconstruction programme.

III

The first of these key-positions is State control and operation of transport and essential industries. This is designed to prevent the successful merchant or speculator from investing his capital in industry and getting a grip on the processes of Russia's basic production. The second key-position is State monopoly of foreign trade. This institution, from the standpoint of the Government, has several advantages. By insuring a favorable trade balance it helps the Finance Commissariat in its difficult struggle to stabilize the currency. By creating a centralized apparatus for carrying on commercial relations with other countries it enables the State to direct Russia's exports and imports along the lines which are believed to be most advantageous for the country's development. Finally the State monopoly acts as a barrier between the Russian private merchant and the foreign firms with which he might otherwise open up

connections. This deprives the new capitalist class in Russia of another possible source of added wealth and economic power.

A third key-position is the Soviet Land Law. This law is based upon the principle that use is the only legitimate title to property in land. The village land allotments are based upon the number of workers in each peasant family; and, while the leasing of land for productive purposes is permitted over limited periods, no one is legally permitted to acquire anything in the nature of permanent title in land which he does not propose to till himself. This law is designed to prevent the rise of a class of wealthy peasants upon the ruins of the old landlord system. It should also operate as an effective obstacle to the buying up of land from impoverished peasants by the newly enriched classes in the cities.

Besides holding these most important economic key-positions the Government controls Russia's banking system and maintains State and co-operative stores in competition with those which have been opened by private individuals. One might think that under such conditions private capitalism had little opportunity to develop, especially as the Government does not hesitate to banish or imprison, with scant legal formalities, any merchant or speculator whose activities it considers obnoxious. But there are other factors in the case that modify the effects of the Soviet Government's theoretical programme and help to explain the rapid development of certain forms of speculative capitalism.

A régime of State Socialism, in order to function effectively, must have a trained and reliable economic Civil Service staff, consisting of engineers, production managers, accountants, technical and financial experts, and others. The Communists scarcely had

any material out of which such a Civil Service could be built. A party of workmen and radical intellectuals, they experienced the greatest difficulty in finding men who were even passably qualified to occupy the more important technical administrative posts after the November Revolution. To be sure the Revolution brought out a good deal of latent untested practical ability in some of the Communist leaders. Such men as Trotsky, Rykov, Dzerzhinsky, the head of the Supreme Economic Council, Pyatakov, one of his chief lieutenants, and Sokolnikov, the Commissar for Finance, have made good records.

But a few able and devoted men at the top cannot make a complex economic system work efficiently. And, in picking out candidates for such posts as heads of State trusts, managers of factories, and sales-directors of syndicates, the Soviet Government is again and again compelled to make a difficult choice between appointing an inexperienced Communist, who is likely to wreck the enterprise through technical blunders, and a specialist of the old régime, who is just as likely to wreck it by working out some elaborate scheme for selling out the State property to private speculators at much reduced prices, receiving a share of the proceeds and making up the loss by charging higher prices to ordinary customers. Of course all the State enterprises are not so badly mismanaged. But in general corruption and inefficiency constitute a heavy burden for the Russian State industries.

Moreover, Russia's experiment in State Socialism was carried out under conditions of extreme national impoverishment and disorganization. Especially during the first period of the New Economic Policy, the scarcity of goods was so great that any clever speculator could make a small fortune

by cornering the available supply of sugar or leather or textiles in a city or region. The spoils of trade, under these circumstances, almost invariably flowed to the shrewd, energetic private trader.

Given these two factors, the absence of a competent and experienced personnel for the work of State economic administration, and the conditions of scarcity which acted as a stimulus to speculation, it is not surprising that private capital developed and accumulated in Russia after the introduction of the Nep at a much faster tempo than the various legal and economic restraints and barriers erected by the Communist Government would seem to permit. The Nep has already contributed to the emergence of two definite, comparatively prosperous classes from the grim, hungry equality of the period of military communism. These classes are the Nepmen in the cities and the kulaks, or rich peasants, in the villages.

IV

The Nepman is a familiar figure in Moscow, Petrograd, and other large Russian centres. He goes to the opera in a fur-lined coat in the winter and spends his summer vacation in a villa outside Moscow or in a Caucasian or Crimean health resort. His money is easily made and easily lost, so he is prone to spend it recklessly while he has it.

The Nepmen may be divided into several species, according to social and economic origin. Some of them are former merchants who have reopened their old businesses. A large element is made up of hardened speculators who contrived to escape the severest persecutions of the period of military communism by their uncanny facility for bribing and swindling. These are the men who are quick to spy out the weak

spots in the State economic organization, to tempt corruptible officials in the State trusts and coöperatives with proposals to dispose of their goods at abnormally low prices in return for a bribe. The army of Nepmen also includes an underworld and a semi-criminal fringe of successful bootleggers, drug-venders, professional gamblers, and so forth.

How much the Nepmen have made is a subject of heated debate in Communist economic circles. Mr. Preobrazhensky, a well-known economist and one of the members of the Russian delegation to the London Conference, estimated the gains of the Nepmen in trade during the last year at \$300,000,000. During the same period the State industries generally showed losses, amounting, as is generally estimated, to a little less than \$100,000,000; and these losses had to be made good by means of subsidies from the hard-pressed State treasury. Preobrazhensky's figures about the gains of the Nepmen are disputed, and no very accurate statistics on the subject seem to be available. However, it is known that five sixths of the retail trade of the country is in the hands of private individuals, and private capital is more and more penetrating the fields of wholesale and wholesale-retail trade. In any campaign to carry out a plan of coördinated price reduction the Nep trader is a factor with which the Government must reckon seriously.

Of course the Nepmen have no hold on transport, basic industries or natural resources; and they are completely excluded from any share in political power. But within a comparatively short time they have gained a commanding position in the field of trade, and their real economic power is somewhat greater than would appear on the surface.

Side by side with the Nepman in the

city the last three years have witnessed a steady increase of wealth and economic power on the part of the village kulak. The kulak, or 'fist,' was a familiar figure in the pre-revolutionary Russian peasant village. He was the village usurer, the man who had got many of his poorer neighbors in his debt. The term also came to be applied, somewhat less justly, to those peasants who had the skill or good fortune to accumulate more land and property than their neighbors.

During the Civil War the kulaks, who generally ranged themselves on the anti-Bolshevist side, fared rather badly. Their horses, cattle, and grain were ruthlessly requisitioned; their land allotments were cut down to correspond with those of the poorer peasants. But the introduction of the Nep paved the way for the return of the kulak to something of his old predominant position in the village community. War, requisitions, and famine played havoc with the peasants' supply of live stock. According to figures prepared by Mr. Yakovlev, who has been carrying out an extensive investigation of the peasant problem on behalf of the Central Committee of the Communist Party, 52.7 per cent of the Ukrainian peasants have no horses. Ukraina, to be sure, suffered especially from civil war and banditism; but figures for other regions also show a large proportion of horseless peasants. The percentages for three other districts in different parts of Russia are 37.7, 34.1 and 42.2. Now, the peasant who has no horse is economically very much at the mercy of his richer neighbor. The poorer peasant is legally entitled to his equal share in the village land allotment, but he cannot harvest his crop unless he can get the use of one of the kulak's spare horses. He must pay heavily for this, and by the time the demands of the tax-gatherer

are satisfied the poorer peasant usually has barely enough grain left to meet the food needs of his family and to exchange for the most necessary articles of household use. So his economic bondage continues from year to year, whereas the kulak, fattening on the rental of his working animals, pays his taxes promptly, thereby securing a reduction in the amount, holds back his grain when prices are low in the fall and gets the advantage of the higher prices in winter and spring. The rapid accentuation of class differences in the villages since the introduction of the Nep is commented on both by Yakovlev and by other students of the agrarian problem.

The leaders of the Communist Party are by no means blind to the growth of the Nep and to the dangers which this growth implies for their political and economic hegemony. They see in the Nepmen and in the kulaks the embryo formations of classes which, if they continue to develop and accumulate wealth, will come to constitute a political as well as an economic menace to the existing régime. To a certain extent, of course, they recognize their helplessness in the face of circumstances. The memory of the desperate conditions which produced the Kronstadt mutiny and the peasant revolts of 1921 is too fresh to permit any responsible Communist even to think of the possibility of doing away with the New Economic Policy; but it is possible, within limits, to take political steps against certain phases of the Nep, and some of the recent actions of the Soviet Government seem to have been designed with this in view. So, during the last winter a large number of Nepmen, estimated at several thousand, were summarily told to leave Moscow. Some were sent in exile to remote parts of the country; others were allowed to go where they chose,

so long as they left the capital. Last March the well-known Communist bank president, Krasnoschekhov, was brought to trial on charges of abusing his position to serve his private interests and received a sentence of six years in prison. Krasnoschekhov was not convicted of any flagrant corruption; and his case was clearly designed as a warning to Communist industrial administrators who might be tempted by their surroundings into living too luxuriously, thereby bringing on the Party the reproach of harboring 'careerists' and bureaucrats. Lately a 'cheestka,' or cleansing has been going on among the Communists employed in such institutions as the State Bank, the Foreign Trade Commissariat, the Supreme Economic Council, and the Centrosoyuz or Central Coöperative Organization. This is avowedly designed to weed out Communists who have succumbed to the temptations of the Nep and are living in 'bourgeois' style. The admission of two hundred thousand manual workers directly from the factories represents another attempt on the part of the Communist leaders to give the Party a more definite working-class revolutionary orientation, as a counter-balance to the relaxed morale that has made itself felt since the introduction of the Nep.

V

It is a tragic and fascinating spectacle, this effort of a small band of fanatical Marxian revolutionaries to apply their theories in a primitive, half-Asiatic country like Russia, which differs in almost every conceivable way from Marx's vision of a thoroughly industrialized society. One constantly returns to the futile but absorbing question: How will it all end? The consequences of the social upheaval in Russia are so complex and far-reaching,

the present phase in the post-revolutionary development is so confused and apparently transitional in some of its manifestations, that one shrinks from anything in the nature of premature dogmatic prophecy. One may, perhaps, venture to sketch two alternative lines along which the Communist dictatorship may develop. The Soviet Government may preserve its present State Socialist organization of industry and finance, maintaining the monopoly of foreign trade and contenting itself with the very modest sums of foreign capital which may flow into the country under these conditions. Some Communists are convinced that the salvation of Russia lies in this direction. The country will be built up, they argue, slowly and painfully but steadily; the economic and administrative measures of the State will keep the Nepmen in a subordinate position; with the passing of time a new generation will grow up under the influence of revolutionary ideals and capable of adjusting itself to the demands of the Socialist State.

The chief obstacle to the reconstruction of Russia along these lines would seem to be the sacrifices which it will demand from the masses of the Russian people in the way of a much lowered standard of living over a very long period. Material hardship breeds political discontent; and the Soviet Government, despite its absolutist political system, may some day find itself confronted with a new kind of opposition — not the dead and buried opposition of the Whites and the Interventionists, but a demand on the part of the Russian masses for better living conditions.

There is also the possibility which has been mentioned by several Americans who have recently been in Russia, notably by Colonel Haskell, the former head of the A. R. A. relief work in Russia, and Mr. Irving T. Bush, former

President of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York. This is the possibility that State Socialism, like the military Communism which preceded it, is only a passing economic phase in the history of the Russian Revolution; that the restoration of full-fledged capitalism, symbolized by the recognition of the Tsarist debts and the turning over of many of the State industries to private operation, is a likely development of the near future. This point of view, however, would seem to underestimate the fanatical loyalty of the Soviet leaders to their ultimate Communist ideal. Among the Communist political leaders, such as Trotsky, Kamenev, Zinoviev, and Stalin, there is no division on the issue of yielding to foreign capital. All are committed to holding the bases of economic power to the bitter end.

There is really no historical precedent to enable one to calculate the future prospects of the Russian Communists. By making the compromises with the peasant and the small trader which were implicit in the Nep they have prolonged the term of their existence far beyond that of their historical spiritual ancestors, the French Jacobins. A hostile commentator once spoke of the Nep as 'the economic Ninth Thermidor' of the Bolshevik Revolution; and to some extent the present phase of the Revolution, with its lack of a strong, unquestioned leader, its mixture of old and new social and economic forms, its half-realized and unrealized ideals, suggests the French Revolutionary aftermath under the rule of the Directory. But no Napoleon has appeared on the Russian horizon, and, if there were such a figure, he would think twice before risking his life in an attempt to substitute personal rule for the Argus-eyed dictatorship of the Communist Party Central Committee.

POLITICAL PROGRESS IN THE NETHERLANDS INDIES

BY RALSTON HAYDEN

I

ONE of the most important and least understood factors in the complex politics of the Eastern Pacific is the Dutch island-empire called Insulinde. Writing many years ago Paul Leroy-Beaulieu, the far-seeing French economist and political scientist, urged his people 'to dwell attentively upon the rôle of Holland in Asia and on the creation and development of her colonies in that region.' An intimation of the interest of the American government in present developments in the Netherlands Indies may be found in the fact that the chief representative of the United States in the Orient, the Governor-General of the Philippines, recently made the long journey from Manila to Batavia to acquire first-hand information as to the situation there, at a time when political developments within his own jurisdiction might have rendered his absence extremely unfortunate.

America has, indeed, much reason to 'dwell attentively upon the rôle of Holland in Asia.' As the sovereign of more than 11,000,000 Malayan people, for whose future we are in some degree responsible, as a nation with an increasing concern in the general politics of the Orient, and as a people whose industrial future depends in part upon an adequate foreign supply of mineral oil, we cannot safely remain indifferent to events in Insulinde. For under the Dutch flag live more Malays than exist in all the rest of the

world; the Dutch islands because of position, richness, and the military weakness of their sovereign occupy a peculiar place in the Oriental political system; and Dutch Malaysia contains oil reserves to participate in which the United States has already fought, and apparently lost, one stubborn diplomatic battle.

Recent activities of Japan in Java indicate clearly the interest of that Empire in the Dutch colonies. Last summer a distinguished commercial-political mission visited the islands and completed arrangements for a bi-weekly Japan-Java steamship service to run from Kobe to Sourabaya via Japan's mandated islands lying west of the Philippines. Within the past year millions of dollars have been invested by Japanese corporations in plantations in western Java. Japanese in Java have been capitalizing the present Dutch-Indian distrust of the United States, a sentiment arising from our attitude on Sumatra oil and our war-time invasion of a hitherto virtually closed market, to work up anti-American feeling wherever possible. An ably staffed and very active department of the Government of Formosa exists for the sole purpose of keeping Tokyo informed of every event of political significance in southern China and Malaysia. A glance at the map of the Eastern Pacific with especial reference to the long fringe of islands which flanks Asia from Siberia almost

to Burma, coupled with an understanding of the deep-seated feeling which exists throughout the East that Japan is the potential leader of a pan-Oriental movement, is enough to explain this Japanese activity in the Malay archipelago. It might be added that a conspicuous part of the standard schoolroom equipment of the Dutch possessions is a wall map which includes Mindanao as a part of Insulinde, and that Japan has established a large colony on the southern coast of that rich and undeveloped island of the Philippine group.

II

The distinguishing characteristic of the political development which is now occurring in the Netherlands Indies is that it is based upon the historic institutions of the native inhabitants. It is a commonplace that the Netherlands East Indies Company, the instrument of Dutch authority in the Orient from 1602 to 1798, existed for the sole purpose of trade. This association of adventurous merchants cared nothing for the glory of sovereignty and felt no impulse either to save the souls or to improve the worldly state of the island peoples with whom it dealt. So instead of the legions, the law, and the language of Imperial Rome, the soldier, the priest, and the administrator of Colonial Spain, or the groups of hardy settlers which reproduced England in half a dozen parts of the world, the Dutch sent to their Eastern possessions only the factor. At an enormous distance and with inadequate support from home, this functionary always sought to trade rather than to govern. The company maintained a few strong posts at strategic points and sought the exclusive control of the Malayan seas. Its policy was never to assume the government of a native

state if it was possible to procure the spices and other products which it sought by dealing with the existing ruler or by replacing him with an always available rival. Consequently, at the end of the eighteenth century when, under Spanish rule, the branch of the Malay race which inhabits the Philippine Islands had been Christianized and organized socially and politically upon the lines of a unified Occidental state, the inhabitants of the lower part of the Malay Archipelago were still Mohammedans grouped into a congeries of native states bound to Holland by treaty only.

During the nineteenth century the Dutch viceroys gradually assumed the direct government of most of Java and Madura, now the home of about 37,000,000 of the 47,000,000 inhabitants of their wide-flung domains. But even under the centralized system which the great Daendels inaugurated the Native governmental organization is utilized. The Native regents, hereditary chiefs of subdivisions of the old Javanese kingdoms, are officials in the Dutch hierarchy, with each of whom is associated a Dutch resident, or 'elder brother,' who really directs the government of the district under the strict supervision of the Governor-General in Batavia. The regent is, in turn, assisted by subordinate native officials, *wedenos*, who also serve with Dutch *controleurs*, and whose duties within their smaller districts are similar to those of the regent within his larger sphere. Within the villages the old democratic Malay institutions are largely maintained and the natives, *Inlanders*, the Dutch call them, as a rule live under their ancient law, or *adat*, administered by native tribunals.

Outside of Java and Madura, Dutch authority is exercised chiefly through residents, or *controleurs*, who act as authoritative advisers to hereditary

native rulers. There are still some three hundred and fifty of these self-governing districts in the 'external possessions.' Thus the Dutch, instead of destroying, have utilized the political and social organization which they found in their Asiatic colonies, and, along with these old institutions, their Malay subjects have retained much of their ancient culture and the religion which they possessed when their present masters arrived from Europe.

III

The present movement toward self-government in the Dutch Indies began in the local field in 1903. Constitutionally authorized in that year, urban, district, and provincial councils were gradually instituted in those places which the Batavia administration deemed ready to use them successfully. In the urban and district bodies the government is represented by administrative officials sitting *ex-officio*, while the European population, the Natives, and the foreign Orientals speak through elected and appointed members. The provincial councils are entirely appointed. Thus far Europeans predominate in the provincial and municipal councils, 'so that modern European ideas of local administration and sanitation, especially in the greater centres of population, may be guaranteed.' District councils are now being created, however, with Native majorities.

Both electoral and membership qualifications for these bodies are high, consisting of the payment of considerable taxes or the ability to speak and read Dutch. The result is that the electorate consists of Dutchmen, Eurasians, and the wealthier Natives, Chinese and Arabs — the Eurasians, a powerful and highly self-conscious class, having by far the greater number

of votes. The new organs thus established exercise a limited control over the usual subjects of local administration.

The decentralization and popularization of local government which was thus begun in 1903 is being slowly extended through Java and Madura, and to a few of the 'external possessions.' The Dutch are not in a hurry. They have been in the Indies for more than three centuries: why should they attempt to remake the country in a generation? Furthermore, having made no rash promises, one of the indiscretions of less experienced colonial powers, they are not pledged to apply the dogmas of democracy to subjects not prepared to receive them.

Local self-government in Insulinde does not yet mean popular self-government. In preparing the masses of the people for popular government of the Western type, the Dutch have progressed in the Indies to about the point which had been reached by Spain in the Philippines in 1898. But in the Philippines the Spaniards destroyed all native political organization, while in Insulinde the Malay still expresses himself governmentally through his ancient political institutions, which are controlled but have not been obliterated by his alien overlord.

Thirteen years after the inauguration of limited local self-government in the Indies, Holland introduced a similar element in the central administration of her Eastern colonies. In 1916 an act of the States-General provided for the establishment of a *Volksraad* to be associated with the Governor-General, the Council of the Indies, and the departmental secretaries who had hitherto been the sole repositories of governmental power in Batavia. A distinguished Dutch citizen, whose family has been associated with the Indies for generations and who played an important part in the organization

of the new council, described to the writer the influences which led to this step. He said, in substance: —

‘The plan for the Volksraad was launched as early as 1905, and from that time on there was an increasing Native demand for its creation. The Malays were supported by the Chinese who were also clamoring for better treatment and more political and civil rights. With the formation of the Chinese Republic in 1912 these demands became stronger, as did those of the Natives and of a section of the Europeans. The Philippine example, especially the increase of autonomy which occurred upon the advent of the Wilson administration, exerted a powerful influence here and was one of the great compelling forces that finally led to action. Dutchmen said, “We must do something or we shall be left far behind in the general development of the world.” And of course self-government in the Philippines was used as a lever by the Natives, as well as by liberal Dutchmen here and in Holland. The creation of the Volksraad in 1916 was due to these causes and to the fact that, at that time, when Holland was busy at home protecting her neutrality and was in financial straits on account of the mobilization of her army and the disorganization of her trade, she could not afford to risk trouble in the Indies. The conservatives both here and at home were opposed to the step, but they could prevent it no longer.’

Similar views as to the forces which compelled the creation of the Volksraad are commonly expressed in Java, Native speakers emphasizing the compelling influence of their demands. The importance of the Philippine example is of particular significance to Americans, especially as this influence is equally powerful in every other part of the Orient.

IV

The Volksraad in Batavia is one of the most interesting colonial councils in the world. Half of its forty-eight members are elected by the local councils which have already been described, while the other half are appointed by the Governor-General. Membership is divided equally among the Natives and the European and Chinese subjects of the Queen. The assembly is housed in a dignified and beautiful building, which was once the palace of the Governor-General, and it there enjoys quarters that any legislature in the world might envy. Called to their chamber by the sound of an ancient Javanese gong, the members represent almost every element of power and influence in Insulinde. Stalwart, white-clad Dutchmen, marked by the air of mastery which distinguishes that race in the tropics, slim Javanese, Sundanese, Macassars, or other Natives, often wearing Bond Street coats and haberdashery in combination with batik sarongs and Oriental footgear, an Arab Hadji in his fez, and impassive Chinese, all mingle together in the usual legislative fraternity.

The presiding officer, or ‘voorzitter,’ is appointed by the Crown, and the present incumbent, Dr. W. M. G. Schumann, plays an important rôle in the transactions of the chamber. A Eurasian of German origin, Dr. Schumann is an authority on administrative law and had won distinction as an administrator and teacher before entering the first Volksraad as a Liberal. It is evident even to the casual observer that he does not hesitate to use freely the wide powers which the rules of procedure place in his hands, and that he is regarded as a leader by every group in the House. Members not only respect his judgment, but enjoy and at times fear his

ready wit. It is often said, too, that the voorzitter enjoys special prestige and power because his appointment comes direct from the Crown, a condition that would not exist in most assemblies.

The powers of the Volksraad are so limited as to seem almost trivial when compared with those enjoyed by the Philippine Legislature, or even by the new National Legislature in British India. All legislative authority is vested in the Governor-General and his council of three or in the States-General itself. The Viceroy, however, must seek the advice of the Volksraad upon the annual budget bill, upon other financial measures of importance, and upon proposals to impose military duties upon the people. The budget must be approved by the Volksraad before the Governor-General can make it effective; but this seeming hold over the administration is rendered somewhat illusory by the provision that financial measures shall be finally enacted by the States-General, which often treats the budget from Batavia with as little respect as our Congress shows for Executive recommendations. In the exercise of his other powers the Governor-General is not bound to follow the advice of the Volksraad.

During the five years of its existence, nevertheless, the Volksraad has exercised a much greater influence than might have been expected from an *a priori* estimate of its legal powers; and that influence is plainly increasing. As one member of the chamber remarked, 'We have never changed a budget, it is true, save in unimportant details. Our chief use is as a preventive. That is, we compel the Government to consider very carefully whether its budget or other measure will be approved before presenting it. Then when the measure is presented it is fully discussed. And,' this gentle-

man added, 'a new day had dawned in the Indies when the Government had to consider carefully what any local council, especially one composed in part of Natives, might think of its measures.'

The rôle of the Volksraad in influencing both legislation and administration was admirably illustrated at the time of the debates upon the educational chapters of this year's budget. In the Department of Education and Religion the writer found all of the higher staff absorbed in preparing material to be used by the secretary in justifying his proposals to the House, in meeting criticism of its weak points, and in defending the educational policy and administration of the Government. In the Volksraad the secretary faced his critics in precisely the same spirit that British ministers face the House of Commons during the debates upon the estimates. The fact that the assembly lacks power to dismiss him from office did not seem to make the three-day discussion less of an ordeal. Very obviously the Government was dealing with a body whose wishes could not be ignored. In this matter, as in many others, the influence already exercised by this new colonial council is another illustration of the fact that constitutions serve only as starting-points for the development of the powers of legislatures.

The first Volksraad was decidedly radical in its membership but in the second elections, which occurred in 1921, the limited electorate returned representatives who were conservatives, almost to a man. The Governor-General, however, then appointed a considerable number of Radicals, including a Socialist, to the assembly. The result is that in Batavia the Government is faced by an opposition which owes its existence to appointments by itself.

V

A natural concomitant of the development of the Volksraad has been a marked strengthening of Dutch-Indian political parties. Although these groups as yet possess only a rudimentary organization and a restricted membership, they are beginning to perform some of the functions which necessarily fall to parties in the government of large democratic states. That is, they assist in the creation and expression of public opinion, share in the selection of officials, and help to enforce the responsibility of those officials to their constituents. Several of them send speakers all over Java and to some of the 'external possessions,' besides being instrumental in the publication of widely circulated accounts and criticisms of the proceedings of the Volksraad.

In one group of these parties are to be found extensions, or imitations, of the established parties of Holland, as the Christian-Ethical, the Liberal, the Politico-Economic, the Roman Catholic, the Social-Democratic and the Communist parties. Membership in these groups is largely European with a fringe of Native adherents. A survey of the official declarations of these organizations reveals a substantial agreement that the Indies should eventually become autonomous, that the powers of the colonial legislature should be increased and that its members should be directly elected, that the natives should be educated and prepared for self-government, and that liberal economic and social legislation should be enacted. The extent of these reforms and the rapidity with which it is proposed to accomplish them increase as one proceeds from the Christian-Ethical party on the right to the Social-Democrats on the left. Most of the declarations are marked

by the inclusiveness and generosity which is characteristic of the platforms of parties possessing neither power nor responsibility in government.

Of more recent origin than the Dutch groups, and of far greater potential importance, are the growing Native parties. Of these organizations the Javanese Nationalist Party (Boedi Oetomo) and the Mohammedan party (Sarekat Islam) are of greatest interest. The former is the organ of the upper-class Javanese, of the aristocracy. It is nationalistic but not democratic. It demands increased Native participation in the administration of the state, some extension of the suffrage, parliamentary government, equality before the law for all Dutch subjects of whatever color or race, and educational opportunities for all 'in conformity with natural condition and future profession.' This group is distinctly the Native party of the right.

On the left is Sarekat Islam. Based upon religion, nationalism, and democracy, colored by socialism and led by a Javanese of vivid and virile personality, this party possesses all of the qualifications for dynamic nationalist leadership. Its most recent declaration of principles begins with a vigorous protest against Dutch domination of the Indies. This domination is stated to have grown out of Europe's need of the Orient's rich products, to have been attained by Europe's command of modern means of production, and to rest upon a system of racial discrimination. The introduction of European capital and methods into the islands is said to have destroyed the old native economic organization and to have 'put an end to free tradesmen and farmers who can live by their hands . . . so that almost the entire island-population now consists of hired laborers who earn enough to exist, but not enough to live in a way fit for

human beings. The larger part of those Natives who are educated do not seem conscious that their development is but another means for European capitalism to strengthen its position and become more favored in the eyes of the people of this country.'

The remedy urged by this party is unity of purpose and action among laborers and farmers in a fight to obtain for the whole island-population political rights, 'which open the way to power and influence in the direction and control of the native land.' The declaration frankly sets forth that, 'in its aims, the Sarekat Islam holds strictly to the principles and laws of the Mohammedan religion,' and these are said to provide for popular government and economic equality.

If the experience of other colonies is any criterion, Sarekat Islam, or some successor to its principles, will be the dominant Native party of the Dutch Indies during the period of national political development. Every extension of political rights to the people will strengthen it and weaken its opponents, European and Native. Its positive Moslem character will add the driving power of that militant religion to the emotional force of its intense nationalism. Indeed, it is not impossible that this party will become an important factor not only in the politics of Insulinde but of the entire Orient.

VI

In the extension of popular education, as in many other matters, the Dutch have proceeded slowly in Insulinde but are now accelerating their pace. The school system is too complicated to describe in a general article but the trend of its development may be briefly indicated. In 1907 after the Government had realized that it could not afford to give all or

even a large proportion of the children instruction in the 'Inlander' schools, where a first-rate five-year course is offered to about 400,000 pupils, it began to establish large numbers of village, or *desa* schools. These institutions are supported partially by the central government, partially by the villages. In each rustic, single-room building the three R's are taught to three classes by one teacher. The course covers three years and instruction is by Native teachers, men who have had five years of general education followed by two or three of normal training. No Dutch or other foreign language is taught, the purpose being to ground the child in his own language and literature and in the subjects which will be of the greatest practical importance to him in life. At present some 500,000 children are in schools of this type, and it is expected that ultimately all of the children not otherwise cared for will receive this sort of education. It is also planned to articulate the *desa* schools with the higher grades so that it will be possible for an increasing number of pupils to carry their studies through to any desired goal.

The schools of Insulinde are the expression of a very different theory of education from that which obtains in the Philippines. In the American possession all instruction is in English from the first grade through the university, the avowed purpose of the system being to make English a common national language and to train a whole generation of Filipinos in the principles of Occidental, democratic citizenship. The Dutch-Indian schools for Native children, on the other hand, have been planned to develop the Native culture and personality. Malay languages, customs, music, and dancing are emphasized. In discussing this aspect of their system the most

distinguished educator in the Dutch colonies said: —

‘To teach the child a foreign language and in a foreign language at the age of five, six, or seven, when he ought to be beginning to think, is to spoil his mind. He cannot think in the foreign tongue. He does not think in his own. What he learns he learns by rote, and later his mental processes do not develop. The first year should be entirely in the native tongue of the child, also the second. Then a small amount of Dutch and gradually more, until toward the end of his seven- or eight-year course he should spend only about ten per cent of his time in studying his own language and further acquiring his own culture. The early years of work in that tongue will have grounded him in its use, in a knowledge of his national traditions, customs, and literature. During this time his mentality and personality will have had a normal development and later he will acquire Dutch more rapidly than if he had begun it at once. In the end he will be both a better Dutch subject and a better Native. But,’ the educator added, ‘the Natives all want to learn Dutch and wish instruction to be in Dutch from the beginning.’

There is no teaching of civics or other deliberate preparation for citizenship or for a philosophy of life in the Native schools of Insulinde. The more progressive Dutch educators regard this as an ostrich policy, but thus far they have not been able to change it. A quantitative comparison between the educational systems of the Dutch Indies and the Philippines reveals strikingly the really remarkable effort that the latter country is making to train its children. Out of a population of about 11,500,000 Filipinos nearly 1,100,000 children are in the public schools, while of the 47,000,000 inhabitants of the archipelago to the

south only 1,300,000 are receiving an education. It should be added, however, that the Dutch colonies, much against the wishes of the Native inhabitants, expend annually for national defense a sum more than twice as large as the entire Philippine budget, while the Filipinos under American sovereignty are quite free from military or naval burdens. Nor should Americans, who are inclined to believe that the straight and sure road to self-government runs through the schoolhouse, forget that it was the mature judgment of the late Viscount Bryce that in politics, ‘education, that is to say the education given by schools and books, signifies less than we would like to think.’

VII

Not the least interesting of the tasks of the observer in the Netherlands Indies is to study the attitude of various classes of people toward the political and social changes which are almost universally recognized as taking place there. The old-time officials and business men, reacting as the class does everywhere, regard the Volksraad and the movement toward Native education and political development as almost wholly bad. It got under way during the war, when the colonies were left in comparative freedom by the home government, when liberal elements controlled the States-General and a liberal Governor-General ruled in Batavia. Now many Conservatives are very much surprised and extremely indignant that the granting of some rights to the Natives should lead them to demand others. They are just beginning to realize what education and representative councils may lead to, and they are both angry and alarmed. Since the war this element, both in the Indies and in Holland, which did not escape the post-war wave

of reactionary politics, has attempted to bring the colony back into its former leading strings.

This task is proving a difficult one in Insulinde, as in several other parts of the world. It is resisted not only by all of the Natives, but by a large number of resident Dutchmen. In Java one realizes immediately that most of the permanent Dutch population feel very strongly that day-to-day control from the distant home-capital is no longer possible. They wish to rule the colonies from Batavia primarily for the benefit of the colonies. They do not care to have their financial, business, military, and educational policies determined by men at The Hague over whom they can exercise no effective control and who think first of the interests of the mother country. Furthermore, the more liberal members of this group realize that Native progress cannot be checked. On the whole they approve of the liberal developments of the past few years and expect them to be carried forward, although there are different views as to the speed and the ultimate end of the movement.

One interesting aspect of the situation is the attitude of the Eurasians toward Native aspirations. This class occupies a very powerful position in the country, controlling much of its wealth, holding many of the highest official positions, and exhibiting more cohesive force than any other group. In the main the Eurasians oppose the further education and development of the Natives. They do so because they fear them. They realize that they are so completely outnumbered that the rising power of the Malays will be acquired at their expense. Consequently they are more Dutch than the Dutch and resist any movement that may lessen the power of Holland in the islands. Their position in this matter

probably is well founded, for it is apparent that much more actual feeling exists between the Eurasians and the Malays than between either the Dutch and the Natives or the Dutch and the Eurasians.

The views of the Natives are expressed in part in the platforms of Boedi Oetomo and Sarekat Islam, already sketched. They were further set forth not long ago in the Volksraad by one of the leading Javanese Moderates. This member declared that the changes that have occurred during the last generation or two have made it imperative for the Natives to become generally educated and to have a voice in their own Government. The forces which from time immemorial had enabled them to hold society together, to govern themselves locally, and to live economically have been so changed that the people likewise must be changed. In the old days, this Malay said, there was a feeling of local solidarity, respect for local rulers, laws, customs, and institutions. Economically the local groups were more or less self-sufficing; local industry thrived and local agriculture was sufficient for the needs of the people. Now, with the advent of roads and railroads, the people move about constantly. The old group-system with all that it implied is breaking down, or has broken down. Nowadays the Chinese and the European trader can come into every village. They can buy up the agricultural products for a song and their manufactured articles drive out Native handiwork. This situation, the speaker declared, can be met only by the education and enfranchisement of the Native. Otherwise he goes under, economically and politically, in the new social and economic environment. As one passes through the crowded Javan countryside with its throngs of depressed, tired-looking brown people,

among whom women are the commonest and most heavily laden pack-animals, he realizes that there are realities back of this statement.

The reaction of most Europeans to this strong presentation of the Native case was well expressed to the writer by a distinguished conservative member of the Volksraad who said, speaking of his Malay colleagues: 'The Native members are often keen debaters, men possessed of good minds. The trouble with them, as with all Orientals, is lack of precision of thought. They love to talk and argue and fight for the sake of doing these things. They are not unlike ourselves in that respect, save that they do not have minds of precision. They do not think a thing through to its logical conclusion; do not foresee the inevitable consequences of their words and their acts. They are animated by emotion rather than by reason. They want money, education, and development, and they expect the Government to provide all of these things. How — the means to the end — they do not say in detail or in a practical way. In the economic development of the islands they have had little share and they exercise little economic influence now. The capital and the direction, the creative energy, are all European or Chinese. The Natives lack this creative energy yet they wish to control politically. The guiding and impelling force, however, must come from the Europeans.'

VIII

From such dissimilar points of view do the Dutch and the Malays regard each other and their common problems; and their attitudes are typical of those of white men and colored, or of advanced and backward peoples, wherever the former rule the latter. The vital fact of the situation in the Dutch

Indies and elsewhere, however, is that the problems of such opposing races are problems that can be solved only by coöperation. The Japanese in Korea and Formosa, the English in India, and the Dutch in the lower Malay Archipelago have come to a realization that permanently hostile subjects will render unprofitable and dangerous the richest province of the most powerful empire, and they are now seeking to substitute consent for force as a basis for their sovereignty in these dominions. They are discovering that the transition is not an easy one.

Yet many of the leaders of the unwilling Oriental subjects of Occidental nations, and of Japan, are beginning to learn that, for the present at least, their masters are necessary to them. They are demanding universal education, better sanitation, higher standards of living generally, and a modern political organization. But even in Java, richest of the far-famed isles of the East, there is not enough economic development to support the social superstructure that the Native leaders would build. Nor has the Malay or the Indian yet demonstrated that he can lay the necessary economic foundation without Occidental aid. In the Philippines, where by far the greatest progress has been made toward a successful adaptation of Western institutions to the uses of an Eastern nation, the people have been relieved of tremendous burdens of government, such as national defense, which other Oriental colonies bear and from which no independent nation can escape. And the Philippines have practically reached the limit of social development possible with their present economic resources.

The hard fact is that the Malays and other tropical and economically backward peoples cannot dispense with the coöperation of more highly developed nations until they become productive

enough to pay for the sort of civilization which they seem determined to acquire. They can, however, insist that meanwhile their relations with more advanced states rest upon a fairer basis than they have in the past, and that steady progress be made toward autonomy or independence, economic and political.

In the political field the present need of Western tutelage is almost equally great, however stridently Native leaders may publicly deny its existence. It arises from the fact that the ancient institutions of these tropical peoples are inadequate to the exigencies of government under modern economic and political conditions. In British and Dutch India, national consciousness has not yet submerged ancient, local, religious, and racial antagonisms, while even in the Philippines there is a possibility that sectional divisions will become dangerous once the pressure of American domination is withdrawn. Further, as the Javan who pleaded his people's cause in the Volksraad clearly recognized, it has become necessary to reorganize Native society upon principles that are, in the main, foreign to the history and the temperament of Oriental races. It is highly significant that from Korea to Turkey the professed goal of the nationalists is self-government of the modern Occidental type — that is, democratic self-government. But experience seems to show that capacity for this type of government comes only from long training, and that it is really successful

only among people who are habitually loyal to law and willing to stand up and fight for their rights under the law. Loyalty to law is not an Oriental concept and the Oriental masses have not yet acquired either the knowledge or the will to resist oppression by their traditional rulers. No Eastern nation, save only Japan, has yet successfully adapted Western political organization to its use.

So, because its old institutions have been destroyed or rendered inadequate to the present needs of its people, the East must tolerate the West yet a little longer within its gates. But it is doing so with an increasing insistence that the position of dominance now held by the West shall be only temporary, and with a hardening determination that it will become the master of its own future.

Will that future unfold under the inspiration of Occidental or of Oriental leadership and ideals? This is the ever present question in the Eastern world. As for Insulinde, every native of 'that magnificent empire which winds about the equator like a garland of emeralds' would say with the Javanese Princess, Kartini: —

'New conditions will come into the Javanese world, if not through us, through those who will come after us. Emancipation is in the air; it has been foreordained.'¹

¹Three articles, taken from a collection of Princess Kartini's letters, appeared in the *Atlantic* in November and December 1919, and in January 1920. — THE EDITORS

IS AMERICA IMPERIALISTIC?

BY SUMNER WELLES

TAKE, for example, our relations to the Republics of Latin America. I think it may be said truly, that these relations were never better than to-day. Facilities of direct communication have been developed, trade is increasing, the youth of other nations are coming in increasing numbers to our universities. Despite the efforts of those in other countries who endeavor to foster an unfriendly sentiment toward us, our national position is more clearly understood; the absence of any imperialistic purpose on our part is more generally recognized; our desire to promote peace and good-will, to have the beneficial coöperation which depends on confidence in the maintenance of territorial integrity, assured independence, and mutual esteem, is more fully appreciated. . . .

Yet there are writers among us who apparently make it their business to develop antagonism and to spread among the people of this country, who have no opportunities for judgment from personal knowledge, the notion that our policies are imperialistic, that our influence is baleful, and that mutual respect and friendship are decreasing. Publicity is given to these erroneous and harmful assertions and misdescriptions upon the ground, I suppose, that what may be false should have an equal chance with what may be true. . . .

Our Government has no intrigues, no secret agreements, no hidden policies. And when history fully reveals our actual relations at this time to our sister republics of this hemisphere, when correspondence and instructions are published, I am happy to say that there will be no page of which any American need be ashamed. — The HONORABLE CHARLES E. HUGHES, SECRETARY OF STATE, in an address delivered at Amherst College, June 18, 1924.

I

THE belief that the policy animating the Government of the United States in its relations with the Latin-American republics is one of 'dollar diplomacy, with its combination of bonds and battleships,' is shared by a small group in the United States and by other groups in the majority of these republics. It is a belief to which the policy of the United States has given credence upon a few unfortunate occasions in the past. It is a belief sedulously fostered at present by propagandists, both sincere and insincere. But, after years of personal experience in Latin-America, the author is not convinced that this belief is shared by more than a small proportion of the inhabitants of any of the republics on this Continent.

In considering this aspect of the question, it is of interest to determine the class to which the more vociferous critics of the continental policy of the United States belong. Should careful investigation be made, it would be found that ninety per cent of them may fittingly be compared to those groups in our own country who promote racial or religious antagonism for personal or political ends. They are rarely men or women who have achieved prominence in statesmanship, politics, or in affairs. By far the greater part are agitators whose articles foment distrust of the motives of the 'Octopus of the North,' as they refer to the United States, and who, so far as is known, confine themselves to destructive criticism,

omitting to point out any remedy for the appalling condition of affairs which they profess to see.

There is always an audience for critics of this character. In fact, the Government of the United States has, to a certain extent, because of the propaganda which has been carried on, become an 'Aunt Sally' for this variety of audience on the rest of the American Continent; but that such criticism is participated in by those who direct the destinies of the Latin-American republics, or by any considerable number of those engaged in agriculture, in commerce, or in industry, of the liberal professions, or even of the labor element, it would be impossible to prove.

Although mistakes undoubtedly have been committed, our record in general has been one with which an American citizen may be well content. It has revealed a consistent effort on our part to strengthen the foundations of constitutional and stable government, to develop legitimate commercial relations, and, by demonstration and friendly advice, to further the settlement by peaceful methods of international disputes.

Before passing to a survey of the relations actually existing between the United States and Latin America, it seems desirable to point out that the United States must by force of necessity, due to geographic proximity, treaty relations, or other reasons, make a practical distinction in its dealings with the various republics of the Continent. Relations between the Republic of Cuba and the United States on the one hand, and the Argentine Republic and the United States on the other, cannot be regarded in the same light by our diplomats because of the special treaty relations existing with the former. In like manner, the relations between certain of the republics of Central America and the United States cannot

be compared to the relations existing between Brazil and the United States, for the reason that the former nations, while they are in the eyes of the world on an equal plane with Brazil so far as their independence and sovereignty is concerned, have not been afforded the opportunity to march so far along the road of civilization and progress as has Brazil. The practical task confronting our Government therefore is the following: our relations with all the neighboring republics should be those existing between free and independent nations; yet, until certain of these countries have developed a firm tradition of orderly, constitutional government, the United States must be prepared to step in to protect the lives and property of its citizens should they at any time be in danger; and it must likewise be ready to assume the responsibility of offering its friendly mediation, or, in extreme cases, its friendly intervention, should conditions be such as to threaten a national or international conflagration which would give rise to a situation wherein the policy of self-protection of the United States, known as the Monroe Doctrine, might be endangered.

For the reasons above set forth, our relations with the republics of Central America, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Haiti, and Panama, have certain common aspects. Our relations with the remaining nations, including all the republics of South America and the Republic of Mexico, are likewise in general comparable.

Since our dealings with the former republics in the past have given rise, in a few instances, to ground for just criticism and have undoubtedly been subject to very general misunderstanding in this country, it would be useful to review with entire frankness the history of the relations of the United States with each one of those republics during the past decade.

II

The problems which the United States has faced in its relations with Cuba since the termination of the first occupation have been many and serious. No nation has produced more devoted and unselfish patriots than were the Cuban heroes of 1898; and yet, because of the centuries of Spanish colonial administration, the great mass of the Cuban people entered their independence without ever having experienced the benefits of honest, efficient, and democratic government. For the protection of the Cuban people themselves, therefore, a treaty was consequently entered into between the United States and Cuba which contained provisions, also incorporated in the Cuban Constitution, commonly known as the Platt Amendment. The third article of this treaty provides: —

That the government of Cuba consents that the United States may exercise the right to intervene for the preservation of Cuban independence, the maintenance of a government adequate for the protection of life, property, and individual liberty, and for discharging the obligations with respect to Cuba imposed by the Treaty of Paris on the United States, now to be assumed and undertaken by the Government of Cuba.

This contractual right of intervention, though of no advantage — direct or indirect — to the United States, has been, on the other hand, a fruitful source of misunderstanding and resentment. The right has been exercised on various occasions, but never except in the face of open rebellion which might have threatened the independence of the Republic and which actually threatened the maintenance of a stable constitutional government.

The policy of the United States with regard to Cuba is necessarily a policy

which applies to the other countries of the Caribbean. Our Government must be guided not only by its altruistic desire to help develop civilization and progress in general, but also by purely selfish motives; for what better protection can there be for the United States in the event of foreign menace than the presence throughout the Continent of strong Governments maintained in power by the consent of the governed, well disposed toward the United States? Intervention in Cuba has never been undertaken except with this end in view. The policy of the United States in this regard has not changed. Such actual intervention in or occupation of Cuba as the United States has been obliged to undertake is, of course, at best, an artificial method of restoring outward tranquillity so that constitutional government may once more be established. Of far greater value is the friendly advice which may be offered to the Cuban Government and to the Cuban people through our representatives.

There are no American Marines in Cuba, as has been charged, as a physical reminder of our treaty rights, beyond those stationed in the United States naval district of Guantánamo; and only as a sequel to intervention by treaty right have members of the military establishment of the United States been stationed in the interior of the Republic. The last occasion upon which American Marines were temporarily stationed in the interior of Cuba was following the armed uprising of the Liberal party in 1917, when a small detachment of Marines was retained in the Province of Camagüey upon the request of the Cuban Government itself.

In considering present conditions in Cuba, it is impossible to overlook the great benefits derived from the friendly advice tendered the Cuban Government by the United States after the

economic crisis of 1920 through General Enoch H. Crowder, then Special Representative of the President of the United States, as well as through many experts sent to Cuba to devise methods of reestablishing financial credit and economic stability. The economies and fiscal reforms initiated by President Zayas, after consideration of the advice so tendered, have brought the Republic out of a condition of impending ruin to one of essential financial soundness. The advice so offered has not been resented by thinking Cubans. On the contrary, the Cuban people as a whole have demonstrated their gratitude for the assistance lent them, and although a few may protest the friendly intervention of the United States in Cuban affairs, even these realize that the steps taken by the Cuban Government in 1921 saved the Republic from disaster — possibly revolution.

No step taken by the Government of the United States in Latin America in recent years has given rise to more criticism—and, in this instance, just criticism—than the military occupation of the Dominican Republic by the armed forces of the United States in 1916. The history of the Dominican Republic throughout the years which have elapsed since its original liberation from the Spanish yoke has been a tragic one. It has comprised decades of Haitian domination, a return to Spanish rule, and during the last sixty years, with a few periods of comparative improvement, a long sequence of dictatorship, revolution, and dictatorship once more. Since the overthrow of the last Dictator, Ulises Heureaux, in 1899, revolution has succeeded revolution, notwithstanding the efforts of many high spirited and truly patriotic Dominicans to stem the tide. It is the belief of many that the Military Occupation by the United States in 1916, on the ground that the Treaty of

1907 had been violated by the Dominican Government, would never have occurred had President Wilson had the opportunity or the time, in the excitements of that period, to become fully cognizant of the causes of the situation existing in the Dominican Republic. Even so, in the order authorizing the occupation, Mr. Wilson, declared that he acted 'with the deepest reluctance.' Likewise it is improbable that he was informed of many of the occurrences which took place in the Dominican Republic during the earlier years of the American Occupation — occurrences deeply to be regretted by every American citizen.

It is not generally known that the present policy of evacuation was initiated under Secretary of State Colby during the last six months of President Wilson's administration, although the proposals of our Government were not then accepted by the Dominican people and a plan for evacuation was carried to a successful conclusion only in the third year of the succeeding administration. Those who refer merely to the errors of the Occupation do so without at the same time making clear that the Occupation has terminated, and that a freely elected constitutional government of the republic is now in sole power. The promise of the United States to the Dominican people to undertake the immediate evacuation of the Republic was not conditioned, as stated by Dr. Inman, in a recent issue of the *Atlantic*,¹ on the ratification by the Dominican people of all the acts of the Military Government, nor upon their agreement to allow the United States to continue to collect the customs and administer the finances of the country. Such a statement is entirely inaccurate. An agreement was entered into in 1921 between the United States

¹ 'Imperialistic America': SAMUEL GUY INMAN, in the July *Atlantic*.

and a commission of representative Dominican citizens, comprising the leaders of all the political parties, providing for the establishment of a Provisional Dominican Government, under which free elections could be held to provide for a future constitutional government.

Their national elections took place in March 1924, and the President and other public officials elected in those elections took office on July 12 of the present year; whereupon the Military Forces of the United States evacuated the Republic and relations between the United States and the Dominican Republic are now undertaken entirely, as they should be, through diplomatic channels. Ratification by the freely elected Dominican Government of certain acts of the Military Government has been limited to validation of those acts which established revenues, authorized expenditures, or created rights in favor of third persons. Were such ratification not undertaken, chaos would result. Except during the Military Occupation, the United States has never administered the finances of the Dominican Republic, nor was any attempt made to do so under the agreement providing for the evacuation of the country. The collection of Dominican customs by American officials was undertaken upon the request of the Dominican Government in 1905, and such obligation on the part of the Government of the United States was provided for in a treaty entered into in 1907. Abrogation of that treaty has not been suggested by the Dominican people, nor is it desired by them, since, until the resources of the country have been developed and governmental stability has been assured, as they undoubtedly will be during a period of peace and tranquillity, it would be impossible for the Dominican Republic to obtain funds with which to construct permanent

public improvements without the security afforded by the collection of Dominican customs under the supervision of American officials.

Because of the Occupation, feeling against the United States in Santo Domingo has been exceedingly bitter, and yet, during the past two years, there has been evidenced a notable change, through general belief in the sincerity of the United States in its reparation of the mistaken policy, which had been initiated. What could be more significant in this connection than the following phrases voiced by the President of the Republic, General Horacio Vasquez, when, on a recent visit to Washington, he had occasion to address a few remarks to his fellow guests at an entertainment at the Pan American Union:—

‘I desire to take occasion to express my hope that the notable work of the Pan American Union in making closer and more friendly the relations between the American Republics may meet with ever increasing success; and may I state my belief that no opportunity could be more favorable for that desired end than the present, when the efforts of the Pan American Union are supported by a government of the United States guided by a spirit of sincere friendship and real justice to its sister nations of this hemisphere.’

Those who have the privilege of knowing the present President of the Dominican Republic will realize that those words are not merely courteous expressions. They are due to a sincere conviction, and that sincere conviction is unquestionably shared by the great majority of his fellow citizens.

The series of revolutions existing in Central America during the past century has forced the United States repeatedly to intervene temporarily in those republics in order to protect the

lives and property of its own nationals and, in certain instances, those of other foreigners.

The causes of Central American revolution have been clearly outlined by Dr. Dana G. Munro in his work entitled *The Five Republics of Central America*: —

First: The attempt to impose political institutions copied from one of the world's most advanced democracies upon a country where elections were absolutely impossible;

Second: What may be called 'the habit of revolution' among the ruling class and the people of many of the towns — a habit formed during the turbulent years that followed the breakdown of the federal constitution and perpetuated by the bitterness of personal feuds and sectional jealousy, the pursuit of politics as a money making occupation, and the mutual persecution of rival factions; and

Third: Backwardness of the masses of the people, which has not only made the republican constitutions unworkable, but has also prevented those who in the long run suffer most from civil war from exerting any effective influence for peace.

It has been the studied policy of the United States in recent years to cooperate with the Governments of Central America in preventing these causes of chronic disturbances.

The very notable improvement in the feeling existing in the Central American republics toward the United States, which has taken place during the past few years, has been largely due to this spirit of helpful cooperation — as distinguished from intervention or imposition — evidenced by this Government in its offer to the Central American republics of the City of Washington as the meeting-place for the delegates to the Second Central American Conference held in 1922, as well as by participation by the

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United States in that Conference and by the entry of the United States into certain of the resultant treaties and conventions on a basis of entire equality with the other signatory powers. These treaties and conventions are essentially practical, not theoretical, and the recognition of their value is evidenced by the fact that certain of them formed the basis for the deliberations of the Pan American Conference held in Santiago, Chile, in 1923. It may be said, in general, that they provide for the obligatory settlement of international disputes by peaceful methods, for the limitation of armaments, for the progressive development of the economic resources of the Central American republics, and, above all, for the insurance of government by constitutional and orderly methods.

Opinion in Central America regarding the value of these conventions is clearly evidenced by the following editorial published in the *Reconciliacion* of Tegucigalpa on June 13, last: —

THE PACTS OF WASHINGTON

The conventions signed in Washington by the plenipotentiaries of Central America were extensively studied at the time and discussed by the press and the jurisconsults of our country and from those discussions an opinion has been formed that the conventions represent a most firm base for the maintenance of internal peace and for more cordiality in the international relations of the five Republics of the Isthmus.

The Assembly of Nicaragua was the first to approve the pacts in their entirety.

Later the Congresses of Salvador and Guatemala ratified the most important of the conventions.

And now we are informed by telegraph that the President of Costa Rica has submitted all the treaties to the Assembly of that country and, to judge

by the sentiments which prevail in parliamentary circles there, it is certain that the legislative body of that State will ratify them.

We can add nothing to that which has been spoken and written in favor of the conventions signed by the plenipotentiaries of Central America at the Washington Conference, and which provide so fully for the tranquillity of these countries.

The pacts in a positive manner guarantee the peace of the five sections of the turbulent isthmus.

They have been approved by three signatory Governments — Nicaragua, Salvador, and Guatemala; and another, Costa Rica, is submitting them to its Legislature where they will probably be ratified.

The fondest hope of the people of Central America and the Governments which rule here is the establishment of national stability.

Peace only will be able to make effective the prosperity and development of these countries.

And for peace we all are obligated to struggle by all ways and means, as the integrity of the nation and the salvation of the honor of the Fatherland are at stake.

The moral influence of the United States in Central America, as the result of the achievements of the Conference, is greater than it ever has been before. The distinction between the moral influence which now exists and the material influence which formerly existed should be emphasized. Imperialism is not furthered by the strengthening of the moral influence of this Government in Latin America. Once the conventions referred to have been ratified by all the signatory powers, and once their stipulations have been placed in effect, it is probable that Central America will progress so rapidly that the much desired union of the Central American republics can be undertaken. It has long been sus-

pected both here and in Latin America that it was the ambition of the United States to oppose the formation of a Central American union. That nothing could be further from the truth, is demonstrated by the recent policy of the United States. The United States has shown that it will assist in promoting Central American union, should the five Republics so desire and should the political and economic development of those countries and intercommunication between them make such union possible of realization. Were the policy of the United States truly imperialistic, its logical endeavor would be to prevent the formation of such a union and the consequent building-up of a strong progressive federation in Central America, in order to exploit the five small nations. The patent contradiction of the charge made by Dr. Inman that the policy of the United States Government in Central America is imperialistic lies in that fact.

The day of 'dollar diplomacy' in Central America is past, and no more agreeable proof of this assertion could be found than in the cordial coöperation between the United States and the Central American republics in the joint mediation offered when revolution and counter-revolution took place in Honduras a few months ago, as the result of which mediation a conference was held in Amapala, the Pacific port of Honduras, attended by delegates of all the governments mentioned. That conference brought about the cessation of civil war in Honduras and the selection by the political factions in Honduras of a provisional government of that Republic to maintain order, with the moral support of the mediating Powers, until such time as a constitutional government could be elected by the free vote of the Honduran people.

Criticism has been directed against

the United States and undoubted resentment in Latin America has been engendered by the policy of this Government in Nicaragua since the Revolution of 1912 which resulted in the overthrow of the Dictator Zelaya. It has been charged that this Government has favored the interests of the American bankers who had undertaken to finance the Republic, in detriment to the interests of the Nicaraguan people. Whatever may be our view of the financial arrangement entered into between the Nicaraguan Government and their bankers, the fact remains that the financial plan, under which the Government has been operating for the past eleven years, has brought about a condition of financial stability for the Nicaraguan Government not exceeded by that of any other Latin-American Government. With slender resources, the Government has been enabled to meet all its obligations, to maintain, even during the European War, a stable rate of exchange, and to accumulate a sufficient surplus to enable it to obtain this year control of the railways of Nicaragua, which had been pledged to the bankers as a portion of the security for the loan made by them to the Republic.

The criticism has likewise been made that the retention by the United States since 1912 of a small detachment of American Marines in Managua, as a Legation Guard, has been an undue intervention in Nicaragua and has resulted in the maintenance of the Conservative party in power, notwithstanding the alleged fact that the Liberal party represented the will of the majority of the people. The Government of the United States, however, has officially announced its intention to withdraw these Marines, who number only between seventy-five and one hundred men, after the installation on January 1 of the Govern-

ment which will be selected in the coming presidential elections. The Nicaraguan people this year will vote for the first time in accordance with the provisions of a modern electoral code, compiled for the Republic by Professor Harold W. Dodds, of Columbia University, employed for that purpose by the Nicaraguan Government. The registration for the elections has demonstrated that a greater number of Conservative than of Liberal voters is registered, and it is admitted by both parties that the registration was entirely fair. Whatever the result of the elections may be, it can no longer be alleged that the United States has assisted in the maintenance of one Party in power.

It is difficult to understand how the charge can be made in good faith that the Republic of Panama is under the control of the United States. The relations between the Republic of Panama and the United States are defined and limited by the Treaty of 1903 between the two countries. As Secretary of State Root said in an instruction to the American Minister in Panama on December 4, 1905:—

The United States will exercise its rights under the treaty for the maintenance of order in Panama, Colon, and upon the Canal strip, and will not permit any interference with the peace and order of either of those cities or of that territory, which can be prevented by the exercise of its treaty rights, and it will not go beyond its treaty rights.

That policy, as outlined by Secretary Root, has been consistently followed by every succeeding Administration. The United States exercises no financial or military control in the Republic of Panama, and has not done so in the past. The only possible basis which might be seen for the charge of Ameri-

can intervention in Panama is the employment by the Government of Panama of an American Financial Adviser, in accordance with legislation enacted by the Congress of Panama many years ago. However, the ultimate decision in all matters affecting the finances of the Republic is vested either in the Congress or in the President and Council of Ministers as provided in the Panamanian Constitution.

The most difficult problem of all, perhaps, is that of Haiti. Yet, because of differences in race and language between the Haitian people and the other peoples of Latin America, the Haitian question is of less interest to the majority of the Latin-American republics than any other. The American Occupation of Haiti is one for which there is no strictly legal ground. As Chief Justice Marshall has stated, no nation can rightfully impose a rule upon another. Should the problem be viewed solely from the realm of theory, it is clear that the Occupation should terminate. If, however, the Occupation is viewed from the practical standpoint that the happiness and well-being of the Haitian people and the advance of education and economic prosperity are of higher importance, it must be admitted that the Occupation is and has been of the greatest benefit to the Haitian people and should continue until the Republic is governed by a Haitian administration, elected in accordance with the permanent provisions of the Haitian Constitution. A very clear and fair statement of the Haitian situation was contained in the following portion of an editorial published in the *New York Times* of July 2, 1924:—

Under the rule by revolution that prevailed before the American Occupation, the peasant was not encouraged to do more than supply his wants. If he attempted to accumulate prop-

erty, he was despoiled of it. The gendarmerie system set up by the supervisory Government protects him in all his rights. The fabric of native administration remains. The Haitian flag still flies. Agriculture has made substantial gains with the suppression of the *cacos*, who preyed upon the tillers of the soil. They can now bring their produce into the cities without fear of molestation, over good roads built with native labor under American engineers. Every few miles there is a gendarmerie station. Never before have the Haitian people enjoyed security in their homes and protection of their persons. Never before have they known the meaning of hygiene or had proper medical attention. In the view of the ruling class that formerly preyed upon the people, the supervisory Government flagrantly violates the rights of Haiti; but to the mass of the people it is a protector and a practical friend, who provides employment, pays good wages, and is developing the resources of the country for the general welfare.

The Treaty of 1915 has been renewed for a term of years, because the Americans could not abandon the Haitians before the task of training them to govern themselves had been finished, and not because there ever had been a design to exploit them. The Americans are in Haiti to raise its people from a state of ignorance and savagery for which their rulers were responsible. The duty devolved upon our Government because European nations called upon the United States to bring order out of chaos and make Haiti solvent, or to waive the Monroe Doctrine and let them intervene to collect their debts and protect their nationals. The United States is pledged to evacuate Haiti when the work is done.

The decision of the United States to adopt the policy upon which it has embarked has been severely condemned and creates possibly a dangerous precedent. It is probable that it is too early as yet to estimate whether

the policy is justifiable or not; and yet, should it later be ascertained that the material assistance lent to the Haitian people by the United States had substituted the benefits of civilization (without the impairment of ultimate sovereignty) for a condition of anarchy and chaos, who could claim that our policy had not proved wise? When the Occupation was undertaken to prevent European intervention in an American republic, it resulted in the overthrow of the Haitian system of administration existing up to that time. Can the Occupation be terminated until a new system of administration is developed which our Government believes can successfully undertake the task which it has temporarily assumed?

III

Current criticism of our policy in regard to the great republics of South America appears to be limited to the employment by Peru, Ecuador, and Colombia, of American experts or financial advisers, and by the agreement on the part of Bolivia and Salvador that the deposit of the funds destined to the payment of interest and sinking-fund charges be made under the supervision of the representatives of the American interests holding their national obligations. Yet these advisers and experts were employed by the Governments concerned without the shadow of advice or intervention on the part of this Government. To state that the employment of such advisers constitutes undue interference on the part of the United States in the domestic affairs of the countries named, is as absurd as to charge that the employment by Brazil and Peru of French military missions constitutes intervention by France in the internal affairs of those two countries. The nature of the contracts entered into by

Salvador and Bolivia with American bankers, is due solely to the fact that the national credit of those two republics was not such as to warrant better terms. It will easily be seen that, had it been possible for either Salvador or Bolivia to obtain a loan in the United States, or in Europe, upon better terms, less onerous contracts would have been entered into. With such questions, of course, the Government of the United States has had no direct concern.

It is almost axiomatic that development of commercial relations between countries brings about a better understanding and a clearer perception of their mutual advantages and common needs. In Brazil, Argentina, Chile, Uruguay, Paraguay, and Venezuela, citizens are hardly 'trembling in their boots' because Americans since the war have invested more largely than ever before in South American securities. South American countries are, of course, ambitious to increase their commerce with the United States and to obtain American capital, as well as European, in order to develop their stupendous natural resources. Another legitimate and helpful ambition is that of the American business man to develop trade relations with Latin America. These mutual desires our Government has fostered in every proper way. Commercial development, however, cannot be considered economic domination, nor could it logically be the policy of the United States to attempt to monopolize trade with Latin America to the exclusion of the legitimate growth of trade between Europe and Latin America. Even a most superficial study of world commerce makes it clear that in an era when the commercial and financial relations of all the nations of the world are closely interlocked, such an attempt on the part of the American Govern-

ment would be more detrimental to the United States than to any other nation.

Distinction should, however, be made between the fostering by our Government of legitimate trade and its support of exploitation by American interests entrenched in Latin America. The mere fact that powerful American interests have invested in Latin America does not imply that they are necessarily worthy of the support of this Government. Governmental support was in fact withdrawn some years ago from a highly important American concern believed to have been involved in the overthrow of a constitutional Government in Central America. Nothing can be conceived more prejudicial to real understanding between the United States and its neighbors than the exertion of undue influence through corruption of governmental officials by American interests in Latin-American countries. There are certain large American companies, for example, doing business to-day in Central America, which have done much to foster good feeling and promote a more cordial relationship between our country and the nations of Central America. Such companies build and support schools, assist in the development of good roads, maintain public hospitals at their own expense in the districts where they are located. By refusing to employ any but the nationals of the country in which they are doing business, even in the highest positions, they secure the confidence and respect of native populations.

Other companies, on the other hand, have exploited the countries in which they are situated in the most shameless manner, and by a policy of obtaining that to which they were not entitled by corruption of governmental officials, ranging from the president of the republic to the local alcalde, have not

only created suspicion of the purposes of the United States and the American people, but have blocked the measures of reform toward the realization of which this Government had exerted its energies. Cases have been known where American companies of this character have even gone so far as to foster revolution, supplying the revolutionaries with funds and with munitions in order to secure the establishment of a Government subservient to their desires. The policy now determined upon by the United States, however, to refuse to accord recognition to a Government in Central America which has come into power through the overthrow of a constitutional Government recognized by the United States — a development of the policy initiated by President Wilson after the Tinoco Revolution in Costa Rica in 1915 — has almost entirely eliminated that danger.

That policy must be persisted in if the moral influence of the United States Government is to continue to increase.

It is easy for one not familiar with the perplexing problems which our relations with Latin America present to point out inconsistencies in policy and errors of judgment of which our Government and its agents have been guilty. A careful analysis of the history of our relations with Latin America during the past twelve years will, it is believed, demonstrate conclusively, that, for every error of judgment, additional progress has been made in instilling in the hearts of our neighbors belief in the sincerity and unselfishness of our purpose. South of the Rio Grande faith is increasing, notwithstanding the occasional difficulty of the Latin to comprehend the Anglo-Saxon mentality, that our Government is responsive solely to the desire to promote good understanding and to

remove discord, using its powerful influence at all times on the side of right and justice.

The personality of the present Secretary of State looms larger in Latin America than is perhaps realized in this country. His previous service in the Supreme Court of the United States has strengthened the impression that he is the embodiment of justice. Submission to the arbitration of the United States of such long-standing and dangerous controversies as the Tacna-Arica dispute between Peru and Chile, and the boundary dispute between Peru and Ecuador, not only evidences the trust of the Governments involved in the justice and impartiality of this Government, but also demonstrates that they are not driven by resentment or fear of the United States. The support by our Government in a practical manner of the constitutional Government of Mexico during the days of the de la Huerta revolution has strengthened even more the general belief in the justice of the man shaping the foreign policy of our nation.

No more satisfactory expression of the desire of this Government in its dealings with its American neighbors could be found than that employed by President Wilson in his address before the Southern Commercial Conference in Mobile, Alabama, in 1913, when he said, speaking of the Latin-American republics: —

We must prove ourselves their friends and champions upon terms of equality and honor. You cannot be friends upon any other terms than upon the terms of equality. You cannot be friends at all except upon the terms of honor. We must show ourselves friends by comprehending their interest, whether it squares with our own interest or not.

To that declaration may be added the declaration of Secretary Hughes in his address before the American Bar Association in August 1923: —

We are aiming not to exploit, but to aid; not to subvert, but to help in laying the foundations for sound, stable, and independent government. Our interest does not lie in controlling foreign peoples; that would be a policy of mischief and disaster. Our interest is in having prosperous, peaceful, and law abiding neighbors, with whom we can coöperate to mutual advantage.

These utterances sound the keynote of this Government's Latin-American policy. We may not have reached our ideal; in some instances we may have fallen far short of it; but these solemn pledges, supported as they are by the great majority of the American people, stand as positive assurance that no imperialistic policy will ever be supported by the American people and that such mistakes as we may make will be rectified, as they were in the case of Colombia and the Dominican Republic.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

MY CHINESE CHRYSANTHEMUMS

My friends of the most beautiful chrysanthemum garden in all this ancient Chinese city sent me some chrysanthemum slips to-day. Two days ago the Tai-tai, lovely lady of the old Cathay, graciously requested me, assuring me of my honorableness, to have my flower-pots ready to receive their miserable and unworthy offering.

The earth, so she gently insisted, must be field earth, unrobbed of its fertility. So from the silt-rich paddy fields, outside the East Gate of our age-old city wall, have come twelve loads of black soil. Blue-coated, chattering farmer women, swaying with rhythmic grace under their balanced carrying-sticks, have carried the earth in clam-shaped baskets. The old potter, with look as ancient as the time-stained widow's arch under which his tiny shop huddles, brought some tens of his wares. The gardener journeyed to Bamboo Street to get a tray with meshes fine enough to sift the soil for the precious slips.

I learn that to-day, being the fifteenth day of the Third Moon, is the auspicious day for the sacred rite of chrysanthemum planting. It appears that the moon being full-orbed insures the flowers being likewise. Hence, that courteous insistence that I have all in readiness for this particular day.

My Tai-tai of the moth-antennæ brows gave me other lute-voiced instructions. With the sharpest of scissors must I cut the roots off each little plant. The necessity is laid upon me to shelter their tender heads from

the drenching of heavy rains, and sprinkle them with the lightest of touches from a bowl of water. In the Eighth Moon, I must soak soy beans and pour the water over the plants.

An exact science, chrysanthemum raising, as well as an art, it would seem. In China, it is a scholar's pastime, which has been known to grow into a passion. A statesman of the Tsin Dynasty, an old Chinese tale has it, forsook the highest of Imperial honors, that he might tend his beloved chrysanthemum garden. Emperors have chosen the flower as their emblem. Poets have sung it. And to all who love the chrysanthemum is bestowed the gift of the crystal heart, for it represents purity.

The yellowed pages of an ancient Chinese herb-book tell one to pick the chrysanthemums and, wrapping them in a cloth, to use the fragrant bundle as a pillow; for it will drive away evil influences and all impurities. Legend has it that there is magic in the chrysanthemum, and there are ancient ones who by eating the petals became endowed with fairy powers. They tell of a mountain where chrysanthemums grew in such riotous profusion that its sparkling springs flowed fragrant with their perfume. And the blessed folk who drank of those odor-drenched waters were remarkable for longevity.

An old bard, in the musical cadences of Chinese poetry and the colorful pictorialness of the hieroglyphics which no English rendering can convey, sings to me of chrysanthemums through the lips of a young Chinese student who is not too modern to reverence his country's long-ago poets:—

Round, high-flung flower,
 Its gold is untainted with alloy.
 Planted early, blooming late,
 Of the snow all unafraid,
 Pouring out its petals' oblation,
 The loveliness of its heart.
 Put them in your tea-cup,
 A drink for the fairies.

Saturated in chrysanthemum lore, with its fairies, its magic, and its loves in old-time gardens, I was ready for the ceremonious bringing of my gift from the loveliest chrysanthemum garden of all this Chinese city. The basketful of slips held the promise of just such sheen and glory as had hushed my heart last Ninth Moon when my ladies of the cassia-bud finger-tips and the swaying bamboo grace had led me through their garden's luring mazes.

They came — my chrysanthemum slips, each neat little bundle tied with twisted rice paper. Each was tagged bearing the name of the variety written in flowing soft-brushed Chinese hieroglyphics. These names made up a list with which Li T'ai-po might have conjured: 'Beauty of the Palace of Han,' 'Gold Pine-needles,' 'Silver Autumn Lotus,' 'Jade-dust on the Sun,' 'A Skyful of Stars,' 'Snow of the Eastern Ocean.'

And now all my slips are cradled in the sifted earth. Sixty pottery pots sit in prim rows under a Dragon's-Eye tree. I must bide me in patience for chrysanthemums. But in the Ninth Moon — Month of Chrysanthemums — I shall be having promises fulfilled.

IN DEFENSE OF AN HONEST LIAR

ONE of the memorable sermons of my childhood was on lying. I was a precocious child and developed at a very early age a talent for the imaginative interpretation of commonplace events and a gift for creative narrative that distressed, more often than charmed, my environment. My failure to enter-

tain these matter-of-fact people who surrounded and cramped my childhood, was more discouraging to me then than it would be now. I did n't realize then as I do now, that lack of appreciation of my rare quality is merely evidence of the superiority of my imagination and humor.

The theme of this sermon was the inescapable depravity of man in his relation to absolute truthfulness. No man had ever been absolutely truthful. It was said to be impossible for anyone to be scrupulously, religiously truthful. We strayed from the narrow and literal path, however ardently and reverently we devoted ourselves to the spirit of probity. I was comforted and elated to hear authoritatively from the pulpit that my obliquity to truth was a common failing of all humanity. I did n't analyze the degree to which one might indulge this original sin without becoming a moral offender. I was satisfied to know I was normal and I planned to develop my talent intensively and refine its artistic expression.

My composure was completely upset by the discussion that took place during dinner. My mother made the surprising statement that the sermon was quite wrong, that absolute truthfulness is a congenital virtue in some people and that perfection could be achieved. My moral point of view changed immediately, my background shifted. I was again a sinner, a liar. My mother then gave her definition of a lie — a malicious intent to deceive. I was again morally reinstated, absolved. Of course I had no standards of my own. I was perfectly obedient to all forms of discipline and subordinate to every form of recognized authority. I was not a liar for I never intended to deceive. My desire was to entertain. I was never malicious.

Then my mother did an overwhelmingly gracious and courageous thing.

In preference to two infinitely more deserving, though undeveloped, examples, she chose me and said she would tell the preacher that to her mind he had preached a wrong and questionable sermon; for I, her son, who was already a local celebrity as a perverter and colorist of truth, had never told a lie to her, nor to any one else as far as she knew. I was a notorious prevaricator, yet I had never told a lie. The strict moral aspect of the question has never been settled in my mind and my concern as I grew up was more in its technique than in its principle.

I still do not tell malicious lies with deliberate intent to deceive. The facts of a situation or incident interest me only as the outline of a plot. The facts are rarely important, certainly not sacred, and their usefulness depends only upon the way in which they are employed artistically for the development of the plot. Details and all the tricks of embroidery and elaboration must be spontaneous, inspired by the interplay of the story and the audience, and for this reason a story should never be told twice to the same audience. I never tell a story the second time if I can avoid it, for my memory is as poor as my scientific and moral attitude is weak. I can't remember just how I told it the last time and it is the details, the emphasis upon exact incidental facts, quotations, and precise figures, preferably odd numbers, that give my stories plausibility.

The risks I sometimes take with figures are not worth the reward. I am oftener checked in the matter of figures than in facts. Incidental facts can be made so picturesque and their origin so obscured that it is a mean person indeed who will aggressively contradict them. I never trust a person the second time who fails to grasp the humor of a shade, a touch, or a tone that, even though it varies the truth considerably,

still compensates by an appreciable heightening of interest.

Of all the elements that go toward the making of a good story, figures are invariably the most dangerous. An honest liar should never use figures conspicuously or thematically. Round numbers are, of course, safer than exact figures because of their very roundness, by which I mean their elasticity. But in their tendency to inflate, increase, collect, or propagate a nought, they are treacherous, slippery, and unreliable. A nought, in itself harmless and negligible, may multiply your intention ten times — and without warning.

My most shameful betrayal by round numbers was in connection with an enthusiastic account I was giving in behalf of propaganda for a summer camp my cousin had just opened. I said he had fifty boys and since his tuition was \$1500, he ought to have a profitable summer. If some one had made this perfectly unselfish statement to me, merely in the interest of creating a belief in his cousin's prosperity, I should never have maliciously multiplied 50 by 1500 mentally and arrived at an incredible figure. The fact that I can't do mental arithmetic that involves more than two figures has nothing to do with the consideration of the incident. The fact that the number of boys may have been generously doubled and the tuition accidentally multiplied by five, has nothing to do with the motive, which was a friendly desire to convince a skeptical person of a successful enterprise toward which we should have been mutually indulgent and moderately sympathetic.

This discussion of technique will illustrate the only real problem the honest liar has, after the moral phase has been settled, his principle defined and his limits set. This illustration does not include a very treacherous objective condition and I should

explain how this trap is avoided. It is very simple. I never indulge a matter-of-fact person with a sheer piece of imagination, however elementary. For example: our grocer, though honest, writes an illegible hand, and all his clerks have been trained likewise to concentrate upon the figures in the right hand column of his slips to the utter neglect of the appearance or legibility of the items for which the figures stand. I discovered once that an article of our extremely simple diet that happened to end in a 'y' was charged to us and added to our account as if the 'y' had changed into a '6' in the figure column, and this winning indifference had cost me six dollars.

So I said we would have to cut from our diet all foods ending in 'y' and we must try to avoid any that might be written with a terminal flourish. The response I got was genuine but disappointing. It was: 'What foods end in y?'

JUNK

THERE was junk on my lot. How it sucks into empty spaces! Despite my glaring and inhospitable sign, a rusty bed spring arrived between dark and dawn. A heap of rubbish gathered around the nucleus. I saw nothing arrive, but the heap grew silently, like a crystal. Bottles, palm leaves, and old water tanks added themselves to the ensemble and gave it character. An automobile body topped the mass: it was without seats, without leather, without hardware. It had been efficiently and ultimately plundered and abandoned.

Neighbors complained. I telephoned to the City, to the County, to the Garbage Commission. My junk heap was an outlaw; no government would recognize it. I inquired of friends. There was a public dump, I learned vaguely, somewhere by the Bay.

Fortunately I had a conveyance: a trailer. I loaded the trash and drove over crooked, cobbled streets, the junk swaying and clashing behind me. It was a district of smokes and smells, foundries, can factories, glassworks, machine shops. Spur tracks cut across the streets, and dusty dumpy switch engines pushed freight cars by twos and threes.

I had wondered about junk, and now I began to see. All these things I was carrying away had once come out of a factory, new, bright, and shiny; had been carefully shipped and sold and paid for. It was alarming. How much junk there must be! Here were a half-million people, consecrated to junk. Some sweated, in grimy overalls, to make it. Some nailed it up in boxes, adding to its bulk. Some drove locomotives, pushcarts, lorries, drays, or three-wheeled motorcycles to separate it, for the geometry of space would otherwise choke off its production at the factories. Then there were the sailors, trainmen, and vegetable-peddlers who brought it in from outside. And all of these people, every one of them, help to consume it. Consume? What a foolish word! What of the conservation of energy? Are we not taught that nothing can be created, and nothing destroyed? Soon or late, all these things become junk, and must be laboriously carried away.

True, there are exceptions. There are cigars, for instance, that practically take care of themselves. And there are gasoline and flash-light powders. But on the other hand, there are yeast, and dried apples —

The evening grew dark; one-armed men at the railroad crossings changed their discs of tin for red and green lanterns. The gas works spouted fire. An admirable commodity, gas. I had lost my way.

How wide a district this was, how

many factories! And this process had been going on for fifty years. Even before that, Yankee traders had come in with shiploads of 'notions,' junk these many years. Where did it go to? Why was the city not buried in it, with only here and there a clock tower or an electric sign looming up out of chaos?

Before me was a high wagon with tubs behind. I slowed to the pace of the horses and followed. I looked over my shoulder, and behind was another, and another. I was in a procession, a slow-moving, serious, silent procession, with a mighty purpose, a pilgrimage to an economic sacrament.

The city glowed dirty red in the sky behind. Before me was darkness, punctured by an occasional street-lamp. Far ahead, a wagon turned, and the next and the next followed.

Irregular cluttered hills lined this side road. They were the great terminal moraine that the city pushes ahead of itself. Fires burned and smoldered, and heavy smoke hung in layers. Ragged men climbed slowly through the wreckage, heads bent attentively downward. Occasionally one stopped, picked something up, examined it, and dropped it. There were no quarrels over a prize. Who would quarrel where there is so much?

A hand was raised in front of me, a voice cried 'Stop!' and I stopped.

'You can't dump that here,' said the voice. 'Take it away.'

'But the policeman told me —'

'That's all right, he is the policeman; what he tells you is his business. I am Master of the Dump. Get out.'

The man spoke as one having authority, and my heart sank. Were all men's hands against me? Was I to be turned away from every resting place, to wander the earth forever, with a wagonload of junk tied to my rear spring? I was awed at the man's power, his withering scorn of policemen. He transcended

Government. He was economic. Policemen might quit, there would be a few murders until we adjusted ourselves, but no serious derangement. Even a mayor might go on a year's vacation. But the Master of the Dump — let him once lift his hand against the scavengers, and disease and death would stalk into the city overnight.

A desperate, bold thought prompted me. I had heard of wickedness in high places. Aldermen were unprincipled, even judges took bribes, and a Master of the Dump?

'For fifty cents, now —'

His manner instantly changed. 'Anywhere,' he suggested graciously. 'Wait — don't unhitch that trailer. Come around here; you can turn and save you the trouble. Don't unload it, I'll attend to that. One minute!'

He shouted. A bearded gnome arose as from the earth and came to help. The two lifted off the bed spring, the water tanks, the bottles, carefully scrutinizing each article as they set it down. Last came the automobile body. The bearded man set it down gently and stroked the rotten upholstery with affection. I paid the fee and was forgotten. I contemplated the empty trailer with a deep sense of relief.

On a low mound, silhouetted against the dull red of the fires, stood the two men, one short, grave, and bearded, the other ragged, powerful, and austere. They were bent over the old automobile body.

'Nice little buggy, nice little buggy,' said the bearded man lovingly.

The other grumbled: 'Fool — drag it out here — throw it away — good as new.'

The gnome reached into a long leathern wallet. Their hands met, coins clinked, and the Master of the Dump strode off.

Cycle upon cycle! Perhaps, after all, I was wrong. Perhaps there is no junk!

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

It was in 1864 that Joseph Pulitzer, an eighteen-year-old Hungarian, 'jumped ship' in Boston Harbor and swam ashore to a new world. After serving in the Federal Cavalry until the end of the Civil War, Mr. Pulitzer became a reporter on the *Westliche Post* of St. Louis. With hardihood he made his own way as a journalist, lawyer, and politician. In 1878 he bought the *St. Louis Dispatch* and united it with the *Evening Post* as the *Post-Dispatch*. In 1883 he bought the *New York World* which, under his direction, rose to prominent popularity. In 1887 his health was irrevocably broken by over-work. He died in 1911. Mr. Pulitzer was particularly successful in the selection and the loyalty of his assistants. With him for fifteen years served **Don C. Seitz**, as Business Manager of the *World* — an office which Mr. Seitz has maintained since his old Editor's death. For more than a decade, Mr. Seitz has been gathering material for the biography of Mr. Pulitzer from which this portrait is taken. ¶In this and his other recent paper, 'London — Forty Years Later,' **A. Edward Newton** proves himself the most brightly compared of American travelers. He has always been the most brightly caparisoned.

* * *

William L. Chenery, until recently editor of the *New York Telegram-Mail*, will quell many diatribes with his fair-minded consideration of Tammany. Mr. Chenery wrote us: —

I have long believed that journalism — in New York, at any rate — would be much sounder if editors or, better, owners, understood why it is Tammany has never been divorced from the affection of the people.

Stuart P. Sherman is enjoying Continental relaxation before assuming his critical habit on the *New York Herald Tribune*. We know of no friendship that has achieved so happy an expression as that of *Cornelia* and Professor Sherman. A volume of their conversations — many of

which have never been overheard in the *Atlantic* — are to be published in October by the Atlantic Monthly Press under the title *My dear Cornelia*. ¶That a spectre and a bad joke have been ridiculed to death by such a humorously wise **Philosopher** will be a comfort to every mother of married children. **William Sidney Rossiter**, president of the Rumford Press at Concord, New Hampshire, and President of the American Statistical Association, knows a man who lost an umbrella. **Alice Brown**, long an occasional contributor of ours, is an accomplished novelist, essayist, poet, and playwright. ¶To fathers who pay bills and their college sons who run them up, a graduate of '90 speaks in mellow appreciation.

* * *

With his accustomed understanding, **Gamaliel Bradford** has interested himself in a mild-mannered poet who had rather be damned than happy. ¶We asked **Elizabeth de Burgh** to tell us something about her literary experiences. She replied: —

We were a nurseryful of scribblers, spurred on to constant effort by the example of an uncle who was — to us, incomprehensibly — actually asked by grave and reverend editors for articles on Burmese life and character, and of a literary nursemaid — a far more dazzling personality — who had once received half-a-crown from *Tit-Bits* for an anecdote. With some of us the habit has stuck, that is all.

Archibald MacLeish, poet of Boston and Paris, has deliciously described a tea party somewhat different in spirits from the only other tea party that matters. **Ludwig Stein**, distinguished German professor, philosopher, and publicist, is an associate editor of the Ullstein papers, whose foremost journal is the *Vossische Zeitung*. ¶Reading **A. Cecil Edwards's** account of Omar Khayyam's tomb many will envy the stimulating simplicity of the poet's life.

A veteran, **Willard Cooper**, was formerly a reporter for the *Springfield Daily News*. On his return from overseas, he joined the executive staff of the American Legion and was one of its publicity experts in the battle of the Bonus. **William Henry Chamberlin** has been in Russia for the last two years as Moscow correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor*. Another traveler, **Ralston Hayden**, gathered the material for his article during eighteen months' residence and journeying in the Orient as exchange professor of political science in the University of the Philippines. Many important letters, well deserving print, have come to us concerning Dr. Inman's paper, but we have thought best to continue the discussion of our relations with Latin America in articles published in the magazine itself. This month the **Honorable Sumner Welles**, Commissioner to the Dominican Republic, a man of great experience in Latin-American affairs, writes in sharp disagreement with Dr. Inman's contribution. It is mere justice to add that Dr. Inman's purpose was far other than that ascribed to the demagogue in Mr. Hughes's Amherst speech.

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A CORRECTION

IN Dr. Samuel Guy Inman's much-discussed paper, 'Imperialistic America,' the statement is made that 'the United Fruit Company and other American financial interests have secured control of the railroads, which now become a part of the International Railways of Central America—the largest American-owned railway enterprise outside of the United States.'

The authority for this statement was a detailed article in the *New York Times* for March 26 last. We are now informed that the United Fruit Company owns no shares or securities in this railroad, nor has a lien upon it in any way whatsoever. We are glad, therefore, to make this correction, and since Dr. Inman's specifications were made carefully and after consideration, to add in response to individual inquiries that, in his subsequent allusion to 'banana interests' in Costa Rica, no reference to the United Fruit Company was made or intended.

It is interesting to note that the fathers of poets are the same the world over.

POONA, INDIA.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Sir Bezenji Mehta of Nagpur, a very old friend of our family, seems to be a subscriber to the *Atlantic*. He happens to be in Poona for the present and sent us a copy of the May number, which contains my 'A Pianoforte Recital' and that original little notice of yours in which you describe me as an 'East Indian' — and why not? Sir Bezenji sent the *Atlantic* to my father pointing out my 'arrival' as an event of family interest — almost. It was as if he regarded me as fulfilling the traditions of our family as writers, albeit, so far, in our own language, Gujarati. My father who has hitherto studiously avoided giving me encouragement, moral or practical, in my various literary experiments, was that evening actually moved to read and criticize the poem in our little family public! So you see what the *Atlantic* can do for a struggling aspirant at this distance overseas! **FREDOON KABRAJI.**

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Applicants for joy apply at Heaven or Greenwich Village.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have tried every prescribed 'source of joy' ever printed on paper or shouted from a platform only to find that joy consists in such a number of things. I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings if we could only find the things.

Because 'the victim's' particular hunger-need was filled by giving out to others in the environment in which she happened to live, does not signify that Priscilla Dalton could find the same source of joy in the New England village in which she lives. She is in the wrong environment and can no more find a source of joy there than a sea gull can find a source of joy in a jungle.

I do not believe the Bible teaches that the Christian religion is in itself the source of joy. I believe the Bible teaches that the Christian religion is the source of wisdom that will, if understood, bring *conditions* that produce joy. Does it not teach us to seek first the kingdom of God and all these things shall be added, for the Father knoweth we have need of all these things? Of 'all these things' none is so important as a knowledge of one's *individual* hunger-need.

The only thing to do with unhappiness is to solve it, each for himself. The source of Wisdom guides us into but does not give us joy. If Priscilla Dalton would let her Source of Wisdom lead her to Greenwich Village I'll wager her a romp in the snow, and no questions asked, she'd

forget even to seek the Kingdom of Heaven first. What is a fern's Source of Joy? A bird's? Yours? Mine? A bear's?

C. S. B.

* * *

'S' had better look out for his own head!

SHARON, MASS.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Another wood-alcohol tragedy! S's letter gave this reader the sensation that either he or S had been 'taking something.' One checked the first impulse of resorting to the simple and easy explanation — 'none so blind' — *Sober* second thought suggested the caution that one should be extremely careful in the selection of his private stock for the five-foot shelf; for 'none so blind' as those who, wittingly or otherwise, absorb an overdose of wood-alcohol. Obviously S's *humor* is *moist*, but his *wit* is not very *dry* if he considers 'Cornelia and Dionysus' one of the 'most subtle and convincing articles *against* prohibition'!

Mr. Sherman set such a full table — or shall I say such a line of mixed drinks? — with arguments for every taste, wet and dry, and S so enjoyed the arguments for drink, imbibed them so freely, that he had no taste for the cold-water arguments which flowed even more freely. So one may be pardoned for setting these points by themselves: —

First: — The necessity which put through the Volstead Act was the war . . . the necessity of maximum production . . . the necessity of a workman sober seven days in the week.

Second: — The war-necessity having passed, the release of the workmen from ruinous drink-expenditure has given opportunity for the creation and gratification of other tastes — home-building, autos, baby bonds, victrolas, education, which men *and their wives* are not ready lightly to surrender, in order to return to a state of 'personal liberty.'

Third: — Drinking and automobiling don't go together. We have fifteen million cars . . . one out of every six or seven 'souls' drives a car, is an engineer on the highway. In one city we killed some seven hundred people last year with cars . . . we are all private engineers nowadays and must submit to the same regulations as governed — long since — engineers on the railways. And the argument is pointed by the dramatic illustration of the mother and son run down at that very moment by the intoxicated son of the cynical worshiper of Dionysus.

To what other conclusion could such arguments lead an intelligent man than advocacy of the strictest possible enforcement of the prohibitory law? If S cannot *see* the point he may

feel it sometime, if he is ever run down by a drunken chauffeur — which may his god Dionysus forbid!

JOSEPH B. LYMAN.

* * *

' — first prize awarded to Paul Green.'

ALBANY, GA.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I do not know Paul Green as an author, but I want to congratulate you on the publication of a 'true story.' It is seldom that one reads a story of folk-life that rings as true as the 'Devil's Instrument.' I happen to be rather familiar with the author's type of characters and setting, and I find his accuracies in the use of dialect, and in the portrayal of the characteristics and idiosyncrasies of this phase of life to be unusual; and what is still more remarkable is that such events as he describes actually occur now, and not so far from the so-called civilized haunts of men, as some of your readers might suppose.

I have lived in the Georgia mountains and been on friendly terms with many of our mountaineers, and I am sure that the incidents of the 'Devil's Instrument' have happened there many times. I may never have witnessed an actual replica of the 'meetin'' scene, but I have seen occurrences that were strongly tinged with the fervor and excitement that he describes. I shall never forget at a revival meeting in a small mountain town seeing a woman mount a bench, wave her arms, and scream at the top of her voice, 'Hurrah for Jesus! I'm saved!'

The dialect too of the story gives Mr. Green away. Some of the expressions that he uses I have never seen before in print. Mr. Green was either formally one of them, or he has sneaked in and played a part at it — no casual observer could get such a slant.

It is a good story, and tells of a phase of American life which is becoming more and more rare.

SUSAN FORT REDFEARN.

* * *

From one who knew to 'A Boy Who Went Whaling.'

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The hero of those adventures, Len Sanford, was known to me as a quiet, dignified, elderly man, and the story was told me by his brother a few months after his death.

Mr. Hawes's article left the boy swinging by his arms from the topmost branches of a lofty dead pine-tree, and directly under the eagle's

nest. A friend accompanying him had climbed a closely adjoining *live* pine and suddenly saw — and heard — the distant parent eagles flying swiftly to the rescue. He called out the danger, and as the huge ferocious birds drew nearer, he threw all his weight on the branch nearest the nest and swung it over. Sanford desperately clutched at it, it held, and he was saved, but not before he had thrown fluttering to the ground a squawking eaglet.

It should be mentioned here, that it was not from home life that the boy ran away to sea, but from boarding-school, where he was preparing for college. And in later years his only son evidently inherited his love of the sea; for as a young naval officer he was aboard the squadron which Roosevelt sent around the world in 1908-10.

Knowing the father's devotion to his son, it is pleasant to recall my last sight of them, fishing together in a shady New England brook, and enjoying the silent communion of kindred spirits.

MARY G. ELLINWOOD.

* * *

So ladies must go properly clad if only to preserve the immortality of this masterpiece!

BALTIMORE, MD.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

A contributor to the July *Atlantic* maintains that the masterpiece of the type of limerick that uses abbreviations is one that appeared long ago in the *Harvard Lampoon*: —

An amorous M. A.
Says that Cupid, the C. D.,
Does n't cast for his health,
But is rolling in wealth —
He's the John Jaco — B. H.

I was shocked by such judgment, for I had supposed that the masterpiece of this *genre* was written by myself and published in *Life* about 1903. This is said with all modesty, for I was merely the 'lyre' — spell carefully, printer — 'on which the spirits played,' as you will agree when you read how the thing happened.

I was shaving one day when a student at the University of Virginia and, to while away the moments of scraping, tried to imitate a limerick that had just appeared in a college paper, something about Fla., which rimed with Ha. — as good a rime in Fla. or Va. as it is in Boston. I started running through the states in order to receive inspiration from the Atlantic seaboard. Me. might have helped me: —

There was an old maiden of Me.
Who never knew when it would Re., —

but this seemed innocuous. Neither N. H. nor Vt. could ever inspire me as they do Robert Frost and Calvin Coolidge, and I was so discouraged by Mass. and Conn. that I scuttled past N. Y., N. J., Pa., without stopping. Thus I happened upon Del., which brought me a vision of Und., and then the real masterpiece came bubbling into my mind: —

A young lady of Wilmington, Del.,
Of the latest French fashions was Well,
'For the outside, you see,
They look fine, but,' said she,
'I had Rath. Del. Und.'

Now this poem is obviously superior to the other, for Cupid with his Darts and Hearts has the musty smell of the valentine, mortal enemy of the limerick, and the fifth line, which is the real test, just as the fifth act has been said to be of a tragedy, is certainly inferior to mine, not only because there are fewer abbreviations and because John Jacob Astor had already figured in a limerick that you would not be willing to print, but chiefly because it is an ephemeral poem that can live no longer than the fame of the Astor family, while my theme is eternal. Eternal, yes, unless you are prepared to argue that the day will soon dawn when young ladies will no Long. Del. Und. or any other.

H. CARRINGTON LANCASTER.

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Sometimes, on very cold nights, we have dreamed it — the nightmarish tramp, tramp, tramp of unnumbered poets, as they prepare to storm the editor's Bastille. Here's matter worth considering.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Your magazine has many pseudo-enemies. They are the writers of the poems which you have sent back 'with regrets.'

This vast army of disappointed poets have an unanswered question rankling in their hearts: 'Why did the *Atlantic Monthly* return MY poem, and print another not half as good?'

There must be some reason I have never dreamed of, for my poem was from-my-heart sincere, and had a lilt.

I know this — that, were you to publish a brief article on some such subject as 'A Specimen Rejected Poem,' giving the reasons for its non-acceptance, many, many hundreds of would-be, 'rejection-slip' poets would buy your magazine instantly.

May I send you two of my returned poems for the basis of such an article?